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THE LADIES' BATTLE

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I

ONE fact concerning the woman-suffrage movement is plain to all who have watched that movement: that is, the superficial and inadequate manner in which the matter has been discussed on both sides. The suffragists, in their spoken and published utterances, reveal that, while they propose a stupendous governmental change, they have little knowledge of the fundamentals of government, the evolution of representation, the history of politics, or the genesis, scope, and meaning of suffrage. In their treatment of the subject, they hopelessly confuse political, philanthropic, socialistic, and economic questions; nor do they seem able to discriminate between objects of national and those of state or municipal regulation. They have shown no grasp of the principles of government; few suffragists, perhaps, could explain, off-hand, why the House of Representatives has a Committee on Foreign Affairs, and the Senate has a Committee on Foreign Relations. Yet such things are among the alphabet of representative government, and to attempt enormous governmental changes without knowing this alphabet is like trying to work the integral and differential calculus

without knowing the ground-rules of arithmetic.

The objectors to woman suffrage have not always given logical or practical reasons against it. They feel an instinctive dislike to the overturning of the social order which woman suffrage would work, but they have reasoned little more than a person reasons who runs indoors from a hailstorm. The inconveniences of remaining exposed to a hailstorm are so plain that few persons work the matter out logically; they act on instinct, which, unlike reason, makes no mistakes. Still, if an effort were made forcibly to expose persons to hailstorms, a dozen conclusive reasons might be found why they should go indoors. Mr. William Dean Howells says that he has heard many appeals against woman suffrage, but that he has never heard any reasons against it; yet there are compelling reasons against it. They have not been much in evidence, because the debate has been chiefly in the hands of women whose knowledge of governmental principles is meagre.

Both sides—whether for or against—have assumed that the revolution would be over when a woman could walk up to the polling-booth and deposit a ballot in the box. It is at this

point, however, that the revolution would begin. It is true that limited suffrage prevails in twenty-two states, and full suffrage in four, — Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, — and still there is no general revolution. But it must be remembered that in the states where there is limited suffrage, women have shown a general indifference to exercising suffrage, while the experiment in the four crude and sparsely settled states in which there is full suffrage affords no adequate test for full suffrage in great centres of civilization, and in vast and crowded communities, with immense and diversified interests.

Wyoming is a state of cowboys and cattle-ranges. Idaho is dominated to a great degree by the Mormon Church, which has ever been the good friend of woman suffrage, and the most powerful advocate it has yet had. In Utah, the women-voters, under the lead of Mormonism, have voted steadily in favor of polygamists and law-breakers, who have been sent to Congress, in defiance of the law, by the votes of women. In Colorado, the most civilized of all the suffrage states, the suffrage experiment has not been entirely successful, as will be shown further on. The near view of suffrage does not seem to help it. During the last fourteen years, California, South Dakota, Washington, and Oregon have all defeated suffrage amendments to their constitutions.

II

There are two basic principles opposed to woman suffrage. A basic principle works with the merciless mechanism of a natural law, like gravitation, and is indeed a natural law. It may be violated for a time, just as a stick may be thrust in the cogs of a machine, but the machine will not work until the stick is removed, and is sure to be damaged by the performance. True, it is not only

the suffragists who have defied a basic principle: it is within the memory of living men that the government of the United States, through some of its ablest and most experienced legislators, violated every principle of constitutional government, of common sense as well as common justice, by placing the ballot in the hands of recently emancipated slaves who could neither read nor write, and were without property.

By the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, in five states of the Union, all power and property were handed over to the combined vice and illiteracy of those states. By the Fifteenth Amendment, a coach and horses were driven through the Constitution of the United States by an attempt to compel the granting of the same civil rights to the recently emancipated slaves only a few generations removed from cannibalism, as to the highest type of the Caucasian race with a thousand years of civilization behind it. If civilization could be destroyed by legislative enactment, it would have been destroyed in the five Southern states which were thus delivered over to anarchy. But civilization cannot be destroyed by legislative enactment. It may be grievously injured, and frightful disorders and lasting wrong may follow; but the basic and natural law will always, in such dreadful events, rise above the statute law and civilization will maintain itself at all costs.

The reason against the enfranchisement of women bears no relation whatever to the reason for the practical disfranchisement of the Negro which now prevails throughout the Southern states. It may rather be compared to the disfranchisement of all the citizens of that district which has the highest percentage of literacy of any district in the country, and the highest percentage of individual wealth, and in which

the government disburses three hundred and seventy-two millions of dollars a year in wages. This is the District of Columbia, containing a population of 343,005 souls. No citizen of the District has a vote. The experiment of giving these citizens votes had been fully tried, when, less than forty years ago, two of the greatest jurists of the age, the late Senator Thurman of Ohio, and former Senator Edmunds of Vermont, carried through, without division of party, a scheme of disfranchising every citizen in the most intelligent municipality in the country. Two reasons were given for this. One was to prevent the Negroes from voting, and the other was the belief that it was better there should be no political representatives at the seat of Federal government except Federal representatives.

In this case, as from the beginning of representative government, the ballot was recognized, not as a right, but as a privilege, which could be withheld from intelligent qualified persons, as well as from the unqualified. As Senator Elihu Root, one of the greatest living jurists, has tersely put it, "But if there is any one thing settled, it is that voting is not a natural right, but simply a means of government."

III

The two basic reasons against woman suffrage are as follows:—

First, no electorate has ever existed, or ever can exist, which cannot execute its own laws.

Second, no voter has ever claimed, or ever can claim, maintenance from another voter.

In the suffrage states these basic laws are for the moment nullified.

Concerning the first of these propositions, a voter must have two qualifications. First, he must, except in occasional individual instances, be

physically able to make his way to the polls, against opposition if necessary; and, second, he must be able to carry out by force the effect of his ballot. Law consists of a series of Thou-shalt-nots, but government does not result until an armed man stands ready to execute the law. Force converts law into government. In civilized countries there are three methods of converting law into government—fine or compensation, imprisonment, and death. For all of these, physical force is necessary. To create an electorate unable to use physical force, is not, as the suffragists seem to think, merely doubling the present electorate. It means pulling out the underpinning, which is force, from every form of government the world has yet known.

Besides the two essential qualifications of a voter, there are many other desirable ones. Education is desirable, but not essential. The possession of education and intelligence does not enable women to force their way to the polls or to execute laws created under female suffrage. The spectacle of one half the electorate unable to execute a single law it has made, or even to deposit its ballots without the assistance of the other half, is a proposition so fantastic that it is difficult to attack it seriously.

The trouble would begin with the mere attempt of women to deposit their ballots. A dozen ruffians at a single polling-place could prevent a hundred women from depositing a single ballot. There can be no doubt that this means would be used by the rougher elements, and that the polls would become scenes of preordained disorder and riot. In addition to this rowdiness, respectable women would have to face the class that is not respectable, a thing appalling to modest women. The respectable women might invoke the law, but they could not enforce it. They

would be dependent upon that moiety of men who might be willing to assist them. The constabulary has always proved totally inadequate to maintain order at the polls when there was a determined effort at disorder; and there is in the American nation a fixed hostility to the employment of troops at polling-places. It is a fact, probably unknown to the suffragists, that every administration which has ever passed a force bill, or even made a serious endeavor to do so, has lost the House of Representatives at the next election. This has given rise to the axiom that an electorate which cannot protect itself is not worth protecting, and the country is better off without it than with it. This principle has worked unerringly since the foundation of the Republic, and is in itself the natural protection of the ballot.

Supposing the ballots of women, however, to have been deposited by the indulgence of men, women will surely be called upon to legislate for men upon subjects of which no woman has ever had, or ever can have, any practical experience. True, men now legislate for women. But there is no trade, profession, or handicraft, of which women have a monopoly, and in which no man has any experience. It has often been pointed out that women could not, with justice, ask to legislate upon matters of war and peace, as no woman can do military duty; but this point may be extended much further. No woman can have any practical knowledge of shipping and navigation, of the work of trainmen on railways, of mining, or of many other subjects of the highest importance. Their legislation, therefore, would not probably be intelligent, and the laws they devised for the benefit of sailors, trainmen, miners, etc., might be highly objectionable to the very persons they sought to benefit. If obedience should be re-

fused to these laws, who is to enforce them? The men? Is it likely they will? And if the effort should be made, what stupendous disorders would occur! The entire execution of the law would be in the hands of men, backed up by an irresponsible electorate which could not lift a finger to apprehend or punish a criminal.

Great questions would arise concerning national defense and internal protection. The votes of women, not one of whom would be called upon to share the hardships of a military life, might decree that a hundred thousand soldiers would be sufficient in a case where the men from whom these soldiers would be recruited would say that two hundred thousand were needed. By providing only half that number, those men might be sent to their destruction. Would they go? And if they refused, who is to make them go? Where would be the justice in allowing women a voice, and an utterly irresponsible ballot, on this subject? In municipal affairs, the men might decide that a city needed for its protection a police force of fifteen hundred men; the women, not one of whom would be called upon to risk her life as a policeman risks his, might conclude that a thousand men would be enough, and those thousand men would have to face odds with which it would require fifteen hundred men to deal; and awful disasters might result. But suppose the police refuse to meet these odds. Again, who is to make them do it? A considerable proportion of men are unable to do military or constabulary duty. To add to this irresponsible percentage among men the whole feminine electorate, would be to reduce the responsible electorate to a minimum.

In a recent magazine article, Mrs. Clarence Mackey, a leading suffragist, advances with much gravity the proposition that influence such as women now possess, without responsibility, is a

very bad thing. She proposes to substitute the authority of the ballot in place of influence, but still without responsibility. If influence without responsibility is dangerous, authority without responsibility must be a thousand times more dangerous. It is, in fact, the most dangerous thing on earth. The logic of the suffragists is not always equal to that of Aristotle.

IV

The second basic principle against woman suffrage — that one voter cannot claim maintenance from another voter — would deprive married women of any claim for support from their husbands; and in all questions concerning women, wives and mothers must be considered first. From the beginning of representative government it has been recognized that when a man acquires a vote he gives up all claim to maintenance except upon public charity. On attaining his majority, a man loses all claim to maintenance, not even his own father being called upon to maintain him for another day. In the case of daughters, the unwritten law, which is always much more strictly obeyed than the written law, has decreed that the father, if able, shall maintain his adult daughters as long as they remain unmarried. The exceptions to this law only prove the rule. Under the present dispensation, the status between husbands and wives is, practically, that the husband has the vote and the wife has the property. In lieu of a vote, the law has given the wife enormous property privileges which, of course, are totally inconsistent with the possession of a vote. The law of property between husband and wife may be broadly stated as follows:—

The wife on her marriage does not become responsible for any debts owed by her husband before marriage; the husband on marriage becomes in many

states responsible for every debt owed by the wife before marriage. The wife is the sole possessor of her own estate; the husband is not, and never has been, the sole possessor of his own estate unless there is a pre-nuptial contract. He cannot alienate his wife's dower, either in his lifetime or by his will. A husband's courtesy-right in his wife's estate by no means corresponds in value with the wife's dower-right in his estate. A wife is not liable for her husband's debts; a husband may not excuse himself from paying his wife's debts, even on the ground that they were contracted without his knowledge, or even against his prohibition.¹ The law compels him to pay those debts of his wife which are reckoned justifiable and in proportion to the husband's income and station in life. A married woman is entitled to her own earnings; a married man is not, and never was, entitled to his own earnings. The law compels him out of them to give adequate support to his wife and minor children. The woman seeking divorce from her husband can compel him to pay her counsel fees, and to give her alimony if she be the innocent party, even if he marry again, and this alimony continues until the former wife's death or remarriage. She can also compel her former husband to provide for the support of the minor children. A husband seeking divorce from his wife cannot force her to pay his counsel fees or secure alimony from her, or, if she be guilty, force her to support the minor children, although the wife may be wealthy and the husband may be penniless.

It may be said in passing that this over-indulgence on the part of men toward women in divorce laws is to a great degree responsible for the divorce evil. In most states, the laws

¹ Provided such debts are contracted for necessities of life. — THE EDITORS.

concerning the property privileges of women seem to be embodied sentimentalism; and in some, the husband appears to have no rights which the wife is bound to respect. In Georgia, a recent legislature proposed to add to the gift of all of a man's property to his wife, that it should be a felony in the State of Georgia for a man to 'defame' a woman. These delightful Knights of La Mancha omitted to define what constitutes defaming a woman.

One fact is admitted, however, by every person familiar with the rudiments of the common law — that all property privileges must be resigned at once by every woman who acquires a vote. This must be done as a matter not only of justice, but of necessity, for no voter can claim maintenance from another voter who may cast a vote which may not only impair, but even destroy, the power of the first voter to support the second voter. The wife, for example, may be a free-trader, and the husband a protectionist. The wife may, by her single vote, cause tariff changes that would enormously impair the husband's power of supporting her. This impairment may be done in a more direct manner by the wife of an official. She may by her vote reduce his salary, or even cause his office to be abolished entirely, thereby leaving him without an income. To say that wives would always vote for their husbands' financial interests is to accuse women of absolute and complete corruption. So it will be seen that, following an unbroken precedent which is founded upon a basic principle, a wife, on acquiring a vote, would have to give up all claim to maintenance upon any one whomsoever, except upon public charity; or she may be compelled, as in Utah, to support her husband.

But how can a woman, the mother of minor children, do without main-

tenance from her husband? It is the law of nature, as well as of custom, that the man should be the breadwinner of the family; and he is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The few instances to the contrary only prove the rule. How many mothers with young children are capable of self-support? If, however, she becomes a voter she must take her place with all the voters, and abandon all claim to maintenance upon anybody. Where would the rights of the children come in? Who would be responsible for the support of minors?

In the attempt to adjust the property rights between a husband and wife, both of whom are voters, and the minor children, chaos must result. It is a problem never before presented upon a considerable scale, and is practically incapable of adjustment; that is to say, the litigation which would result would swamp ten times as many courts as exist in the United States today. It would present unknown complications in the transfer of property, in the making of contracts, in the carrying on of business, in every transaction in which a married man or a married woman was a party. It would be necessary to wipe out most of the common law, 'the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence.' No lawyer or financier living would undertake to prophesy the result, except stupendous loss to women and a cataclysmal confusion and destruction of values.

At this point comes in the most startling feature of the suffragists' campaign. It might be imagined that the very first thing to be settled is: 'How does the acquisition of a vote affect the property privilege of women?' Until the suffragists are prepared to answer this question satisfactorily, it is difficult to see how they can ask votes for women. Now, so far as

their printed utterances go, not one single word on this vital and stupendous point has been spoken by any suffragist. At their annual meetings, this subject has never been mentioned.

As a matter of fact, women in the suffrage states have their property privileges very much curtailed, and are liable for the support of their husbands in certain contingencies—a thing unknown in states without woman suffrage. Whether these facts and questions are kept in the background for fear lest, if they are brought forward, the whole suffrage body may be stampeded, or whether the suffragists themselves do not know that the inevitable consequences of acquiring a vote mean a loss of property privileges, cannot be stated. Judging, however, from this indifference to basic principles, the suffragists do not know that they will lose any property privileges by becoming voters.

The suffragists, however, have adopted as a principle a strange fallacy,—not found in any system of government on this planet,—that the payment of taxes entitles the taxpayer to vote. The phrase 'Taxation without representation is tyranny' has been wholly misunderstood by them. It is indeed a misleading phrase, especially to persons unfamiliar with governmental principles. But it was never meant or taken in the sense that the payment of taxes carried with it a vote. It did not refer to individuals at all, or to an enlargement of the electorate. There is not the smallest evidence to show that the colonies ever sought or desired parliamentary representation, and the subject was never mentioned except to be dismissed. As Sydney George Fisher says, in his *Struggles for American Independence*, 'It is to be understood that they [the American Colonies] did not ask for representation in Parliament. They declared it to be

impossible. . . . They always insisted that representation was impossible.'

The phrase, as originally used, referred to what were really international relations. The suffragists think it meant that nobody should pay taxes who had not a vote. This notion would have made the founders of the Republic smile—for, as a justice of the Supreme Court once calmly reminded an indiscreet advocate, 'It may be assumed that the Supreme Court of the United States knows something.' It knows there is no essential relation between taxation and representation. It knows that, if this principle proclaimed by the suffragists were adopted, the public income would stop.

It must be remembered that taxation, in its inception, meant protection; that is to say, property-owners paid in order to have their property protected. In any event, a woman's property as well as a man's must be protected by a man. If her rights are infringed, she has the same redress that men have—the power of the courts, with men to carry the mandate into effect, because no woman can carry any law into effect. The property is taxed, and not the individual. Nobody has proposed that the property of minors should be exempt from taxation. In the District of Columbia with its 343,005 inhabitants, no man has a vote, but no man has had the assurance so far to ask exemption from taxation. The entire Army and Navy of the United States, including the officers, the best educated body of men in the country, are practically disfranchised through difficulty in establishing domicile, and for other reasons. Yet army and navy men are required to pay taxes just as much as civilians.

The idea that taxation carries with it a vote is peculiarly ludicrous when employed by suffragists from the South. There is probably not one

of them to be found who advocates restoring the franchise to the two million Negro voters, increased by two more millions of ignorant Negro women-voters; but the Southern suffragists have not so far proposed to exempt the ten million Negroes in the South from taxation. But if no one should be taxed who has not a vote, then these ten million Negroes should be exempt from taxation; also all lunatics, minors, and criminals; all army and navy officers and men; all the inhabitants of the Territories and of the District of Columbia.

The twelve hundred thousand foreigners who are added annually to our population would also be exempt from taxation for at least five years — the shortest time, under our present naturalization laws, in which an alien may become a voter. But this would only be the beginning of the exemption. Citizenship cannot be forced upon any man, and immigrants might choose to remain aliens, and no doubt would, in order to escape taxation. Sad to say, great numbers of American citizens would cross the Canadian border and become loyal subjects of King George, and exchange their citizenship for exemption from taxes. If Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan should choose to become aliens, they would be exempt from taxation. Vast foreign corporations would be represented by a few individuals, who would remain aliens and pay no taxes. There are a few states where an alien cannot hold real estate, but there are many other forms of property which are taxed, and in most of the states a foreigner may own anything he can pay for, and he is taxed from the moment he acquires it. To differentiate between voluntary and involuntary aliens would be to call the whole population of the United States into court.

The proposition that taxation with-

out representation is an injustice would no doubt be enthusiastically supported by every scoundrel among men in the United States of America. If a man by reason of crime were deprived of his vote, or by not having the educational qualifications which are usually required, he would also be exempt from taxation. In fact, if taxation without representation be adopted as a principle of government, nobody need pay taxes who does not want to, and the number of persons who really want to pay taxes is, unfortunately, small.

V

There can be no doubt that a wave of suffrage has swept over the world in the last few years. Besides what has been done in America, Australia and Finland have adopted full suffrage for women; and Sweden, Denmark, and New Zealand have limited suffrage in various forms. It is alleged that full suffrage in Australia and Finland has not worked well, but the experiment is too recent to be very valuable. And it must be remembered that no women have the property privileges of American women. In England, it would be unjust to confound the section of law-abiding and dignified, if mistaken, suffragists with the shrieking and savage mobs that make one shudder at the thought of intrusting them with the vote. It brings to mind the stern words of the late Queen Victoria, the first sovereign on earth who ever understood, maintained, and observed a constitution, and who in the sixty-four years of her reign had more governmental experience, more practical knowledge of politics than any woman who ever lived, — 'The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write in checking this mad, wicked folly of "Woman's Rights" with all its attendant horrors.'

This illustrious lady was celebrated for knowing what she was talking about.

The present Liberal Government has shown a singular vacillation concerning the frenzied English women who rioted for suffrage. Less than a year ago the London police were using dog-whips upon them. Now, the non-partisan committee appointed by Prime Minister Asquith has reported a bill giving the franchise to women-householders in their own right, and those occupying at their own expense domiciles of a certain value. The bill has already passed its second reading, and may possibly be adopted at the present session of Parliament. With the example of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States before us, there is no reason to suppose that the British Parliament may not do something equally irrational. As in that case, Parliament may yield to the clamors of a frantic mob; but when a legislature does that, it always has to pay a fearful price. Also, Parliament is as likely as any American legislature to mistake a minority for a majority. For it must not be forgotten, that according to the suffragists' own showing, woman suffragists are in a minority in every one of the twenty-six states in which they have full or limited suffrage, except in Utah. In that still polygamous state, woman suffragists have a majority.

VI

It must be said, however, of American suffragists in the past, that their course has generally been one of dignity and decorum. A few painful absurdities have been committed, like Miss Anthony's *Woman's Bible*, which was an effort to edit the Bible so that it might become a suffragist document. This attitude of dignity on the part of

the suffragists has been recently disturbed by that strange psychic law which makes violence contagious. The shocking conduct of a part of the English suffragists has not been without its evil effect on American suffragists.

At the forty-second annual meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association, in Washington in April, 1910, the suffragists carried on a street campaign which was not without humorous aspects. Women, standing up in motors, would represent pathetically their miserable situation without the ballot, and make passionate appeals for a vote to men who themselves had no votes. The official proceedings and speeches showed a lamentable want of legal and governmental knowledge. One lady announced, 'We will make a noise until we get a vote.' This singular sentiment was applauded, in apparent forgetfulness that the only creature who gets what it wants by making a noise is a baby. Another delegate publicly advocated race-suicide, giving the perfectly logical reason that women could not attend properly to public affairs and look after their families as well. On the day when their petition was presented in the Senate, the galleries were crowded with suffragists, who became so noisy that the presiding officer, Senator Kean of New Jersey, was obliged to announce that if the disorder did not cease the galleries would be cleared.

The most shocking impropriety of all was the public insult to President Taft when he was their invited guest. The President yielded to strong pressure, and on the evening of April 15 made a short address to the suffragists assembled at the Arlington Hotel. The President spoke with courtesy and dignity, but on his making some guarded reference to the dangers attending the extension of the franchise, the suffragists proceeded to make history

by hooting and hissing the President of the United States. This has never before occurred in the history of the country. No matter how hostile a crowd might be, or of what low elements it might consist, the President of the United States has always been treated with respect. A number of the suffragists, realizing their frightful blunder, sent a letter of apology to the President. The action, however, was not unanimous. At no time during the meeting was there any discussion, or even allusion to any changes which might result in the property privileges of women in the event of acquiring a vote. Many strange ideas of government, however, were presented. A brilliant and prominent advocate of woman suffrage gave the following as its chief objects:—

‘Woman suffragists stand for sanitation, education, and the uplift of six million working women in the United States.’

A very slight analysis of this formula will show many fallacies.

First, is the universal fallacy on the part of the suffragists that all women will vote alike, and will vote right.

Second: neither sanitation nor education can be the first or even the most important object of government. Good laws well administered, a pure and competent judiciary, internal order, national defense, and many other things, must take precedence of sanitation and education. Neither sanitation nor popular education was known to the founders of the Republic; yet these founders added more to the forces of civilization than any group of sanitarians or educators that ever lived.

Third: neither sanitation nor education is a national affair, but both are the business of states and municipalities.

Fourth: sanitation and education are already well attended to by men, and as large a share of the public income

is devoted to them as the people will bear.

Fifth: the proposition that one-half the electorate of the country shall devote its energies to the uplifting of six million working women in the United States is a bald proposition to create a privileged class. This is a thing abhorrent to republican institutions, and is the line of demarkation between republics and monarchies. There is not, and never can be, a line on any statute book in the United States, regulating work and wages between private individuals. Any proposition to that effect is socialism run mad. There is a socialistic association, highly favored by suffragists, to bring about that no shop-girl shall work for less than four dollars a week. It is only just to the well-meaning but ill-informed women who have gone into this movement, to say that their unfamiliarity with governmental problems is the reason that such a grotesque association exists. The innocent blunders of equally well-meaning and ill-informed suffragists in New York City have involved them in violations of law, and several of their leaders were indicted in June, 1910, for boycotting and conspiracy.

Suffrage is neither a philanthropic scheme nor an economic measure, but a registering machine. The stock argument of the suffragists has ever been, that the suffrage would enable a woman to get the same pay for the same work as a man. What they probably mean by this is, that a woman working the same number of hours at the same employment as a man, should receive the same pay. But it has been tested, and needs no test, that the work of women for the same time at the same employment as men is not so good in quality or quantity, and for obvious reasons. A woman cannot stand physical effort and nervous strain as a man can; nine hundred and ninety-nine wo-

men out of every thousand go into work with the fixed intention of abandoning it at the first possible moment; a woman at the period of her greatest energy is liable at any moment to make a contract of marriage, which vitiates other contracts; and women are less amenable to discipline than men.

Suffrage would not increase the physical strength of women; it would not keep them at work if they had a good opportunity to escape from it; it would not prevent them from marrying if they wished to; and it would not make them any more amenable to discipline. Suffrage will not enlarge the scope of women's employments. It will not enable them to climb telegraph poles, or to construct battleships, or to build sky-scrappers. It will have no effect upon either their work or their wages, work and wages being entirely controlled by the law of supply and demand.

VII

As to the actual working of woman suffrage, one community alone — Colorado — affords a full and fair test, after more than thirty years of suffrage, under conditions more nearly resembling these in older civilizations. In that time, charges that the Colorado electorate, as well as those of the other three suffrage states, was peculiarly corrupt, have been brought forward alongside of the counter-claim by the suffragists that Colorado led in reform the great procession of states. In 1904 came the celebrated contested election case of Bonyng *versus* Shafroth in the First Congressional District of Colorado, containing the city of Denver. This case was investigated during the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress (H. R. report, No. 2705). The methods prevailing in the Colorado electorate were there fully and officially set forth. In this case, the certificate

of election had been given to Mr. Shafroth, but it was contested by Mr. Bonyng, and the ballot-boxes were brought to Washington and opened in the House of Representatives.

The ballot-boxes disclosed a state of corruption comparable only with the worst days of reconstruction in the South. Out of a total of nearly nine thousand ballots cast, six thousand were fraudulent. In this orgy of fraud and forgery, the women-voters held their own gallantly. It was found that bogus ballots had been placed in the boxes, and in many cases that six or eight or ten of these bogus ballots were folded together in such a way that they could not have been voted separately or legally. The handwriting experts testified that all these bogus ballots had been filled in by four persons, one of them a woman; that this woman had numbered hundreds of these bogus ballots, and had them placed in the ballot-boxes. On page 23 of the report, it will be noted that the polling-list contained 422 names, and was in the handwriting of a woman clerk of the poll. On page 24 it was shown that this woman voted three times, and she also wrote in the party designation for many of the ballots. On the same page it is shown that another woman signed the certificate in two places purporting to have been signed by two other clerks. Certificates in a poll-book, purporting to be signed by each of the judges, were found to be in the handwriting of a woman, a clerk of the poll. On page 5 it is stated that although the names of seventy-five women appear on a poll-list, the committee found but two ballots on which the party name at the top appears to be in the handwriting of women.

This gives a slight idea of the corrupt methods prevailing among the women-voters of Colorado. The whole exhibition was such that Mr. Shafroth

did what has never before been done in the history of a contested election case in the Congress of the United States. He rose and formally resigned the seat which had been given him upon the prima facie evidence of the certificate of election. Colorado has but three congressional districts, and in the First District is the city of Denver. Therefore, the state of affairs prevailing in the First Congressional District may be reasonably taken as representing one-third of the electorate of Colorado, and that the wealthiest and most enlightened third. No wonder that Judge Moses Hallett, for twenty-seven years United States District Judge for Colorado, and previously Chief Justice of Colorado as a Territory, said in an interview in the *Denver Republican*, on April 6, 1902:—

'There is a growing tendency on the part of most of the better and more intelligent of the female voters of Colorado to cease exercising the ballot. If it were to be done over again, the people of Colorado would defeat woman suffrage by an overwhelming majority.'

As to the alleged purifying effect of women-voters on politics, it is not indicated by the following Associated Press dispatch, dated Denver, May 17, 1910:—

'That Denver has gone "wet," seems assured by the returns received up to eight o'clock to-night. Betting on a "wet" majority is two to one, with very little "dry" money in sight.' The final 'wet' majority was two to one.

This comes from the oldest and most civilized centre of woman suffrage. From Utah, the only state in which woman suffragists have a majority, came on the 10th of June, 1910, the following Associated Press dispatch from one of the principals in a proposed prize fight, which had been prohibited in California by Governor Gillett:—

'Salt Lake City can handle the fight,

and it can be put on July 4th'—prize-fighting not being illegal in Utah.

The introduction of the woman-suffrage question into politics in the last two or three years has already made difficulties. Men, being the arbiters, have naturally and wisely kept, in general, out of the discussion. It has been mainly carried on by women, who must, of course, settle it among themselves, for it has been shown that men are willing to grant the ballot to women as soon as it is proved that a majority of women want it—and often long before this is proved. Whenever it has come to a test of numbers and political management between the suffragists and the anti-suffragists, the latter have secured an easy and overwhelming victory.

In 1894, a strong effort was made by the suffragists in New York State to have the Constitutional Convention of that year adopt a woman-suffrage amendment. The opposition was not aroused until the amendment appeared to be certain of a majority of votes. Then a rapid campaign was organized, a delegation of women went to Albany, and by masterly tactics they succeeded in having an amendment tacked on to the bill, making voting compulsory. In a few weeks the anti-suffragists defeated the result of twenty-five years of effort on the part of the suffragists.

In Massachusetts the anti-suffragists were brilliantly successful in the matter of the so-called Referendum of 1895. The Massachusetts Legislature passed a bill, submitting to the men-voters, and to the women-voters entitled to vote for school committees, the question whether municipal suffrage should be granted to women. The suffragists sought to avoid the test and appealed to the governor to veto the bill after it had passed. Both sides went actively into the campaign. The anti-suf-

fragists, with great intelligence, decided to remain away from the polls, while exerting all their influence against the proposed measure. The votes of the men and the women were kept separate. The result was a majority of 100,000 men opposed to the bill. Out of an estimated number of 575,000 women of voting age, only 22,204 voted in favor of the bill. In 47 towns, not one woman's vote was recorded in favor of it, and in 138 towns the suffragists secured in each 15 votes or less; 864 votes were cast against it.

This illustrates a fact very important for legislators to recognize — the insignificant number of suffragists in the whole body of women. At the National Woman Suffrage convention in April, 1910, a petition bearing the names of four hundred thousand women asking for suffrage was presented to the Congress of the United States. When it is recalled that there are about twenty million women of voting age in this country who have not asked for a change, it will be seen that the commotion made by the suffragists bears a very small relation to their numbers.

The idea of forcing suffrage, with all its attendant complications, and the sacrifice of property privileges, and changing the whole status of forty-five million women and girls and girl-children at the bidding of four hundred thousand, is in itself a monstrous proposition. If the suffragists believe that suffrage would be advantageous to women, they are justified in urging women to ask for it. But to demand of men that the status of ninety-five per cent of the women of the country be wholly changed at the solicitation of five per cent, certainly shows an admirable hardihood.

IX

The suffragists have said repeatedly that if a suffragist amendment to the

Constitution were adopted, no woman need vote who did not wish to vote. This is equivalent to saying that if a sixteenth amendment, authorizing polygamy, were adopted, no one need practice polygamy who did not wish to do so. Nevertheless, it would change the status of every woman in the United States. Opposition to suffrage does not mean that women should not study public affairs, and take an intelligent interest in them. If women would read the proceedings in Congress and inform themselves upon state and national affairs, it would broaden their minds immensely, and there would be fewer suffragists. It would also add to their charms, because they could take a sympathetic interest in those public questions in which most men are more or less engaged. It was this ability to meet men on their own ground that gave the women of the French *salons* their power. Those glorious French women enchanted by their grace, their sweetness, and their exquisite femininity, and they ruled by virtue of their intellect and their profound knowledge of affairs. American women could, by the same means, exercise equal power.

The suffragists are quite correct in asserting that there are certain public questions in which women have a larger stake, and have probably a better knowledge, than men. One of these questions is divorce and remarriage. It is not overstating the fact to say that divorces in the United States, by their numbers and by the methods through which they are procured, have reached the point of a national leprosy. Perhaps the most important contributing cause has been the extraordinary indulgence shown to women by the divorce laws, which unfortunately make divorce cheap and easy, and force the husband to pay for it. There is always a demand for a uniform divorce law throughout the country, but the diffi-

culties in the way have so far prevented any serious attempt to pass such a Federal law.

It has also been conceded for many centuries that women are the chief beneficiaries of monogamy, and the chief sufferers by lax marriage and divorce laws. The proposition need only be stated to prove itself — that the limiting, if not actual wiping out, of divorce is the greatest question, not only of the family, but of the state, before the women of this country. But it is a striking and vital fact, that so far as the suffragists are concerned, they have avoided, in all their public and printed utterances, the slightest allusion to, much less condemnation of, divorce. And yet their fixed contention has ever been, that woman suffrage represents purification and reform!

It would be vain for the suffragists to say that divorce cannot be checked, and even abolished. In South Carolina there is not, and never has been, any divorce; but a husband and wife, in extreme cases, may get all the relief which is necessary by a legal separation. Among the twelve million Catholics in the United States there are no divorces, and very few legal separations. In all of the Protestant denominations there are found numbers of earnest clergymen who decline to remarry divorced persons. In the Episcopal Church, especially, a band of conscientious and far-seeing men exists who take the only ground which has so far proved tenable: that no divorced person should remarry; that neither the guilt nor the innocence of the divorced persons can be considered; that a certain percentage of innocent persons must suffer in the operation of the most beneficent laws; and that the only thing to be considered is the greatest good of the greatest number.

So far, however, from the suffragists showing any antagonism to divorce,

there seems to be a close relation between suffrage and divorce. It would be interesting to figure out the percentage of divorced women among the suffragists. Some of their most prominent leaders are divorced women. In the four suffrage states, all the causes for divorce exist that are recognized in the non-suffrage states, and special causes which are peculiar to the suffrage states. For example, the last census (1900) shows that six women in Utah were divorced by their husbands for non-support.

The statistics of divorce show that the rate is practically higher in the four suffrage states than in any other states of the Union. There are five that have a higher rate of divorce than the suffrage states; but in three of these there are large Negro populations which furnish an enormous percentage of divorces. In Texas, for example, which has a larger percentage of divorces than any other state in the Union, the Census Bureau estimates that seventy-five per cent of divorces are granted to Negroes. In the other two states, in which there are very few Negroes, the divorce statistics show that the percentage of outsiders becoming temporary residents in order to obtain divorces, brings the rate for natives actually below that of the four suffrage states, in which the percentage of outsiders seeking divorce is small.

In addition to leading the country, practically, in divorces, these four states show that this abnormal rate of divorce prevails under conditions which are usually adverse to divorce. It is agreed among sociologists, and is proved by statistics, that divorce in general follows wealth, luxury, a highly artificial mode of life, and complex social conditions. In the four suffrage states, however, the general mode of life is simple and the social conditions primitive. These circumstances enhance very much the prob-

able connection between suffrage and divorce. If suffrage gives any encouragement to divorce, that is enough to condemn it in the eyes of all political economists, all sociologists, all publicists, and all who love honor and decorum.

I ask pardon for introducing a personal note. My excuse is that I may help to disprove the fallacy that it is the woman who works that would profit by the ballot. I was but little past my twenty-first birthday when, on the strength of having earned about seven hundred dollars by my pen, I rashly assumed the support, by literature, of my family. The rashness, ignorance, and presumption of this can only be excused by the retired life I had led in the library of an old Virginia country-house, and in a community where conditions more nearly resembled the eighteenth than the nineteenth century. That I succeeded was due to tireless effort, unbroken health, a number of fortunate circumstances, and above all, what I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say, the kindness of the good God.

In the course of time, I became, through literature alone, a household-er, a property-owner, a taxpayer, and the regular employer of five persons. My experience, therefore, has been more varied than that of most women, and I know something of the interests both of the woman who works and the property-owner, the taxpayer, and the employer. I can say with positiveness that there never was a moment when the possession of a vote would not have been a hindrance and a burden to me. I had no claim on any man whatever to help me fight my way to the polls; after I had voted I could not enforce my vote. I should have become involved in controversies which

might have impaired my earning capacity; and there would have been the temptation, ever present to the weaker individual, of voting to please my employers. From this I was happily exempt.

These considerations, great in any woman's case, would have been enormously increased in the case of a wife and the mother of a family, with all the sacrifice of property privileges and confusion of political and family relations which would have resulted. I admit that I should peculiarly dislike being divorced by a husband for non-support, as the six ladies were in Utah.

But none of the disadvantages of the ballot for me which I have mentioned, exist for men. They can fight their way to the polls, and enforce their votes; the controversies, which are so disastrous and undignified for women, are by no means so among men. In short, men have certain natural qualifications as voters which women have not, and never can acquire, and are perfectly adapted to working the great registering machine called suffrage.

In conclusion, it is my earnest hope and belief that the sound good sense of American women will defend them from suffrage, and protect their property privileges, their right to maintenance from their husbands, and their personal dignity. And if the women of this country will unite upon any true reform, such as the abolition of divorce, I believe their power to be so great that they can carry through measures which thinking men desire, but cannot effect without the assistance of women. I believe that the most important factors in the state are the wives and mothers who make of men good citizens to govern and protect the state, and I believe woman suffrage to be an unmixed evil.

THE UNITED STATES AND NEUTRALIZATION

BY CYRUS FRENCH WICKER

WHEN the future historian comes to review the first decade of our twentieth century he may indeed be puzzled, but if he is fair to us he will recognize some of the difficulties under which our world-troubles and world-problems are being worked out. He will see that we are living, not in an ideal state of world-sympathy, but divided among many independent nations separated one from the other by commercial and political differences, and by the strong barriers of national patriotism. The persistent conception of world-empire seems at length to have given way before a number of communities intent upon their separate national existences, and uniting only to preserve a balance of power among themselves or to prevent any one from obtaining predominance over the rest. In our own decade this separation has been still further emphasized by tariff walls and colonial preferences, by carefully stimulated patriotisms, and, especially, by an enormous increase in the military and naval armaments of each country. The nations have become less subject to outside coercion, at the cost of an intolerable burden of militarism which has overrun the world.

The price of peace in battleships and cruisers, in coast-defense and dock-yards, in armies, arsenals, and maintenance, has become the destructive plague of the civilized world. England has spent in the past year a third of a billion upon her army and her navy. The United States, great peace nation that we are, with a continent's work to

do and millions of acres to be reclaimed and utilized, spent one hundred and ten million dollars on our navy alone; and in twelve years we have increased our standing army three-fold. Four hundred millions from our revenues are pledged annually in pensions for past wars or in preparation for wars to come, while a bill to create an Appalachian forest reserve at the cost of a single battleship, a bill which would save double its cost to the nation each year in preserving timber and water-supply and soil, has failed three times, as being too expensive to be undertaken. In France, the financial situation is yearly more hopeless and alarming. Military debts and the expenses of new armaments absorb three-fifths of the entire national revenue. Germany has borrowed the money for her new navy, and thrown the burden on the coming generation; the empire which started life with a credit of a billion dollars is now, after forty years, bearing the burden of a debt more than twice as large. The total expenditure of the world last year upon entirely unproductive armaments by sea and land is not far short of two billion dollars.

This burden is not borne by great and wealthy nations alone. Other countries of lesser resources, and without even hereditary enemies, are arming themselves to the teeth against a possible attack by any nation whatsoever. We read that Norway and Sweden are building navies, that Argentina and Brazil have ordered Dreadnoughts and their attendant cruisers and boats of

supply. Not knowing what particular nation to fear, the nations of the world are preparing themselves each against the strongest, and the taxpayer looking about him is informed by the military and naval authorities that in the still further increase of armaments rests his only security from uneasiness and alarm.

Kipling has written a poem that is a terrible satire on our modern civilization. Dives, in hell, agrees in return for liberty to maintain peace on earth. He establishes headquarters in the money-centres, lends funds wherewith to purchase arms, and binds the nations so heavily in the bonds of debt that no one of them can afford to fight.

Behold the pride of Moab! For the swords about
his path

His bond is to Philistia, the half of all he hath;
And he may not draw the sword until Gaza give
the word,

And he gain release from Askalon and Gath.

It is a sordid peace at best, of uncertain duration and, like all things connected with the devil and his ministers, enormously expensive. With the masses of our populations never more averse to war or more generally ignorant of fighting, we are competing in providing ourselves with the most deadly and most expensive weapons in unprecedented quantities. If there is some better way of maintaining our peace, our possessions, our national individualities, and our Christian ideals, than by arming more and more until the nations, already crippled in their industrial and humanitarian development, lead each other down a senseless race to bankruptcy, it is time we thought it out and found it.

In the realization of peace, three methods have been tried. The first of these has been to secure peace by means of international conventions. From these have arisen the Red Cross Society, providing relief from the actual

sufferings of war, and protection for those engaged in the care of sick and wounded; the Open Door in China, that the commercial nations of the world may share equally in future opportunities for trade and commerce with the Orient; and finally the establishment of arbitration as a permanently available resource in international difficulties. But none of these measures has put a stop to competitive military preparations. In spite of our Peace Conferences, in spite of the Open Door and the permanent Board of Arbitration sitting at The Hague, each year has seen a steady increase in the sums expended upon military and naval armaments, together with burdens of taxation and mortgages upon the future never before contemplated.

The second method, that of an international agreement for the limitation of armaments, was proposed about eight years ago. It was thoroughly discussed at the last Peace Conference, and, after being blocked there by Germany, has since been frankly and almost universally abandoned as impossible. Admiral von Koester, late commander-in-chief of the German battle fleet, clearly expressed the attitude of the militarists on this point in his recent speech at Kiel:—

‘I have read with interest all the articles published on the subject,’ said he, ‘and I have not found one that offered any practical proposal. We ought to disarm! In the first place we will take the doctrine that only the absolutely stronger can disarm. He, however, will not do so. Then the vanquished can disarm. About the hardest condition which the conqueror can impose is when he says to the vanquished: “Disarm!” And we Germans know best of all what that means, when we remember the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the conditions imposed upon us then.’

'We now come to the third principle: international disarmament. This must be an international agreement among all peoples. Do you believe that this is at all possible? For such a purpose there would have to be a permanent congress, which would be perpetually calculating in this fashion: "From to-day you have the right to build so many ships. Now, you may build another torpedo-boat because your economic interests have grown, your exports have risen so-and-so much." I consider that disarmament can only mean the paralysis of free development.

'There is, as Professor Harms has shown, a fourth principle of disarmament, — disarmament based on alliance. Now, if one wants an ally one must be up to the alliance standard of power. To comply with that rule a nation must bring something with it into the alliance, — an army or a fleet. If it has neither, and brings nothing with it, then it is not worth acceptance as an ally. But even alliances are not of eternal duration. Alliances appear to-day and are gone to-morrow, and the political horizon changes constantly from day to day. Even if ships can be quickly built, the organization, the building up of the system, is a thing that requires many years. Therefore, even in the case of an alliance, one would still need, in order to provide for the eventuality of fresh complications, to build and arm a fleet and to carry it to its full development.

'There can be no practical value in any proposal for international disarmament.'

And so Germany continues to pile up battleships and taxes, and other nations of necessity follow her lead.

Conventions have done much to promote peace and coöperation among civilized nations, but they have never affected a military appropriation or

delayed the laying of a single keel. Increases in armaments must continue so long as they remain competitive. But we have examples of nations which are withdrawn from competition in war-like preparations, the armies of which are never called into action; these nations are protected by the guarantee of their neighbors in secure and honorable peace. There is a third method in the realization of peace, and a means for disarmament which Admiral von Koester did not mention. It is disarmament by neutralization.

Neutralization is the imposition by international agreement of perpetual neutrality over land and water. Its purpose is the removal of objects of international dispute by placing them forever outside of the realm of war, which is lessened by their extent. Since the Congress of Vienna in 1815, neutralization has maintained Switzerland in independence, integrity, and unviolated neutrality down to this day. In 1831 the same protection was extended to Belgium, and in 1867 to Luxembourg, with what effect in reducing the burdens of defense and minimizing the danger line of invasion, any garrison-card of the German or French army will show. Permanent neutrality was applied first to entire states lying between hostile neighbors, but soon it was recognized that points of dispute between nations and objects of attack in time of war were no longer in great part the territories of states themselves, but provinces and colonial possessions, and, most of all, the commercial advantages resulting from the exclusive possession of them. There followed the neutralization of Savoy, the Ionian Islands, the Basin of the Congo, and finally the permanent neutrality of the Suez Canal as an international waterway. In neutralization has lain a remedy ready to our hand, of which we have only slowly realized the power.

In removing lands and waterways forever from the field of possible war we may effectively check the growing menace of militarism, renew the abandoned work of disarmament, and meet the needs even of the armed and colony-holding nations of to-day.

What shall be the part played by the United States in the future of neutralization?

In the first place, the United States recognizes, or is interested in maintaining, its provisions in three different parts of the world. It joined with the principal commercial nations in the Treaty of Berlin of 1885, which recognizes the neutrality and the freedom to commerce of the entire basin of the Congo River; and it was the only power present at that conference to propose the permanent neutralization of all that part of Central Africa.

With regard to the Panama Canal, in 1901 there was signed with Great Britain the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which, while abolishing the unpopular Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, affirmed for any inter-oceanic canal which shall be built across the isthmus the same provisions which govern the neutrality of the Suez Canal as established by the Treaty of Constantinople in 1888. By this it is agreed to maintain:—

1. Freedom of transit in time of war or peace to all vessels of all nations.
2. Freedom of the Canal and its terminals from blockade.
3. A code of procedure for war-vessels entering and leaving the Canal.
4. That there shall be no fortifications along the route.

This treaty with England, which however does not amount to complete neutralization, since it is an agreement between two nations only, further provides that the Canal is to be safeguarded and maintained in neutrality by the United States alone, and consequently

is a compromise between neutralization and complete American control.

Since the beginning of the year, we have seen still a third instance of interest in neutralization in the proposal of the Secretary of State to neutralize the Manchurian railways. Whether that proposal is premature or not is undecided. At any rate, it is in conformity with the increased possibilities of neutralization, and with our recognized foreign policy in the past. It was the policy of the late Secretary Hay to urge the united action of all influential countries in maintaining the Open Door of trade in China. It is the policy of the present Secretary to accomplish the same end by uniting the *commercial* nations, and those with surplus money to invest, such as the United States, Japan, England, Germany, and France, in the building and control of international railways in the East, and thus assuring the Open Door by means of a union of their common commercial interests.

The control of the Manchurian railways is certain to be of no little importance in the future of that country. We are thoroughly aware of the tendency of railway interests to dominate the financial and political activities of a state; and if at some future time the various commercial nations which now control portions of the Manchurian railways should decide to separate their interests, China would be in the greatest danger of being divided as the result of an international misunderstanding. Neutralization of the railroads would at once and forever remove this danger.

But a far more important question than the future of Manchurian railways lies before the people of the United States. Militarism is destructive of better things, and many a loyal American is questioning what occasion the United States may really have for its continued extension. We need not fear invasion; we have no hereditary

enemies. If we ask any American why our naval expenditure last year was one hundred and thirty million dollars, and why our standing army, which in 1898 was twenty-five thousand men, — about the size of the London police force, — is now nearly four times that number, he will answer that it is to guard the Philippines. That is true, and if questioned closely as to what good is to come to America from them, and from the two hundred million dollars spent upon their subjugation and defense, and whether the average citizen is ten cents richer by their possession, he will probably say, 'What can we do with them? Japan would get them if we let them go.' But if our presence there is doing us little appreciable good, and, by stirring up our neighbors and wakening China to the presence of an armed foreign power in close geographical relation to her own shores, is doing us positive harm, why not deal with them some other way?

Unless we are really entered upon a career of conquest, — such as characterized empires before us and results in prefectures and dominion over races not our own, — it is time we faced the question fairly: Is there need for our maintaining a double navy, obviously in excess of what is necessary for the protection of our citizens abroad and our country at home, and of further exciting the distrust and jealousy of the East, if we can by neutralizing the islands, and without loss of sovereignty, place them in a position of permanent neutrality?

We are a great nation, the greatest nation to-day of those bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and the future of that ocean lies largely in our hands. We can if we will make it an area of strained relationships, of latent hostilities, and keep it so by expending our resources in competitive armaments against the developing East. And we

can neutralize the Philippines, and reduce our navy at once to its proper sphere of home-protection, and make the Pacific in truth a peaceful sea. The effect upon our relations with the East will be instantaneous. If we may believe our returned travelers, the people of China are not hostile and warlike, but peace-loving and industrious, and are being 'blooded' to Western ideals of self-protection and competitive armaments only under the pressure of battleships and territorial aggressions. If this is to continue, we may well fear, as Mr. Jefferson says, in the *Delusion of Militarism*,¹ a meeting with China on a battlefield where numbers — with a little training in rifle-practice — outweigh the graces of a Christian heart, and the spiritual attainments of two thousand years.

The Philippines can be neutralized; not indeed as Switzerland has been neutralized, but as provinces and islands have been neutralized in the past. They are our property, and we can neutralize them, with the consent and coöperation of the great powers of the world, without losing our sovereignty over them, and without lessening in any way our power or our duty to keep order, to build schools, and to maintain a stable and reasonable government. But we must be prepared to give up something, because while they are our property they are possible points of attack, and we cannot retain exclusive privileges if we throw the responsibility for their defense upon the world.

What would be the situation in the Philippine Islands if they should become internationally guaranteed in permanent neutrality? Something may be learned from examples of neutralization in the past: Switzerland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Congo; and most of all from the position of Savoy and the Ionian Islands, because they are

¹ In the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1909.

not states themselves, but neutralized parts of an otherwise unneutralized whole. We know, for example, that no revenue may be exacted from a neutralized province in time of war, nor may soldiers be levied there, nor may material of a contraband nature be shipped from there to the parent country. We know too that the parent state can neither cede a portion of the neutralized province, nor grant an exclusive right to a coaling station within it, nor permit a passage or occupation by foreign troops. On the other hand, the state may maintain open coaling stations, and keep sufficient troops of its own in the province to maintain security and order, and if necessary to preserve the neutrality of the province by force of arms.

As to the demolition of fortifications there is no fixed rule. Five fortresses of Belgium — Ath, Mons, Menin, Philippeville, and Marienbourg — were demolished by the Treaty of 1831, and most of the others have since been razed. All the fortresses of Corfu were demolished in accordance with the treaty of its neutralization. Switzerland however retains her fortresses, and doubtless owes her inviolability to the fact. They seem to have been reserved because of the importance of the Swiss passes to any one of her neighbors at war with another power, and in case the advantage to be gained might lend inducement to a breach of neutrality. In the Philippines, with the exception of forts necessary to ensure the absolute neutrality of the harbors, no such need for fortifications exists, and their absence would afford the less occasion for a military seizure of the islands.

The greatest difficulty and the point where, if anywhere, the proposal for the neutralization of the Philippines would be likely to fail, is with the tariff. No proposition for their neutralization

can be made that does not first fairly meet and answer that objection. There can be no exclusive tariff advantages between the United States and the neutralized Philippine Islands. This is because their value lies neither in the right to spend money and men upon them, nor in the right to build their schools and to maintain government. It lies in their commercial worth, and the extent to which they can be made to furnish exclusive markets for the manufactures of a nation, and an exclusive source of raw materials with which to supply them. We cannot neutralize the Philippines and reserve their markets to ourselves; or at least we cannot count on the continued coöperation of the great commercial nations if we insist on so doing. It is true that there is precedent to the contrary. Savoy is included commercially within the frontiers of France, and Luxembourg was neutralized and yet allowed to join a customs union of the German States. But the markets of Savoy and Luxembourg are of small importance, and the commercial life of small states might be entirely destroyed if it were not for some relaxation of the rule. In order to effect the neutralization of the Philippines there is little doubt that we should have to offer to the co-operating powers the same commercial opportunities in them which we insist upon in China, namely, the Open Door and equal privileges of trade.

But, after all, are we so inefficient that we cannot hold our own in open markets? An Open Door is all our American policy has ever required of the East. In any case we may well question whether closed trade is worth the price of two fleets, of strained and uncertain relations with the East, and of possible and unnecessary wars.

Only one more question remains. We have certain moral duties over the islands and the people which the God

of Battles put into our hands. We are still responsible for their peace, for their stable government, for their education, and for the continuance of all those duties which we assumed in haste and have since performed so well. Neutralization will make no difference in our power to continue that work. It is our American purpose, the extent of which is misunderstood abroad. It will become clear under neutralization.

Neutralization of the Philippines cannot be accomplished by ourselves alone. To be effective it must be guaranteed by many world-powers, each of which must agree, not only to respect, but also to maintain, the permanently neutral condition of the islands. As the French writers put it, they must *respecter et faire respecter* that neutral character. Therein lies the whole difference between neutrality and neutralization. Any state may declare itself neutral, or obtain through its impartial attitude toward belligerents the general recognition of its neutral character. But neutrality is a transient condition, and a merely neutral state can at any time cease to be neutral and engage in the war. The neutrality of a neutralized state, attained by international agreement, is permanent, and results in its entire exclusion from all hostilities whatsoever except in its own defense.

Could we rely on such an international agreement being sustained? Again we must look to history. Switzerland was neutralized by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and since that time her territory has been entered only once by foreign soldiers, and then only to lay down their arms and receive her neutral protection. With Belgium and with Luxembourg the result has been the same. On December 3, 1870, Prince Bismarck addressed his famous note to the powers, declaring that as Luxembourg was obviously incapable of

maintaining its neutrality against a possible invasion of troops hostile to Germany, he considered that its neutrality need no longer be regarded; yet Luxembourg remained inviolate throughout the war. Again, in 1871, although he announced to Austria and England that if the army of MacMahon, then retreating toward French territory, should violate the treaty and pass through neutral Belgium he himself would also violate that territory to oppose him, neither he nor the French general ventured across the neutral line. It is worth noticing, too, that England at the very outbreak of hostilities sent notes to both France and Prussia stating that she was ready to maintain impartially the neutrality of either neutralized state by force of arms. There is little danger, under the guarantee of four great powers, that the Philippines would fail to enjoy unmolested peace, or that the step then taken would not soon be followed by others, assuring still further the peace of the Pacific and the lesser need for armaments and war.

Neutralization is still a new subject, less than a hundred years old. *Disarmament* by neutralization is an idea of our own decade, but the only way remaining by which disarmament can be effected, and the senseless and ruinous competition in armaments stopped. The problem is facing not only America, but all the world; for neutralization now lies deeper than mere self-interest. Selfishness may have been responsible for the neutralization of the early states, but the neutralization of a colony in the interests of world-peace is undertaken with higher motives and with other aims. Neutralization means freedom in international intercourse. It is the expansion of the doctrine of the Open Door, and an attack on the doctrine of restricted and exclusive trade.

The conviction is growing among

thinking men that the time for intelligent coöperation between the nations is not far away, and that if four great nations — the United States, Japan, Great Britain, and Germany — should unite in affirming the integrity and perpetual neutrality of any part of the world, their example would be followed gladly by all the others.

There is a peculiarly American opportunity lying before us in our relations with the Philippine Islands. We wish neither to retain them in permanent subjection, nor to surrender them to foreign control. It is practical to neutralize them, and by so doing re-

move the possible misunderstanding with which our presence there is regarded. For ourselves neutralization leads to a decrease in our armaments, and the direction of our resources to far more reasonable ends. To others it would offer an example of relief from the menace of militarism, and point the way to new opportunities for friendly coöperation in the avoidance of war. Who knows but that South America would follow the Republic of the North and, by proposing neutralization throughout her diverse states, lead the nations yet nearer to the distant goal of universal peace?

THE SILENCE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

In a car of the Naples express a mining expert was diving into a bag for papers. The strong sunlight showed the fine wrinkles on his brown face and the shabbiness of his short, rough beard. A newspaper cutting slipped from his fingers; he picked it up, thinking, 'How the dickens did that get in here?' It was from a colonial print of three years back; and he sat staring, as if in that forlorn slip of yellow paper he had encountered some ghost from his past.

These were the words he read: 'We hope that the set-back to civilization, the check to commerce and development, in this promising centre of our colony may be but temporary; and that capital may again come to the rescue. Where one man was successful, others should surely not fail? We are con-

vinced that it only needs — ' And the last words: 'For what can be sadder than to see the forest spreading its lengthening shadows, like symbols of defeat, over the untenanted dwellings of men; and, where was once the merry chatter of human voices, to pass by in the silence —'

On an afternoon, thirteen years before, he had been in the city of London, at one of those emporiums where mining experts perch before fresh flights, like sea-gulls on some favorite rock.

A clerk said to him, 'Mr. Scorrier, they are asking for you on the telephone — Mr. Hemmings of the New Colliery Company.'

Scorrier took up the wire.

'Is that you, Mr. Scorrier? I hope you are very well, sir; I am — Hemmings — I am — coming round.'

In ten minutes he appeared, — Christopher Hemmings, secretary of the New Colliery Company, known in the city — behind his back — as ‘down-by-the-starn’ Hemmings. He grasped Scorrier’s hand — the gesture was deferential, yet distinguished. Too handsome, too capable, too important, his figure, the cut of his iron-gray beard, and his intrusively fine eyes conveyed the courteous invitation to inspect their infallibilities. He stood, like a city ‘Atlas,’ with his legs apart, his coat-tails gathered in his hands, a whole globe of financial matters deftly balanced on his nose. ‘Look at me!’ he seemed to say; ‘it’s heavy, but how easily I carry it! Not the man to let it down, sir!’

‘I hope I see you well, Mr. Scorrier,’ he began; ‘I have come round about our mine. There is a question of a fresh field being opened up — between ourselves, not before it’s wanted. I find it difficult to get my Board to take a comprehensive view. In short, the question is: Are you prepared to go out for us, and report on it? The fees will be all right.’ His left eye closed. ‘Things have been very — er — dicky; we are going to change our superintendent. I have got little Pippin — you know little Pippin?’

Scorrier murmured, with a feeling of vague resentment, ‘Oh! yes. He’s not a mining man!’

Hemmings replied, ‘We think that he will do.’

‘Do you?’ thought Scorrier. ‘That’s good of you!’

He had not altogether shaken off a worship he had had for Pippin; ‘King’ Pippin he was always called, when they had been boys at the Camborne Grammar School. ‘King’ Pippin! the boy with the bright color, very bright hair, bright sable elusive eyes, broad shoulders, little stoop in the neck, and a way of moving it quickly like a bird; the

boy who was always at the top of everything, and held his head as if looking for something further to be the top of.

He remembered how one day ‘King’ Pippin had said to him in his soft way, ‘Young Scorrie, I’ll do your sums for you’; and in answer to his dubious ‘Is that all right?’ had replied, ‘Of course — I don’t want you to get behind that beast Blake, he’s not a Cornishman’ (the beast Blake was an Irishman not yet twelve). He remembered, too, an occasion when ‘King’ Pippin with two other boys fought six louts and got a licking, and how Pippin sat for half an hour afterwards, all bloody, his head in his hands, rocking to and fro, and weeping tears of mortification; and how the next day he had sneaked off by himself, and, attacking the same gang, got frightfully mauled a second time.

Thinking of these things he answered curtly, ‘When shall I start?’

‘Down-by-the-starn’ Hemmings replied with a sort of fearful sprightliness, ‘There’s a good fellow! I will send instructions; so glad to see you well.’ Conferring on Scorrier a look, — fine to the verge of vulgarity, — he withdrew.

Scorrier remained seated, heavy with insignificance and vague oppression, as if he had drunk a tumbler of sweet port.

A week later, in company with Pippin, he was on board a liner.

The ‘King’ Pippin of his school days was now a man of forty-four. He awakened in Scorrier the uncertain wonder with which we look backward at our own uncomplicated teens. Staggering up and down the decks in the long Atlantic roll, he would steal a look at his companion, as if he thereby expected to find out something about himself. Pippin had still ‘King’ Pippin’s bright, fine hair, and dazzling streaks in his short beard; he had still

a bright color and suave voice, and what there were of wrinkles suggested only subtleties of humor and ironic sympathy. From the first, and apparently without negotiation, he had his seat at the captain's table, to which on the second day Scorrier too found himself translated, and had to sit, as he expressed it ruefully, 'among the big-wigs.'

During the voyage only one incident impressed itself on Scorrier's memory, and that for a disconcerting reason. In the forecabin was the usual complement of emigrants. One evening, leaning across the rail to watch them, he felt a touch on his arm and, looking round, saw Pippin's face and beard quivering in the lamplight.

'Poor people!' he said.

The idea flashed on Scorrier that he was like some fine wire instrument, that records sounds.

'Suppose he were to snap!' he thought. Impelled to justify this fancy, he blurted out, 'You're a nervous chap. The way you look at those poor devils!'

Pippin hustled him along the deck. 'Come, come, you took me off my guard,' he murmured, with a gentle, sly smile; 'that's not fair.'

He found it a continual source of wonder that Pippin, at his age, should cut himself adrift from the associations and security of London life, to begin a new career in a new country with dubious prospect of success.

'I always heard he was doing well all round,' he thought. 'Thinks he'll better himself, perhaps. He's a true Cornishman.'

The morning of arrival at the mines was gray and cheerless; a cloud of smoke, beaten down by drizzle, clung above the forest; the wooden houses straggled dismally in the unkempt semblance of a street, against a background of woods — endless, silent

woods. An air of blank discouragement brooded over everything; cranes jutted idly over empty trucks; the long jetty oozed black slime; miners with listless faces stood in the rain; dogs fought under their very legs. On the way to the hotel they met no one busy or serene except a Chinaman who was polishing a dish-cover.

The late superintendent, a cowed man, regaled them at lunch with his forebodings; his attitude toward the situation was like the food, which was greasy, sad, and uninspiring. Alone together once more, the two newcomers eyed each other sadly.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Pippin. 'We must change all this, Scorrier; it will never do to go back beaten. I shall not go back beaten; if I do you'll have to carry me on my shield'; and, slyly, 'Too heavy, eh? Poor fellow!' Then for a long time he was silent, moving his lips as if adding up the cost. Suddenly he sighed, and grasping Scorrier's arm, said, 'Dull, are n't I? What will you do? Put me in your report, "New Superintendent — a sad, dull dog — not a word to throw at a cat!"' And as if the new task were too much for him, he sank back in thought. The last words he said to Scorrier that night were, 'Very silent here. It's hard to believe one's here for life. I feel I am. Must n't be a coward, though!' And brushing his forehead, as though to clear from it a cobweb of faint thoughts, he hurried off.

Scorrier stayed on the veranda, smoking. The rain had ceased, a few stars were burning dimly; even above the squalor of the township the scent of the forests, the interminable forests, brooded. There sprang into his mind the memory of a picture from one of his children's fairy-books — the picture of a little bearded man on tiptoe, with poised head and a great sword, slashing at the castle of a giant. It re-

minded him of Pippin. And suddenly, even to Scorrier, — whose existence was one long encounter with strange places, — the unseen presence of those woods, their heavy, healthy scent, the little sounds, like squeaks from tiny toys, issuing out of the gloomy silence, seemed intolerable, — to be shunned from the mere instinct of self-preservation. He thought of the evening he had spent in the bosom of 'down-by-the-starn' Hemmings's family, when receiving his last instructions — the security of that suburban villa, its discouraging gentility; the superior acidity of the Misses Hemmings; the noble names of large contractors, of company promoters, of a peer, dragged with the lightness of gun-carriages across the conversation; the autocracy of Hemmings, rasped up, here and there, by some domestic contradiction. It was all so nice and safe — as if the whole thing had been fastened to an anchor sunk beneath the pink cabbages of the drawing-room carpet!

Hemmings, seeing him off the premises, had said with secrecy, 'Little Pippin will have a good thing. We shall make his salary — pounds. He'll be a great man — quite a king. Ha — ha!'

Scorrier shook the ashes from his pipe. 'Salary!' he thought, straining his ears; 'I wouldn't take the place for five thousand pounds a year. And yet it's a fine country'; and with ironic violence he repeated, 'a dashed fine country!'

Ten days later, having finished his report on the new mine, he stood on the jetty waiting to go aboard the steamer for home.

'God bless you!' said Pippin. 'Tell them they need n't be afraid; and sometimes when you're at home think of me, eh?'

Scorrier, scrambling on board, had a confused memory of tears in his eyes, and a convulsive hand-shake.

II

It was eight years before the wheels of life carried Scorrier back to that disenchanted spot, and this time not on the business of the New Colliery Company. He went for another company with a mine some thirty miles away. Before starting, however, he visited Hemmings. The secretary was surrounded by pigeon-holes, and finer than ever; Scorrier blinked in the full radiance of his courtesy. A little man with eyebrows full of questions, and a grizzled beard, was seated in an arm-chair by the fire.

'You know Mr. Booker,' said Hemmings, — 'one of my directors. This is Mr. Scorrier, sir, who went out for us.'

These sentences were murmured in a way suggestive of their uncommon value. The director uncrossed his legs, and bowed. Scorrier also bowed, and Hemmings, leaning back, slowly developed the full resources of his waistcoat.

'So you are going out again, Scorrier, for the other side? I tell Mr. Scorrier, sir, that he is going out for the enemy. Don't find them a mine as good as you found us, there's a good man.'

The little director asked explosively, 'See our last dividend? Twenty per cent; eh, what?'

Hemmings moved a finger, as if reproving his director. 'I will not disguise from you,' he murmured, 'that there is friction between us and — the enemy; you know our position too well — just a little too well, eh? "A nod's as good as a wink."'

His diplomatic eyes flattered Scorrier, who passed a hand over his brow, and said, 'Of course.'

'Pippin does n't hit it off with them. Between ourselves, he's a leetle too big for his boots. You know what it is when a man in his position gets a sudden rise!'

Scorrier caught himself searching on the floor for a sight of Hemmings's boots; he raised his eyes guiltily.

The secretary continued, 'We don't hear from him quite as often as we should like, in fact.'

To his own surprise, Scorrier murmured, 'It's a silent place!'

The secretary smiled.

'Very good! Mr. Scorrier says, sir, it's a silent place; ha — ha! I call that very good!' But suddenly a secret irritation seemed to bubble in him; he burst forth almost violently, 'He's no business to let it affect him; now, has he? I put it to you, Mr. Scorrier, I put it to you, sir!'

But Scorrier made no reply, and soon after took his leave. He had been asked to convey a friendly hint to Pippin that more frequent letters would be welcomed. Standing in the shadow of the Royal Exchange, waiting to thread his way across, he thought, 'So you must have noise, must you — you've got some here, and to spare.'

On his arrival in the New World he wired to Pippin, asking if he might stay with him on the way up country, and received the answer, 'Be sure and come.'

A week later he arrived (there was now a railway) and found Pippin waiting for him in a phaeton. Scorrier would not have known the place again; there was a glitter over everything, as if some one had touched it with a wand. The tracks had given place to roads, running firm, straight, and black between the trees under brilliant sunshine; the wooden houses were all painted; out in the gleaming harbor amongst the green of islands lay three steamers, each with a fleet of busy boats; and here and there a tiny yacht floated like a sea-bird on the water.

Pippin drove his long-tailed horses furiously; his eyes brimmed with a subtle kindness, as if according Scor-

rier a continual welcome. During the two days of his stay Scorrier never lost that sense of glamour. He had every opportunity for observing the grip Pippin had over everything. The wooden doors and walls of his bungalow kept out no sounds. He listened to interviews between his host and all kinds and conditions of men. The voices of the visitors would rise at first — angry, discontented, matter-of-fact, with nasal twangs, and guttural drawls; then would come the soft patter of the superintendent's feet crossing and recrossing the room. Then a pause, the sound of hard breathing, and quick questions — *the visitor's voice again*, again the patter, and Pippin's ingratiating but decisive murmurs. Presently out would come the visitor with an expression on his face which Scorrier soon began to know by heart, a kind of pleased, puzzled, helpless look, which seemed to say, 'I've been done, I know; I'll give it to myself when I'm round the corner.'

Pippin was full of wistful questions about 'home.' He wanted talk of music, pictures, plays; of how London looked, what new streets there were; and, above all, whether Scorrier had been lately in the West Country. He talked of getting leave next winter, asked whether Scorrier thought they would 'put up with him at home'; then, with the agitation which had alarmed Scorrier before, he added, 'Ah! but I'm not fit for home, now. One gets spoiled; it's big and silent here. What should I go back to? I don't seem to realize.'

Scorrier thought of Hemmings.

'T is a bit cramped there, certainly,' he muttered.

Pippin went on as if divining his thoughts. 'I suppose our friend Hemmings would call me foolish; he's above the little weaknesses of imagination, eh? Yes; it's silent here. Sometimes

in the evening I would give my head for somebody to talk to; Hemmings would never give his head for anything, I think. But all the same, I could n't face them at home. Spoiled!' And slyly he murmured, 'What would the Board say if they could hear that?'

Scorrier blurted out, 'To tell you the truth, they complain a little of *not* hearing from you.'

Pippin put out a hand, as if to push something away. 'Let them try the life here!' he broke out; 'it's like sitting on a live volcano — what with our friends "the enemy" over there; the men; the American competition. I keep it going, Scorrier, but at what a cost — at what a cost!'

'But surely letters?'

Pippin only answered, 'I try — I try!'

Scorrier felt with remorse and wonder that he had spoken the truth. The following day he left for his inspection, and while in the camp of 'the enemy' much was the talk he heard of Pippin.

'Why!' said his host, the superintendent, a little man with a face somewhat like an owl's, 'd' you know the name they've given him down in the capital? "the King" — good, eh? He's made them "sit up" all along this coast. I like him well enough; good-hearted man, shocking nervous; but my people down there can't stand him at any price. Sir, he runs this colony. You'd think butter would n't melt in that mouth of his; but he always gets his way; that's what riles 'em so; that and the success he's making of his mine. It puzzles me; you'd think he'd only be too glad of a quiet life, a man with his nerves. But no, he's never happy unless he's fighting, something where he's got a chance to score a victory. I won't say he likes it, but, by Jove, it seems he's got to do it. Now that's funny! I'll tell you one thing, though — should n't be a bit surprised if he

broke down some day; and I'll tell you another,' he added darkly, — 'he's sailing very near the wind, with those large contracts that he makes. I would n't care to take his risks. Just let them have a strike, or something that shuts them down for a spell — and mark my words, sir — it'll be all u-p with them. But,' he concluded confidentially, 'I wish I had his hold on the men; it's a great thing in this country. Not like home, where you can go round a corner and get another gang. You have to make the best you can out of the lot you have; you won't get another man for love or money without you ship him a few hundred miles.'

And with a frown he waved his arm over the forest, to indicate the barrenness of the land.

III

Scorrier finished his inspection and went on a shooting-trip into the forest. His host met him on his return.

'Just look at this!' he said, holding out a telegram; 'awful, is n't it?' His face expressed a profound commiseration, almost ludicrously mixed with the ashamed contentment that men experience at the misfortunes of an enemy.

The telegram, dated the day before, ran thus: 'Frightful explosion New Colliery this morning, great loss of life feared.'

Scorrier had the bewildered thought, 'Pippin will want me now.'

He took leave of his host, who called after him, 'You'd better wait for a steamer! It's a beastly drive!'

Scorrier shook his head. All night, jolting along a rough track cut through the forest, he thought of Pippin. The other miseries of this calamity at present left him cold; he barely thought of the smothered men; but Pippin's struggle, his lonely struggle with this

hydra-headed monster, touched him very nearly. He fell asleep and dreamed of watching Pippin slowly strangled by a snake; the agonized, kindly, ironic face peeping out between two gleaming coils was so horribly real that he awoke. It was the moment before dawn; pitch-black branches barred the sky; with every jolt of the wheels the gleams from the lamps danced, fantastic and intrusive, round ferns and tree-stems, into the cold heart of the forest. For an hour or more Scorrier tried to feign sleep, and hide from the stillness and overmastering gloom of those great woods. Then softly a whisper of noises stole forth, a stir of light, and the whole slow radiance of the morning glory; but it brought no warmth; and Scorrier wrapped himself closer in his cloak, feeling as though old age had touched him.

Close on noon he reached the township. Glamour seemed still to hover over it. He drove on to the mine. The winding-engine was turning, the pulley at the top of the head-gear whizzing round; nothing looked unusual.

'Some mistake!' he thought.

He drove to the mine buildings, alighted, and climbed up to the shaft-head. Instead of the usual rumbling of the trolleys, the rattle of coal discharged over the screens, there was silence. Close by, Pippin himself was standing, smirched with dirt. The cage, coming swift and silent from below, shot open its doors with a sharp rattle. Scorrier bent forward to look. There lay a dead man, with a smile on his face.

'How many?' he whispered.

Pippin answered, — 'Eighty-four brought up — forty-seven still below,' and entered the man's name in a pocket-book.

An older man was taken out next; he too was smiling; there had been vouchsafed to him, it seemed, a taste

of more than earthly joy. The sight of those strange smiles affected Scorrier more than all the anguish or despair he had seen scored on the faces of other dead men. He asked an old man how long Pippin had been at work.

'Thirty hour. Yesterday he were below; we had to nigh carry mun up at last. He's for goin' down again, but the chaps won't lower mun.' The old man gave a sigh: 'I'm waiting for my boy to come up, I am.'

Scorrier waited too; there was fascination about those dead, smiling faces. The rescuing of those who would never again breathe went on and on. Scorrier grew sleepy in the sun.

The old miner woke him! 'Rummy stuff this here choke-damp; see, they all dies drunk!'

The very next to be brought up was the chief engineer; Scorrier had known him quite well, one of those Scotsmen who seem born at the age of forty and remain so all their lives. His face — the only one that wore no smile — seemed grieving that duty had deprived it of that last luxury. With wide eyes and drawn lips, he had died protesting.

Late in the afternoon the old miner touched Scorrier's arm, and said, 'There he is — there's my boy!' And he departed slowly, wheeling the body on a trolley.

As the sun set, the gang below came up. No further search was possible till the fumes had cleared. Scorrier heard one man say, 'There's some we'll never get; they've had sure burial.'

Another answered him, 'T is a gude enough bag for me!'

They passed him, the whites of their eyes gleaming out of faces black as ink.

Pippin drove him home at a furious pace, not uttering a single word. As they turned into the main street, a young woman starting out before the horses obliged Pippin to pull up. The

glance he bent on Scorrier was ludicrously prescient of suffering. The woman asked for her husband. Several times they were stopped thus by women asking for their husbands or sons.

'This is what I have to go through,' Pippin whispered.

When they had eaten, he said to Scorrier, 'It was kind of you to come and stand by me! They take me for a god, poor creature that I am. But shall I ever get the men down again? Their nerve's shaken. I wish I were one of those poor lads, to die with a smile like that!'

Scorrier felt the futility of his presence. On Pippin alone must be the heat and burden. Would he stand under it, or would the whole thing come crashing to the ground? He urged him again and again to rest, but Pippin only gave him one of his queer smiles.

'You don't know how strong I am!' he said.

IV

He himself slept heavily; and, waking at dawn, went down. Pippin was still at his desk; his pen had dropped; he was asleep. The ink was wet; Scorrier's eye caught the opening words: —

'Gentlemen, — Since this happened I have not slept. . . .'

He stole away again with a sense of indignation that no one could be dragged in to share that fight. The London Board-room rose before his mind. He imagined the portentous gravity of Hemmings, his face and voice and manner conveying the impression that he alone could save the situation; the six directors, all men of common sense, and certainly humane, seated behind large turret-shaped ink-pots; the concern and irritation in their voices, asking how it could have happened; their comments: 'An awful thing!' — 'I suppose Pippin is doing the best he can!' — 'Wire him on no

account to leave the mine idle!' — 'Poor devils!' — 'A fund? Of course: what ought we to give?'

He had a strong conviction that nothing of all this would disturb the common sense with which they would go home and eat their mutton. A good thing too; the less it was taken to heart the better! But Scorrier felt angry. The fight was so unfair! A fellow all nerves — with not a soul to help him. Well, it was his own look-out! He had chosen to centre it all in himself, to make himself its very soul. If he gave way now, the ship must go down! By a thin thread, Scorrier's hero-worship still held. 'Man against nature,' he thought, 'I back the man.' The struggle in which he was so powerless to give aid became intensely personal to him, as if he had engaged his own good faith therein.

The next day they went down again to the pit-head, and Scorrier himself descended. The fumes had almost cleared, but there were some places which would never be reached. At the end of the day all but four bodies had been recovered.

'At the day of judgment,' a miner said, 'they four'll come out of here.'

Those unclaimed bodies haunted Scorrier. He came on sentences of writing, where men waiting to be suffocated had written down their feelings. In one place, the hour, the word 'Sleepy,' and a signature. In another, 'A. F. — done for.'

When he came up at last Pippin was still waiting, pocket-book in hand; they again departed at a furious pace.

Two days later Scorrier, visiting the shaft, found its neighborhood deserted — not a living thing of any sort was there except one Chinaman poking his stick into the rubbish. Pippin was away down the coast to engage an engineer; and on his return Scorrier had

not the heart to tell him of the desertion.

He was spared the effort, for Pippin said at once, 'Don't be afraid—you've got bad news? The men have gone on strike.'

Scorrier sighed: 'Lock, stock, and barrel.'

'I thought so—see what I have here!' He put before Scorrier a telegram:—

'At all costs keep working—fatal to stop—manage this somehow.'

'HEMMINGS.'

Breathing quickly, he added, 'As if I did n't know! "Manage this somehow"—a little hard!'

'What's to be done?' asked Scorrier.

'You see I am commanded!' Pippin answered bitterly. 'They're quite right; we *must* keep working—our contracts! Now I'm down—not a soul will spare me!'

The miners' meeting was held the following day on the outskirts of the town. Pippin had cleared the place to make a public recreation-ground, a sort of feather in the company's cap; it was now to be the spot whereon should be decided the question of the company's life or death.

The sky to the west was crossed by a single line of cloud like a bar of beaten gold; tree-shadows crept toward the groups of men; the evening savor, that strong fragrance of the forest, sweetened the air. The miners stood all round amongst the burned tree-stumps, cowed and sullen. They looked incapable of movement or expression. It was this dumb paralysis that frightened Scorrier. He watched Pippin speaking from his phaeton, the butt of all those sullen, restless eyes. Would he last out? Would the wires hold? It was like the finish of a race. He caught a baffled look on Pippin's face, as if he despaired of piercing that terrible paralysis. The men's eyes had begun to wander.

'He's lost his hold,' thought Scorrier; 'it's all up!'

A miner close beside him muttered, 'Look out!'

Pippin was leaning forward, his voice had risen, the words fell like a whip-lash on the faces of the crowd:—

'You shan't throw me over; do you think I'll give up all I've done for you? I'll make you the first power in the colony! Are you turning tail at the first shot? You're a set of cowards, my lads!'

Each man round Scorrier was listening with a different motion of the hands: one rubbed them, one clenched them, another moved his closed fist, as if stabbing some one in the back. A grisly-bearded, beetle-browed, twinkling-eyed old Cornishman muttered, 'A'hm not troublin' about that.'

It seemed almost as if Pippin's object were to get the men to kill him; they had gathered closer, crouching for a rush.

Suddenly Pippin's voice dropped to a whisper: 'I'm disgraced! Men, are you going back on me?'

The old miner next Scorrier called out suddenly, 'Anny that's Cornishmen here to stand by the superintendent.'

A group drew together, and with murmurs and gesticulations the meeting broke up.

In the evening a deputation came to visit Pippin; and all night long their voices and the superintendent's footsteps could be heard. In the morning, Pippin went early to the mine. Before supper the deputation came again; and again Scorrier had to listen hour after hour to the sound of voices and footsteps, till he fell asleep. Just before dawn he was awakened by a light. Pippin stood at his bedside.

'The men go down to-morrow,' he said. 'What did I tell you? Carry me home on my shield, eh?'

In a week the mine was in full work.

V

Two years later, Scorrier heard once more of Pippin. A note from Hemmings reached him asking if he could make it convenient to attend their Board meeting the following Thursday. He arrived rather before the appointed time.

The secretary received him, and, in answer to inquiry, said, 'Thank you, we are doing well, — between ourselves, we are doing very well.'

'And Pippin?'

The secretary frowned. 'Ah, Pippin! We asked you to come on his account. Pippin is giving us a lot of trouble. We have not had a single line from him for just two years!'

He spoke with such a sense of personal grievance that Scorrier felt quite sorry for him.

'Not a single line,' said Hemmings, 'since that explosion; you were there at the time, I remember! It makes it very awkward; I call it personal to *me*.'

'But how —' Scorrier began.

'We get — telegrams. He writes to no one, not even to his family. And why? Just tell me why! We hear of him; he's a great nob out there. Nothing's done in the colony without his finger being in the pie. He turned out the last government because they would n't grant us an extension for our railway — shows he can't be a fool. Besides, look at our balance-sheet!'

It turned out that the question on which Scorrier's opinion was desired was, whether Hemmings should be sent out to see what was the matter with the superintendent. During the discussion which ensued, he was an unwilling listener to strictures on Pippin's silence.

'The explosion,' he muttered at last, 'a very trying time!'

Mr. Booker pounced on him: —

'A very trying time! So it was — to all of us. But what excuse is that — now, Mr. Scorrier, what excuse is that?'

Scorrier was obliged to admit that it was none.

'Business is business — eh, what?'

Scorrier, gazing round that neat Board-room, nodded. A deaf director, who had not spoken for some months, said with sudden fierceness, 'It's disgraceful!' He was obviously letting off a fume of long unuttered disapprovals.

One perfectly neat, benevolent old fellow, however, who had kept his hat on, and had a single vice, — that of coming to the Board-room with a brown paper parcel tied up with string, — murmured, 'We must make all allowances,' and started an anecdote about his youth. He was gently called to order by his secretary.

Scorrier was asked for his opinion. He looked at Hemmings.

'My importance is concerned,' was written all over the secretary's face.

Moved by an impulse of loyalty to Pippin, he answered, as if it were all settled, 'Well, let me know when you are starting, Hemmings; I should like the trip myself.'

As he was going out, the chairman, old Jolyon Forsyte, with a grave twinkling look at Hemmings, took him aside.

'Glad to hear you say that about going too, Mr. Scorrier; we must be careful, Pippin's such a good fellow, and so sensitive; and our friend there, a bit heavy in the hand, um?'

Scorrier did in fact go out with Hemmings. The secretary was sea-sick, and his prostration, dignified but noisy, remained a memory forever; it was sonorous and fine — the prostration of superiority; and the way in which he spoke of it, taking casual acquaintances into the caves of his experience, was terrible.

Pippin came down to the capital to escort them, provided for their comforts as if they had been royalty, and had a special train to take them to the mines.

He was a little stouter, brighter of

color, grayer of beard, more nervous perhaps in voice and breathing. His manner to Hemmings was full of flattering courtesy; but his sly ironical glances played on the secretary's armor like a fountain on a hippopotamus. To Scorrier, however, he could not show enough affection.

The first evening, when Hemmings had gone to his room, he jumped up like a boy out of school.

'So I'm going to get a wiggling,' he said; 'I suppose I deserve it; but if you knew — if you *only* knew! Out here they've nicknamed me "the King"; they say I rule the colony. It's myself that I can't rule.' And with a sudden burst of passion such as Scorrier had never seen in him: 'Why did they send this man here? What can he know about the things that I've been through?' In a moment he calmed down again. 'There! this is very stupid; worrying you like this!' And with a long, kind look into Scorrier's face, he hustled him off to bed.

Pippin did not break out again, though fire seemed to smoulder behind the bars of his courteous irony. Intuition of danger had evidently smitten Hemmings, for he made no allusion to the object of his visit. There were moments when Scorrier's common sense sided with Hemmings, — these were moments when the secretary was not present.

'After all,' he told himself, 'it's a little thing to ask, one letter a month. I never heard of such a case.'

It was wonderful how they stood it! It showed how much they valued Pippin! What was the matter with him? What was the nature of his trouble?

One glimpse Scorrier had when even Hemmings, as he phrased it, received 'quite a turn.' It was during a drive back from the most outlying of the company's trial mines, eight miles through the forest. The track led

through a belt of trees blackened by a forest fire. Pippin was driving. The secretary, seated beside him, wore an expression of faint alarm, such as Pippin's driving had the power to evoke. The sky had darkened strangely, but pale streaks of light, coming from one knew not where, filtered through the trees. No breath was stirring; the wheels and horses' hoofs made no sound on the deep fern-mould. All around, the burned tree-trunks, leafless and jagged, rose like withered giants, the passages between them were black, the sky black, and black the silence. No one spoke, and literally the only sound was Pippin's breathing. What was it that was so terrifying? Scorrier had a feeling of entombment; that nobody could help him; the feeling of being face to face with nature; a sensation as if all the comfort and security of words and rules had dropped away from him. And — nothing happened. They reached home and dined.

During dinner he had again that old remembrance of a little man chopping with his sword at a castle. It came in a moment when Pippin had raised his hand with the carving-knife grasped in it, to answer some remark of Hemmings's about the future of the company. The optimism in his uplifted chin, the strenuous energy in his whispering voice, gave Scorrier a more vivid glimpse of Pippin's nature than he had perhaps ever had before. This new country, where nothing but himself could help a man — that was the castle! No wonder Pippin was impatient of control, no wonder he was out of hand, no wonder he was silent — chopping away at that!

And suddenly he thought, 'Yes, and all the time one knows that Nature's sure to beat you in the end!'

That very evening Hemmings delivered himself of his reproof. He had sat unusually silent; Scorrier, indeed,

had thought him a little drunk, so portentous was his gravity. Suddenly, however, he rose. It was hard on a man, he said, in his position, with a Board (he spoke as of a family of small children), to be kept so short of information. He was actually compelled to use his imagination to answer the shareholders' questions. This was painful and humiliating; he had never heard of any secretary having to use his imagination! He went further—it was insulting! He had grown gray in the service of the company. Mr. Scorrier would bear him out when he said he had a position to maintain—his name in the city was a high one; and, by George! he was going to keep it a high one; he would allow nobody to drag it in the dust—that ought clearly to be understood. His directors felt they were being treated like children; it was absurd to suppose that he (Hemmings) could be treated like a child! The secretary paused; his eyes seemed to bully the room.

'If there were *no* London office,' murmured Pippin, 'the shareholders would get the same dividends.'

Hemmings gasped. 'Come!' he said, 'this is monstrous!'

'What help did I get from London when I first came here? What help have I ever had?'

Hemmings swayed, recovered, and with a forced smile replied that, if this were true, he had been standing on his head for years; he did not believe the attitude possible for such a length of time; personally he would have thought that he too had had a little something to say to the company's position, but no matter! His irony was crushing.

Hemmings went on: It was possible that Mr. Pippin hoped to reverse the existing laws of the universe with regard to limited companies; he would merely say that he must not begin with a company of which he (Hemmings)

happened to be secretary. Mr. Scorrier had hinted at excuses; for his part, with the best intentions in the world, he had great difficulty in seeing them. He would go further—he did *not* see them! The explosion!

Pippin shrank so visibly that Hemmings seemed troubled by a suspicion that he had gone too far.

'We know,' he said, 'that it was trying for you—'

'Trying!' burst out Pippin.

'No one can say,' Hemmings resumed soothingly, 'that we have not dealt liberally.'

Pippin made a motion of the head.

'We think we have a good superintendent; I go further, an excellent superintendent. What I say is, Let's be pleasant! I am not making an unreasonable request!'

He ended on a fitting note of jocularity; and, as if by consent, all three withdrew, each to his own room, without another word.

In the course of the next day Pippin said to Scorrier, 'It seems I have been very wicked. I must try to do better'; and with a touch of bitter humor, 'They are kind enough to think me a good superintendent, you see! After that I must try hard.'

Scorrier broke in: 'No man could have done so much for them'; and, carried away by an impulse to put things absolutely straight, went on, 'But, after all, a letter now and then—what does it amount to?'

Pippin besieged him with a subtle glance. 'You too?' he said; 'I must indeed have been a wicked man!' and turned away.

Scorrier felt as if he had been guilty of brutality; sorry for Pippin, angry with himself; angry with Pippin, sorry for himself. He earnestly desired to see the back of Hemmings. The secretary gratified the wish a few days later, departing by steamer with pon-

derous expressions of regard and the assurance of his good-will.

Pippin gave vent to no outburst of relief, maintaining a courteous silence, making only one allusion to his late guest, in answer to a remark of Scorrier's: 'Ah! don't tempt me! must n't speak behind his back.'

VI

A month passed, and Scorrier still remained Pippin's guest. As each mail-day approached, he experienced a queer suppressed excitement. On one of these occasions Pippin had withdrawn to his room; and when Scorrier went to fetch him to dinner he found him with his head leaning on his hands, amid a perfect litter of torn paper. He looked up at Scorrier.

'I can't do it,' he said, 'I feel such a hypocrite; I can't put myself into leading-strings again. Why should I ask these people, when I've settled everything already? If it were a vital matter they would n't want to hear — they'd simply wire, "Manage this somehow!"'

Scorrier said nothing, but thought privately, 'This is a mad business!' What was a letter? Why make a fuss about a letter?

The approach of mail-day seemed like a nightmare to the superintendent; he became feverishly nervous, like a man under a spell; and, when the mail had gone, behaved like a respited criminal. And this had been going on two years! Ever since that explosion. Why, it was monomania!

One day, a month after Hemmings's departure, Pippin rose early from dinner; his face was flushed, he had been drinking wine.

'I won't be beaten this time,' he said, as he passed Scorrier.

The latter could hear him writing in the next room, and looked in presently

to say that he was going for a walk. Pippin gave him a kindly nod.

It was a cool, still evening; innumerable stars swarmed in clusters over the forests, forming bright hieroglyphics in the middle heavens, showering over the dark harbor into the sea. Scorrier walked slowly. A weight seemed lifted from his mind, so entangled had he become in that uncanny silence. At last Pippin had broken through the spell. To get that letter sent would be the laying of a phantom, the rehabilitation of common sense. Now that this silence was in the throes of being broken, he felt curiously tender toward Pippin, without the hero-worship of old days, but with a queer protective feeling. After all, he was different from other men. In spite of his feverish, tenacious energy, in spite of his ironic humor, there was something of the woman in him! And as for this silence, this horror of control — all geniuses had 'bees in their bonnets,' and Pippin was a genius in his way!

He looked back at the town. Brilliantly lighted, it had a thriving air, difficult to believe of the place he remembered ten years back. The sounds of drinking, gambling, laughter, and dancing floated to his ears. 'Quite a city!' he thought. With this queer elation on him he walked slowly back along the street, forgetting that he was simply an oldish mining expert, with a look of shabbiness, such as clings to men who are always traveling, as if their 'nap' were forever being rubbed off. And he thought of Pippin, creator of this glory.

He had passed the boundaries of the town, and had entered the forest. A feeling of discouragement instantly beset him. The scents and silence, after the festive cries and odors of the town, were undefinably oppressive. Notwithstanding, he walked a long time, saying to himself that he would give the

letter every chance. At last, when he thought that Pippin must have finished, he went back to the house.

Pippin *had* finished. His forehead rested on the table, his arms hung at his sides; he was stone-dead! His face wore a smile, and by his side lay an empty laudanum bottle.

The letter, closely, beautifully written, lay before him. It was a fine document, clear, masterly, detailed, nothing slurred, nothing concealed, nothing omitted; a complete review of the company's position; it ended with the words, —

‘Your humble servant,
‘RICHARD PIPPIN.’

Scorrier took possession of it. He dimly understood that with those last words a wire had snapped. The border-line had been overpassed; the point reached where that sense of proportion, which alone makes life possible, is lost. He was certain that at the moment of his death Pippin could have discussed bimetallism, or any intellectual problem, except the one problem of his own heart; *that*, for some mysterious reason, had been too much for him. His death had been the work of a moment of supreme revolt — a single instant of madness on a single subject!

He found on the blotting-paper, scrawled across the impress of the signature, ‘Can’t stand it!’

The completion of that letter had been to him a struggle ungraspable by Scorrier. Slavery? defeat? a violation of Nature? the death of justice? It was better not to think of it! Pippin could have told, but he would never speak again. Nature, at whom, unaided, he had dealt so many blows, had taken her revenge!

In the night Scorrier stole down, and, with an ashamed face, cut off a lock of the fine gray hair.

‘His daughter might like it!’ he thought.

He waited till Pippin was buried, then, with the letter in his pocket, started for England.

He arrived at Liverpool on a Thursday morning, and traveling to town, drove straight to the office of the company. The Board was sitting. Pippin's successor was already being interviewed. He passed out as Scorrier came in, a middle-aged man with a large, red beard, and a foxy, compromising face. He also was a Cornishman. Scorrier wished him luck with a heavy heart.

As an unsentimental man, who had a proper horror of emotion, whose living depended on his good sense, to look back on that interview with the Board was painful. It had excited in him a rage of which he was now heartily ashamed. Old Jolyon Forsyte, the chairman, was not there for once, guessing perhaps that the Board's view of this death would be too small for him; and little Mr. Booker sat in his place. Every one had risen, shaken hands with Scorrier, and expressed himself indebted for his coming. Scorrier placed Pippin's letter on the table, and gravely the secretary read out to his Board the last words of their superintendent. When he had finished, a director said, ‘That's not the letter of a madman!’

Another answered, ‘Mad as a hatter; nobody but a madman would have thrown up such a post.’

Scorrier suddenly withdrew, and left them to discuss the question of sanity. He heard Hemmings calling after him: ‘Are n't you well, Mr. Scorrier? are n't you well, sir?’

He shouted back, ‘Quite sane, I thank you.’

The Naples express rolled round the outskirts of the town. Vesuvius shone in the sun, uncrowned by smoke. But even as Scorrier looked, a white puff went soaring up. It was the footnote to his memories.

THE ECONOMICS OF WASTE AND CONSERVATION

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

THE story of *Realmah*, by Sir Arthur Helps, contains a description of a so-called 'House of Wisdom.' This was the dwelling-place of a number of prophets, who possessed differing degrees of prophetic power, lived upon fees, and had incomes varying with the number of their clients. In an outer inclosure two men were living in the deepest poverty. They were called 'Spoolans,' and were contemptuously treated and almost never consulted, since their special gift consisted in predicting events that would occur a hundred or more years in the future. In the next inclosure there were men who were only a shade less miserable. They were the 'Raths,' and had few clients, because they could foretell only what would occur after a lapse of twenty-seven years. In another and better apartment there were five 'Uraths,' who could tell what would happen after a single year should elapse; and these men were in good spirits, handsomely dressed, and evidently well off; while the 'Auraths,' who could prophesy what would happen after a month, had a superabundance of clients and of fees. Vastly wealthy were the 'Mauraths,' who could foretell what would happen after three days; but the multi-millionaire of the company was the great 'Amaurath,' who was approached with the awe with which a servant might have approached Sardanapalus, for this man could foresee what would occur after six hours.

This description applies to a common mental attitude toward the future. In-

telligence does indeed modify it, and the man of property who is providing for his descendants is by no means on a plane in respect of forethought with a happy-go-lucky southern Negro. The founder of an estate would have need of the services of the most far-seeing class in the House of Wisdom; but the average man would pass by, or at most, in a leisure moment, satisfy curiosity at the cost of a trifling tip. The Amauraths and their great chief would get the rich fees.

If we judge by appearances it seems that states come in the same category; and it is certainly true that a people in its entirety will often act more blindly than a select class would ever do in a private capacity. Yet there is every reason why a state should make use of forethought. A century is as nothing in its life; and yet how many acts do legislatures, congresses, and parliaments pass for the benefit of coming ages? In all that concerns those periods, the national consciousness is dull. Representatives are allowed to take short views and, in their capacity as politicians, are compelled to use their efforts in ways that afford quick results. Where an act insures a benefit that will begin at once and continue forever, the continuance does not tell against it, but counts somewhat in its favor, and more and more, it is fair to say, the nearer part of the endless future counts as a make-weight; but the real test comes when it is necessary to sacrifice something now in order to gain something hereafter. When an economic

measure will cost us something but will enrich posterity, how general and ardent is the support of it? We seem willing that the earth should be largely used up in a generation or two.

A riotous waste of material resources has gone on, and still continues. The degree of prodigality we have displayed would, if shown by an individual owner of property, tell an alarming story as to his mental state; and yet it is done by a collective body without throwing doubt on the sanity of its members. A nation of intelligent men is doing what no such man, acting in his own interest, would do. There is an economic law which accounts for the course of action we deplore, and it also points the way to a remedy. A lack of altruism, coupled with the possession of keen individual intelligence, causes the depleting of the resources of the country. The state exists for the sake of making individuals act altruistically — of compelling them to do much that the general good requires.

The doctrine of 'Economic Harmonies' seemed to prove that, in most production, what is good for one person is good for all others. It afforded a scientific basis for optimism, and for the *laissez-faire* rule of practical politics. Let men have their way and let the state do nothing it can avoid, and we shall have the best of all possible worlds. Where men thrive, as in the main they do, by successful competition, — that is, by outdoing their rivals in serving the public, — the law holds true, and is an important bit of economic theory. The man who undersells others offers the public a better service for a given return. He may be enabled to do it by inventing a good machine, by discovering a cheap material, or by organizing his shop more effectively than do other employers. In all such cases his interests and those of the public are identical; but will any one claim

that this is true when it comes to exploiting forests or hunting game to extermination? Does seal-hunting show the identity of interest of hunters and public? Does the quest of natural gas and the use made of it show this? In these, and in many other instances, the individual wins a profit by what inflicts on the public a melancholy waste. In all mere grabs there is at work a principle of economic antagonism, and not one of harmony.

Exploitation usually makes the individual richer and the people poorer, and it nearly always gives to the individual far less than it takes from the public. This combination of quasi-robbery and absolute waste completely reverses the action of the law of harmonies. It presents two distinct issues, of which the first is whether a kind of property should be given to individuals at all; and the second, what, in case it is so given, the recipients should be allowed to do with it. Wherever a new value is created and the public wealth increased because of individual ownership, the law of harmonies is at work; but where existing wealth is recklessly destroyed in consequence of individual ownership, the law is reversed and the reason for intervention by the state is clear. In general these two cases represent true production, on the one hand, and exploitation on the other, and it is competitive exploitation which shows the most complete reversal of the harmony principle.

If we turn a hunter loose in a well-stocked deer forest, will he so use the game as to perpetuate the supply? Not if there are other hunters who have access to the preserve. In that case he will shoot bucks, does, and fawns lest, while he is sparing the does and fawns, another man may kill them. If he taps a reservoir of natural gas, he will draw off the supply as fast as possible, knowing that his neighbors will do so if he

does not. These cases represent the condition that insures the most injurious, but also the most morally pardonable, type of exploitation. A single individual cannot prevent or greatly reduce the destruction; all he can do is to hold his hands and let others do the destroying and get the return. The game and the gas are at the mercy of whoever is near enough to them to take a hand in the scramble. If the hunter had the preserve well fenced and in his own exclusive possession, he would not exterminate the game. A very little intelligence would make him rear this herd as a ranchman rears domestic cattle; and a similar thing is true of the men who tap reservoirs of gas, since if they could confine and hold their several shares of the elusive material, they would not waste it as rapidly as they do.

Exposing any valuable thing to a free-for-all seizure is insuring the surest and speediest destruction of it, and private ownership marks an advance on this condition, even from the point of view of public interest. Only a monumental idiot will kill a goose that lays golden eggs when he has her securely penned; but when she is at large and other men are chasing her, an intelligent selfish man will do it, since under those circumstances only a quick use of his gun will make her afford to him personally even so much as a dinner. And *refraining from shooting would not save the goose*. The whole issue lies between this particular destroyer and some other, and the situation fairly well describes the attitude of many who prey on public resources. They would do better, though not usually very well, if they owned the resources outright. Private ownership confers a power to preserve, and affords some motive for doing it, and it is for the state to supply what will decisively reinforce that motive. Resources that are needed by the

public may well be privately owned when, either spontaneously or under compulsion, owners use them for the public.

There will always remain a choice between such a system and a genuine public ownership, under which all exploiters may be made to stand off, and a systematic utilizing of the property may be secured. Here the desirable policy varies according to the nature of the resource, and in some cases private ownership yields the best possible results in the present without sacrificing the future. Taking a positive thought for the future and making an intelligent provision for it is however, in the main, a public function, since in the cases in which the future is recklessly sacrificed, it is the interests of the people as a whole that suffer and not those of the exploiters.

Biologists say that the human race has, at the very least, lived on this planet for a hundred and fifty thousand years. If it is destined to live here for as much longer, of how much comparative consequence is the present year or decade, or even the whole present century? It is microscopic in the life of man, and properly guarding the interests of a century is an indefinitely small part of the real duty of one generation toward the unending life of humanity. Yet at present there is no adequate care for the single century. The friends of conservation scarcely hope for more than the warding off of calamities that will otherwise fall far within that period.

What would be a perfectly ideal course for a nation to pursue with reference to the future? Give its people a keen enough perception of conditions, and altruism enough to estimate the welfare of coming generations at its true value, and how far would it trench on its own immediate gains for the sake of later benefits? The suppo-

sition itself departs from the realm of fact, for no such keen intelligence and perfect altruism have ever existed; and in asking what would happen if they did exist, we part company with realities. We find at once that what ideally should be done goes too far beyond what is ever thought of as practicable, to be advocated without bringing suspicion on the mental state of those who favor it. And yet it is well worth while to see how far into the future a national policy would look if it were governed by perfect intelligence and high sense of obligation. A mere glance will show how little danger there is of overdoing the care for future interests or of becoming fanatics on the subject of protecting them.

In view of the unending ages that will be affected by its action, an ideal government would begin by making a very searching inquiry into the extent of existing resources, and would secure, if not complete knowledge, at least a basis for a confident estimate of the length of time they would hold out under given rates of consumption. It would also do another thing which it strains the imagination to picture as a reality, in that it would estimate the welfare of the people of the future as quite on a plane of importance with the people of the present, and would use one and the same degree of care in guarding the welfare of all. As an end of effort it would count the happiness of a thousand generations not yet born as a thousand times as important as the welfare of one generation now living. It would, indeed, recognize the fact that the future population will receive many of its blessings by transmission from the present one, and that there must be no breaks in the transmission. To impoverish the present generation would be bad for later ones. Men of to-day must be well enough off to endow their children with the means of

maintaining and gradually raising their standard of living, and this fact would prove highly important as bearing on a practical policy. Merely as helping to make up the *summum bonum* of economics, human welfare is scientifically one and the same thing wherever, in point of time, it is located.

Still recognizing the fact that we are idealizing humanity, and assuming an insight and an altruism which is far from existing, we may ask what are a very few of the things that with a really just regard for a thousand generations — a small fraction of the number that have already lived and passed away — a government would do. It would call a halt on the unlimited burning of coal for motive power. Long before a hundred generations will have passed, this will be sorely needed for heating dwellings and workshops and for smelting ores. A steam-engine utilizes a small fraction of the potential energy of the coal, while a smelting furnace utilizes more, and an apparatus for heating dwellings, even where it is wasteful, puts the fuel to a very necessary use and gets a great absolute benefit from it. A policy that would protect the interests of the later dwellers on the planet would stop burning up the combustible part of it in an unnecessary way, and would get motive power from waterfalls, tidal movements, and waves. In the end it might conceivably utilize the electricity that is wasted in thunder-storms, and stop the storm; or, as Edward Atkinson once suggested, it might create electrical currents by induction, through the motion of the earth. The revolving planet would thus be converted into a dynamo, and if the other planets and the sun served the purpose of magnets, and the combination were made to drive our ships and our railroad trains, then of a truth we should have 'hitched our wagons to a star.' It is probably

doing that, in the more familiar and figurative sense, to suggest this possibility at all; and decidedly it is doing this in a fatuous and unhappy way, to make the chance of working such mechanical miracles in the future a reason for destroying our stock of fuel and letting coming generations shift for themselves. What if, after the fuel is gone, the earth declines to be the dynamo we need? What is not fanciful is the opinion that, in simpler and more obvious ways, it is possible to get from other sources much of the power that we now get from coal.

Crude brutality cares nothing for all this. It demands, 'What do I care for posterity? It has done nothing for me.' Even with a certain care for posterity, however, a man may be unwilling to do much for it if his imagination is dazzled by its expected wonder-working power. He may become a destroyer because of this play of fancy, and it is then the conservator who keeps closer to facts. In another way he does this; for while he may think and care for the remote future of humanity, yet in the practical steps he would take, he would also guard the nearer future from impending calamity. He acts in part for that microscopic fraction of the life of humanity which is embraced within a single century.

On the basis of a policy that has only such a period in view, very decided measures of conservation are called for. There is coal enough to last, even in wasteful uses, for far more than a century, and we shall continue to burn it for motive power. Probably, however, we shall soon use water-power more freely, and so save some of the coal, and probably we shall ere long substitute gas-engines for steam-engines, and so save more. The remote future may suffer for what we destroy in spite of this, but we are now letting it take its chance, and shall continue to

do so till our insight is keener and our moral purpose higher.

Preserving forests and husbanding natural gas and mineral oil are demanded in the interest of a very near period. For within the single century is likely to come the evil which destruction of these gifts of nature will cause. Moreover, it is perfectly certain that, quite apart from causing destruction of coal, the making over to private citizens of a vast value in known deposits of it now in public ownership will misuse the people's property in a way of which they should and will take account. Without in any wise limiting the use of the fuel or ceasing to treat it as an asset of the people now living, we shall call a halt on recklessly alienating it.

Forests present a problem by themselves, and it is much in the foreground. The interests dependent on them are vital, and the general policy that is needed is clear. At stake are the preservation of the water-supply and, in mountainous regions, of the soil, and the furnishing of lumber, fuel, paper-pulp, and many other products. Much of the exploitation that is now going on both destroys existing trees and prevents others from growing, and it exposes untouched areas of forest to destruction by fire. Lumbermen are barely beginning to destroy the tree-tops and branches which the cutting of a forest leaves strewn on the ground. When they are burned, one pine forest is naturally succeeded by another, whereas, when they are left, it is usually followed by cottonwoods. To save a very slight present expense the supply of lumber for the near future is put in jeopardy, and the case for rigorous public regulation is a clear one.

In another respect forestry is peculiar. Conservation not only permits, but requires, the use of the thing that is the object of care. When the crew of a

ship are on a short allowance of food, the purpose is so to conserve the food as to make it do its utmost for the consumers. If the voyage is long enough, the supply will come to an end despite all efforts; but it is not so with forests. There is no need of their ever disappearing or dwindling. Cutting may be followed by renewed growing, and the supply may last forever. Humanity is on an unending voyage, and may secure, in the case of lumber, an unfailing supply — but not till the slaughtering of forests that has thus far gone on is brought to an end.

We have nearly if not quite reached the point where the measures that the state needs to prescribe would be profitable for private owners. Such regulation would, at least, impose on private owners a far lighter burden than would many another measure of rational conservation. The scientific treatment of forests not only does not preclude a use of them, but positively requires it, and complete disuse is itself wasteful. Judicious cutting may go on forever without lessening the supply of timber which a forest contains, while refraining from all cutting is like letting fruit or growing crops go to decay. The trees that are ripe for use may give place to others which will keep up the succession and preserve forever the integrity of the forest; and few indeed are the public measures which would do as much for the general welfare as insisting on this amount of conservation.

There is one point in forest economy which demands especial emphasizing, namely, that in a certain sense the common allegation is true that a small area of growing trees is capable of meeting the entire demand of the country for lumber. It will do so *at a price*. With the forests depleted the price rises, the use of lumber falls off, and for many purposes for which we once used it, we go

without it. For imperative needs there is enough of it still, but is it right that we should have to limit ourselves to those uses and pay famine rates for the lumber that they require? Yet that is the condition we shall rapidly approach if no care is used to keep in available condition the forests that we have. It is the time for prescribing the simple beginnings of scientific forestry, for inaugurating it on public lands and enforcing the practice on private lands. We may not yet be ready for the German system, that in the future will be called for here; but we are more than ready for the measures that will stop the destruction both of growing timber and of the sources of future timber.

Private monopoly is a hateful thing, for which good words are seldom to be said; but there is one palliative fact about a monopoly of forests, — that it would probably curtail production, and it would let new forests grow. In the single point of perpetuating the supply of lumber, the interests of a monopoly would more nearly harmonize with those of the state than those of ordinary proprietors. Vanishing resources would last longer in its hands than they will when held by private and competing owners. It would be more endurable to pay, in the shape of a high price, a small and permanent tax to a monopoly than to pay to anybody a famine price after the forests are largely destroyed. But why should we do either? If we must have nothing but purely private action, there is something to be said in favor of monopoly; but if we can have efficient regulation, all such apologetic pleas fail.

We can, if we choose, own forests publicly and manage them for the common good. The aversion to monopoly should be and is greater than the aversion to a limited amount of public production; and it is far greater than is the opposition to public regulation.

These two measures afford the escape from the hard alternative of the 'Devil and the deep sea,' — the former being the control of the lumber-supply by a great self-seeking corporation; and the other, the destroying of it by competing lumbermen. The logic of the entire situation points to some public forestry as one of the admissible and, within limits, desirable functions of the state; and a bold and effective statesmanship will lose no time in recognizing this fact and preparing to act on it. There is no taint of real socialism in such a policy. For various good reasons we must have forest reserves, and it is proper to use them in better ways than by letting the lumber go altogether to waste, or by intrusting the cutting to contractors. Let private forestry also continue on its present great scale, but let it be under regulation.

There are other wastes going on which rival the destruction of forests in sacrificing the future to the present. Oil is now offered as a fuel, and the owners of engines are invited to consider the comparative cost per horsepower of oil and of coal. The immediate cost-account, and no further consideration, will decide whether this material shall go the way of natural gas. Exploitation of the coal-supply is a serious matter in a view that is rational enough to range over the coming

centuries. To a world that neither knows nor cares what will happen more than a hundred years hence, it is a matter of indifference. Conservation in the case of coal, however, has to do with something besides the manner of using it, namely, the question of owning it. We shall use it freely enough in any case, but there is no reason for directly giving vast quantities of it to private persons or corporations. That depletes the immediate estate of the people.

In the general policy of conservation the issue is one of transient interests as against permanent ones, of small benefits as against great ones, of private gain as against public welfare. The appeal throughout is to the collective intelligence of the people. The more rational is the view that is taken, the more radical is the conservation that is favored. The people are as yet not fully alive to the necessity for a thorough-going protection of the resources of the near future; and those who thrive by wasting them are extremely alive to the desirability of continuing the operation. The case calls for a leadership that shall organize the people and enable them to act on the principles which they vaguely perceive in both guarding and utilizing their rich inheritance. The utmost that any party is practically trying to get is less than the welfare of even a single century requires.

MY MISSIONARY LIFE IN PERSIA

WITH SOME REMARKS ON LIKING ONE'S JOB

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

Among the most persistent of my early dreams was that of being a missionary. I wanted to be a missionary before it occurred to me that I had any particular doctrine to communicate or manner of life to recommend. Indeed I now perceive that my call was more of Nature than of Grace.

I wanted to be a missionary because I longed to go on missionary journeys. The call of the wild, the lure of the unknown, the fascination of terrestrial mystery takes many forms. It is all a part of the romance of Geography, which has survived even the invention of maps.

When one is eleven and going on twelve, there comes a great longing to go to the Antipodes, to visit No Man's Land, to wander through forsaken cities, to climb lonely towers, and to look out through

magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas.

In different generations this demand has been variously met. The institutions of civilization, besides their primary objects, have had the secondary function of satisfying the youthful desire to go into a far country, a desire not of the Prodigal alone. Patriotism, Religion, Commerce, each has its finger-post pointing to the unknown.

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail,
There gloom the dark, broad seas.

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To the boy of Tyre and Sidon, commerce, with the early morning dew of piracy yet upon it, offered a sufficient lure. To go into trade did not mean to clerk in a dry-goods store. It meant to sail away over the blue Midland waters to 'the cloudy cliffs down which the dark Iberians come.'

The Roman youth, when he would visit Parthia and Numidia and Caledonia, had the way made easy for him. All he had to do was to join the legions, and then the path of duty and the path of glory coincided. There was the promise of many a fine trip.

In the Middle Ages there were Crusades and pilgrimages to holy shrines, — capital ways of seeing the world. Chaucer's knight had 'ridden as well in Christendom as Hethenesse.' Or if one could not be a knight-errant he could be a saint-errant. He could journey far with never a penny to pay.

But if one lived on Paint Creek in Southern Ohio, the access to the world of romance was more difficult. It seemed a long way from Paint Creek to the lands old in story. It was a far cry to

Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samaachand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
To Paquin of Sivian Kings and thence
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ectaban sate, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance.

So far as one's chances of seeing

these places are concerned, they might as well be in another world.

But out of the distant wonderlands one traveler returned. He was a missionary. He had sailed strange seas, he had seen famous cities, and had got back safely to Ohio. He had crossed deserts in caravans, and had endured perils of robbers. I resolved to be a missionary.

The world was all before me where to choose my place of work. There were islands in the South Seas still awaiting the spiritual explorer. Moffat and Livingstone had found Africa interesting. There were still places in it where an enterprising missionary could get lost, and to find him would be an exciting adventure.

But at last I settled down to the firm conviction that I was destined to be a missionary in Persia. Other fields might clamor for my services, but Persia was my first love, and to that I would be faithful. The very names of its cities and its streams were music to my ears. They awakened what I felt was best in my nature. It was in connection with them that I first experienced the luxury of doing good. How I came to choose Persia for my field of labor is clearer to me now than it was at the time. There are many influences which affect us, but the influence of the imagination, which is the strongest of all, is the one we least recognize. It forms the atmosphere that we breathe and that sustains us when we know it not.

In looking back I perceive that the period when I determined to be a missionary to Persia coincided with that in which my chief literary enthusiasm was Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

I do not think that I seriously considered that the juvenile delight in the melodies of *Lalla Rookh* was in itself a sufficient missionary motive. But having resolved to be a missionary

somewhere, this determined the place. The missionary reports were rather dry reading, and with all their fullness of detail did not give me the information which I most needed. *Lalla Rookh* was the book which most interested me. It directed my newly awakened zeal into the right channel. It showed me the paths of pleasantness in which I would gladly walk.

How could it be otherwise? Did not my heart kindle at the opening lines:—

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream.

Was not that delightful Province of the Sun good missionary ground? Should I reject a call to such a sphere of usefulness simply because it was not unmixed with pleasure? Duty might some time call me to preach on the banks of that mysterious river which

from its spring

In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enriched by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharja's ruby mines,
And lending to the Caspian half its strength
In the cool Lake of Eagles sinks at length.

I should be prepared for such a call. Nor should I shrink if in the course of my work I should be summoned to

vast illuminated halls

Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount is heard around.

And I should find my way through

A maze of light and loveliness,
Where the way leads o'er tessellated floors
Of mats of Cairo, through long corridors
Where ranged in cassioles and silver urns
Sweet wood of aloes or of sandal burns,
And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
The bowers of Thibet, send forth odorous light.

I was unaccustomed to such scenes and unfamiliar with the etiquette involved, but doubtless I should learn. In Persia one must do as the Persians do.

And I could not forget that

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day
long.

Now and then there would be a
journey on the water.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's sea,
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

I should not allow myself to become
too narrow. When my home work was
well in hand, I should visit the neigh-
boring regions. For

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their
wave?

It might be found advisable to es-
tablish a station in Cashmere.

The prose introduction and the co-
pious notes gave much information
which was useful in arranging one's
itinerary. In the heat of the day one
could rest 'under the shade of a banyan
tree from which the view opened upon
a glade covered with antelopes,' or in
one of those hidden, embowered spots
described by one from the Isles of the
West as 'places of melancholy, delight,
and safety, where all the company
around was wild peacocks and turtle-
doves.' Such spots would be excellent
places for the writing of sermons. In
this way one could get just the kind of
illustrations that the Persians would
appreciate. And the flowers of rhetoric
would all be perfectly natural.

To be commissioned by the Board
to a station in Persia was certainly the
very romance of missionarying.

Lalla Rookh, and behind that the
Arabian Nights, predisposed my mind
to regard this field favorably.

No journey would be too long. I
would willingly pass on a swift drome-
dary along the mysterious borderlands
where

Fresh smell the shores of Araby.

I would then plunge boldly into the
interior and follow the caravan route
from the banks of Bendemeer

To the nut-groves of Samarcand.

Planning these missionary journeys
was a pleasant way of doing one's duty.
Wordsworth's excursion through the
vales of Westmoreland led him to feel
how exquisitely the mind to the ex-
ternal world is fitted, and how ex-
quisitely too the external world is fitted
to the mind.

The same impressions came from
my missionary excursions in Persia.
There was a perfect adaptation of the
environment to the mind. Indeed, the
mind had it all its own way. Persia
was exquisitely fitted to my concep-
tion of it. There was no contradiction
of sinners. The sinners formed a pic-
turesque background. Their presence
harmonized with the scene. They were
the tawny desert around my little
spiritual oasis.

My tastes were simple. All I re-
quired of Nature was what she could
easily furnish: a desert, a palm tree, a
little river, some roses and some night-
ingales. Then the congregation would
seat itself and I would begin to ex-
pound my favorite text: 'The lines
have fallen unto us in pleasant places.'
Being like myself enthusiastic Persians,
they would all agree to this. After we
were in the right frame of mind we
would proceed to a consideration of
some of our sins which prevented us
from fully enjoying these pleasant
places. It would then be time for our
frugal meal of dates.

Even to this day I cannot read Em-
erson's *Saadi* without relapsing into the
mood of my missionary life in Persia.

Yet Saadi loved the race of men, —
No churl, immured in cave or den;
In bower and hall
He wants them all,
Nor can dispense
With Persia for his audience.

One does not feel like an intruder. For

Gladly round that golden lamp
 Sylvan deities encamp,
 And simple maids and noble youth
 Are welcome to the man of truth.
 Most welcome they who need him most,
 They feed the spring which they exhaust.

But, critic, spare thy vanity,
 Nor show thy pompous parts,
 To vex with odious subtlety
 The cheerer of men's hearts.

I pass through the grove of palms
 and find my way among the crowds
 of whirling dervishes without feeling
 the desire to trip any of them up, and
 come to where Saadi sits in the sun.

It is no place for dogmatic contro-
 versy. Long ago the Muse had whis-
 pered to him, —

Never, son of eastern morning,
 Follow falsehood, follow scorning.
 Denounce who will, who will deny,
 And pile the hills and scale the sky;
 Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
 Define and wrangle how they list,
 Fierce conservator, fierce destroyer, —
 Be thou, joy-giver and enjoyer.

To sit in the sun with Saadi and
 get his point of view would be worth a
 long missionary journey.

As time went on, the pictures of Lalla
 Rookh were retouched, but the original
 coloring was not obliterated. I preferred
 old-fashioned travelers who had emo-
 tions on the banks of the Tigris which
 were different from those that came
 on the banks of the Mississippi. There
 were periods when my missionary zeal
 grew weak, but when it returned it was
 always to Persia. This continued even
 to the time when I entered the un-
 romantic purview of the Theological
 Seminary.

Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*,
 tells us that when Sir Thomas More
 published his *Utopia* 'many at the read-
 ing thereof took it for the real truth,'
 and 'there were here among us sundry
 good men and learned divines very
 desirous to bring the people to the

faith of Christ, whose manners they
 did like so well.'

It was the same motive which in-
 spired these would-be missionaries to
 Utopia which inspired me.

At last, feeling that I could no longer
 lead a double life, I called a family
 council and declared my intention of
 offering my services to the Board. I
 grew eloquent in praise of my chosen
 field, and of the people 'whose man-
 ners I did like so well.'

There seemed an especial fitness in
 making some slight return to my adopt-
 ed country from which I had already
 received so much pleasure.

Then it was that my grandmother,
 whose tenacity of opinion was inher-
 ited from a line of Covenanting an-
 cestors, registered her veto. 'You must
 not go as missionary to Persia, for if
 you do the Persians will convert you.'

I do not think that my grandmother
 feared that I would become a Moham-
 medan, but she did fear that I would
 develop oriental traits, alien to the hab-
 it of mind of the Chillicothe Presby-
 tery. What I took to be a missionary
 call she looked upon as a kind of apos-
 tasy. Tried by the severe standards of
 disinterested virtue, I was found want-
 ing. The call to Persia lacked the ele-
 ment of complete self-abnegation. To
 be sure, I was not attracted by the
 loaves and fishes, but deserts and
 nightingales and the enchantment of
 distance might be equally deceptive.

So it turned out that when the time
 came, instead of going to Persia I went
 to Kansas. I found Kansas interesting
 also, though in a different way.

II

I should not ask presumably busy
 people to listen to these shadowy re-
 collections, were it not that they sug-
 gest some questions of practical im-
 portance. Was my grandmother right

in thinking that my pleasure in Persia was likely to be a detriment to my usefulness? Was I less likely to do good to the Persians because I thought well of them to begin with? And would it have been a waste of time if, after a term of years, I had partly converted the Persians and the Persians had partly converted me? May there not be a profitable reciprocity in spiritual influence?

In attempting to answer such questions we encounter the prejudice which exists among the more moral and intellectual classes against mixed motives. We usually prefer to exhibit a *virtue in as abstract and dehumanized a form as possible*. We strip it of any agreeable circumstances and accidents, and by a process of ethical analysis reduce it to its simplest terms. Because Virtue has often been mistaken for Pleasure, we insist that it shall not be seen in its company. There seems something especially meritorious in the more unpleasing manifestations of duty, as then we are free from any doubts as to its being the genuine article. If the duty happens not to be disagreeable, we try to make it appear so. Thus a patriotic citizen, being nominated for an office of dignity, is careful to inform his constituents that he accepts at the sacrifice of his personal desires, which are all for a strictly private life.

In the Middle Ages some of the saints invented an ingenious device for reconciling politeness with asceticism. When they were invited to dinner they ate what was set before them, but if the viands threatened to be delicious, they slyly sprinkled them with ashes.

Biographers of missionaries, philanthropists, reformers, and all kinds of altruists, seem to think it necessary to do something like this. They represent their heroes as doing all sorts of disagreeable things which they do not want to do. They set up one single dig-

nified motive, and severely eliminate all the little subsidiary motives that grow around it. The one virtue is a upas-tree, making a desert where it grows. Every effort is made to conceal the fact that the good deed has been done from mixed motives. Virtue must be presented in a highly abstract form without any pleasant embellishments.

The 'strong man rejoicing to run a race' is praised for his disinterested virtue. 'Brave fellow. How noble he is in his self-forgetting zeal! There he goes through all the heat and dust, when he might be here sitting in a rocking-chair.'

The sympathetic and tearful admirer would feel that you were attempting to pull his hero down from the high moral pedestal if you were to say that rocking in a chair was an acquired taste which the strong man does not as yet possess. He prefers to run. He has an excess of animal spirits which must be worked off some way. He rejoices to run, partly because he is alive, and partly because he has a worthy goal presented to him.

So far as I have been able to observe, such mixed motives are the ones that take men furthest. Altruism is no exception to the general rule that a man does good work only when he likes his job.

In private life, and in the pursuit of gain or reputation, people endure all sorts of hardships without incurring any particular sympathy. It is taken for granted that they like what they are doing. The football player does n't mind his incidental bruises. The fisherman rejoices in his tribulations, and no one thinks it strange.

Why should not the altruist get the same sportsmanlike pleasure out of the incidents of his work? Because he must work hard with an uncertainty about the results, is no reason why he should not yield to all the allurements

and fascinations which belong to the enterprise upon which he has entered.

It happens that the capacity for enjoying himself is one upon which his opportunity to do good to others depends. Human nature is so constituted that it demands that duty be mixed with pleasure.

We cannot abide an altruist who does not enjoy himself, and who has not a sportsmanlike spirit. We resent his attempt to monopolize brotherly-kindness. If he be without imagination he will insist on working for us instead of with us. He will not admit us to a partnership in good works. He insists on doing all the self-sacrifice and have us take the ignominious part of passive recipients of his goodness. He confers a benefit on us with an air that says, 'I have come to do you good. I have no selfish gratification in what I am doing for you. But a sense of duty has triumphed over my personal inclination.'

We detest him heartily, but for no other reason than that he is not enjoying himself while he is doing us a kindness. It is as if an anxious host should refuse to sit down at the table with his guests. He likes to see them eat, but he won't eat with them. They are not likely to pardon this breach of hospitality.

Reciprocity is the very essence of human intercourse, and only the churlish person fails to realize that there must be reciprocity in pleasure. You must not throw your cast-off pleasures to another as you would throw a bone to a dog. The dog is a generous creature and will accept the bone with no criticism of the unmannerly way in which it is offered. But kindness to persons is not so simple as kindness to animals. You must be kind to your neighbor in such a way as not to interfere with his plans for being kind to you.

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Altruism is a game two must play at, and it must be played cheerfully. You must not try to be Altruist all the time, you must take your turn being the Other. If it is your duty to make him happy, it is equally his duty to make you happy. You must give him the opportunity. If you have renounced 'the miserable aims that end in self,' it is praiseworthy in him to do the same. Encourage him to have worthy aims that end in you.

It is wonderful how sensitive we all are in this respect. We refuse to be helped except by people who like to do it, and who profess to be having the time of their lives when assisting us. 'We should be most happy to serve you if you will allow us.' If they say it as if they meant it, we allow them to lend a hand; if we suspect them of insincerity we respectfully decline their offer, — unless we are paupers, and then we don't care how they feel.

This universal preference which all self-respecting people have for being helped by cheerful friends, rather than by conscientious benefactors, is a great limitation to all philanthropic effort. Unless we heartily enjoy ourselves, other people will not allow us to improve their minds or their morals.

The great helpers of mankind have been men who were shrewd enough to see this condition and frankly to accept it. They have turned their duty into pleasure, and then claimed for themselves only the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. If in this pursuit they incidentally helped their neighbors, they hoped that this would not prejudice any one against them.

Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenforde was a solemn-looking person, and not very congenial to the more full-blooded members of the company. But they doubtless thought better of him when they learned that 'gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.' After all, those old books

were not his penance but his recreation. This made him more comprehensible to the stout miller and the honest ploughman. They liked him better because he had his little pleasures, though they were of a queer kind.

A disciple came to Confucius and with that admirable directness in asking questions characteristic of Chinamen, inquired, 'Master, are you a sage?' Confucius answered, 'No, I am not a sage, I am only one who learns without satiety, and who teaches without getting tired.'

In other words, he was a healthy-minded person who enjoyed his intellectual victuals and who liked to share them with his friends. He was naturally given to intellectual conviviality, and had been lucky enough to be able to indulge these tastes.

Those who are not weary in well-doing are those who make the freest use of their natural aptitudes. They do not allow their consciences to be overburdened by doing all the work. It is 'spelled' by some of the less austere faculties. The results are more satisfactory than if there had been no opportunity for moral relaxation.

There was John Wesley. His *Journal*, with its record of indefatigable labor, is one of the cheeriest books in the language. What a rare good time he had! When he was eighty-seven he could say, 'I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born.' For more than sixty years this indefatigable pleasure-seeker had been doing as he pleased. Up every day in time to preach at five o'clock in the morning; then over the hills or through the pleasant lanes to preach again at about the time lazy citizens were ready for breakfast; off again, on horseback or by chaise or in a lumbering stage-coach, for more preaching to vast crowds of sinners — just the kind of sinners he

liked to preach to. Now and then facing a mob, or being wet through in a thunderstorm, or stopping to get information in regard to some old ruin. Between sermons he refreshed his mind with all sorts and conditions of books. On the pleasant road to Chatham he reads Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. On the road to Aberdeen he loses himself delightedly in the misty sublimities of Ossian. *Orlando Furioso* is good Saturday reading. The eager octogenarian confesses that 'Astolpho's shield and horn and voyage to the moon, the lance that unhorses every one, the all-penetrating sword, and I know not how many impenetrable helmets and shields' are rather too much for his sober English imagination. Still, they afford an agreeable interlude in his missionary journeys. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* he finds very absurd, and 'notable chiefly for its unlikeness to all the world beside.' Still, it is not unpleasant to read.

'Riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What a vein of piety runs through his whole work in spite of his Pagan prejudices.'

On his way to preach to a congregation of Christians for whose salvation he was solicitous, he refreshed his mind by reading the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, of whose salvation he had no doubt. 'What a strange Emperor! What a strange Heathen!'

Preaching to a congregation of dour Scotsmen he urged as the first duty to cultivate a better disposition 'I preached from I Cor. xiii, 1-2, in utter defiance of their common saying: "He is a good man though he has bad tempers." "Nay," said I, "if he has bad tempers he is no more a good man than the Devil is a good angel."'

I should not go so far as Wesley. The good man with a bad temper is a recognized variety. We must accept him as a stubborn fact. His joyless

efforts to rectify the world are genuine, though they create in the heart of the natural man an unfortunate prejudice against rectitude.

But we can say that such a good man's effort would be much more effective if his disposition were pleasanter.

Jonathan Edwards went as missionary to the Indians in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at a time when Stockbridge was not so pleasant a place of residence as it is now. It was very self-sacrificing in him. Still our sympathy goes out chiefly to the Indians.

Dr. Grenfell, on the other hand, falls short of Edwards's ideal of disinterested virtue, for he frankly admits that he likes Labrador and its ways. When he returns, instead of melting the hearts of the Ladies' Auxiliary by the story of his hardships, he fires the minds of their growing boys with the desire to run away and be missionaries themselves. Yet the Labrador fishermen get more out of it than they would if Dr. Grenfell did not have such a good time. When we read Borrow's *Bible in Spain* we feel that Borrow would have gone to Spain any way, even if there had been no Bibles to distribute. Never-

theless his natural affinity for gypsies, muleteers, and picturesque vagabonds of all sorts, enabled him to carry the Bible into out-of-the-way places which would never have been dreamed of by a zealous person of sedentary habits.

Those whose sense of duty has been strongest have often acknowledged their indebtedness to other contributory motives. When that able and pious New England Puritan, Thomas Hooker, felt that it was his duty to remove his congregation from the banks of the Charles River, and found a new colony on the Connecticut, he presented the question of duty to the General Court. 'The matter,' says Governor Winthrop, 'was debated divers days and many reasons were alleged pro and con.'

But the decisive consideration was presented last, namely, 'The strong bent of their spirits to remove thither.' This consideration finally carried the day in spite of the argument that 'the removing of a candlestick is a great judgment which is to be avoided.'

There is always something to be said in favor of the strong bent of the spirit, whether it tends toward Connecticut or Persia.

DELIGHT

BY ALICE BROWN

ONCE more I looked upon her face,
Again her beating step I caught,
She who was young when Time, grown old,
Seemed but to breathe where fold on fold
Of parchment, or the austere grace
In stone by ancient limners wrought,
Revealed his life foregone, long hid
In missal, shaft and pyramid.
Earth could not bury her, nor saints
Dethrone her by their meek unruth,
Nor sages weight her with their sooth,
Nor martyrs plague by gentle plaints,
Nor the years crush her under glooms
Of old and cold Etruscan tombs.

Delight, her name. I could not doubt
Whether God gave it, or the earth
Had wrought it like a gorgeous birth,
A bright mosaic patterned out
Of colors from the necks of doves,
From laurel leaves and flowers and gems
Whereof to deck with diadems
The vernal year ringed round with Loves,
And rosy shapes at stillest even,
Wide-winged athwart the cloud-warm heaven.

Here had I come and here was she.
Here we took hands and stayed awhile,
I rapt upon her still, strange smile,
Her voice that fell deliciously,
So that in darkness or the rain
Of tears I need not pine again, —
Her voice set to some ancient tune,
Ancient — and yet I cannot say

How new it was, how of the day
That mounts to heat this very June.

Walked she alone, or were there three,
Delight and Love and Italy?

ILLUSION

BY SOPHIA KIRK

MEN look back with regret to the illusions of their youth, regard with tenderness those of childhood, and are fiercely resentful of anything in literature or talk which is disillusionizing; but no one likes to believe himself, at a given moment, the dupe of illusion; and those who beg to have their illusions left to them would often be at a loss to tell what they are. Thus, judging from autobiographic data, every one has been, but nobody actually is, illusion's victim and slave. From the objective point of view the statistics are different. We constantly see other people in the very meshes of the net, and find room for ceaseless wonder in the illusions harbored by our neighbors, the absurdities which they believe, the flatteries they swallow, the baseless hopes with which they delude themselves. If the unconscious desire of the human heart could suddenly rise to the murmur of an articulate litany, we should find ourselves praying in one breath to be delivered from all bareness and disillusion, from all illusion and cozenage, from all absence of hope and of fancy, and from all the hopes and fancies whereby other men are beguiled, — those of us, at least, who are old enough to be inconsistent; for youth, with a

title to illusion's best, falls too often a victim to its most baleful form, the craving for disillusionment.

'Dream delivers us to dream,' says Emerson, 'and there is no end to illusion.' There are whimsical beckonings of fire to the spirit, broad glammers of day, magnified phantoms of mist and of darkness. There are light, capricious illusions, and stodgy, matter-of-fact ones. There are the individual illusions which we cherish, struggle with, or succumb to in private; illusions which are epidemic in societies; illusions which travel down through history, to vanish like reabsorbed springs, one knows not when or where; illusions which are part and parcel of the human consciousness. We may well pray — and in vain — to be delivered.

The inconsistencies of the average mind in regard to illusion loom large, on the one hand and the other, in the attitude toward it of literature and thought. Its delights and its dangers are the theme of all folk-lore and ballad, of the poetry of the people. In the Greek tragedies, illusion is at once the tempter and avenger, the crime and the punishment. The Greek perceived that the great tragedy of life is not the loss of illusion, but its excess. Plato,

recognizing in it the arch enemy of reason and of society, and in the imagination its natural ally, banished the poets from his republic. Illusion may since have enjoyed a small but savory revenge in seeing all sorts of æstheticism fathered upon Plato, and admiration of his poetic prose well-nigh obscuring that of his immortal reason, with its illustration of homely simile. Perhaps, too, in the long mediæval centuries her lips were curved now and then to a faint Greek smile at the sight of her other Hellenic enemy, Aristotle, enthroned as the head of scholastic philosophy. In those Middle Ages there were few intrenchments against illusion; reason and unreason were huddled together, like knight and serf in crusade or pestilence. The stone of the cathedrals is full of fossilized illusions; which in the great poem of Dante burst into life and truth.

Martin Luther threw his inkstand and got the better of illusion; and generations of stern Protestants walked in the fear of God and burned witches in a terror of illusion, illusively inspired. Copernicus laid bare a universal illusion which, though universally acknowledged, still persists; and happily so, for the recognition of illusion in our everyday impressions is the greatest gain to reality and truth.

In all times philosophers have warred with illusion, singly or in schools. Spinoza set up his adequate thought, Kant his categorical imperative for a reality, over against it; Descartes encamped on the plain with his philosophy *des honnêtes hommes* and foreshadowing of modern science. But the philosophers are subject to illusion, particularly in their belief in the acceptability of reason to the human mind in general. Ridicule has made wider havoc. The laughter of Molière and his immortal good sense clear the air of magic, like magic itself. Never had il-

lusion such a gallant, gay antagonist, or one so sure of thrust.

In Shakespeare, on the other hand, what evocation of this element, and what mastery! How he changes swords with it, creates, banishes, recalls, defeats it. Nowhere are its horrors more alive than in the madness of Lear, the anguish of Macbeth, the waverings of Hamlet; nowhere is the dread of it more poignantly uttered than in Horatio's swift cry: —

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

where all the futile anguish of illusive suffering is in the one phrase, 'toys of desperation.' And all the majesty and glory of illusion, all its arts and wiles, nay, the very spell of its impalpable essence, are in *The Tempest*, shining with 'the innumerable laughter of the waves.' Prospero is its king, a king who abdicates in the end to become the citizen of reason and of common life. It reads just a little, this abdication, like an acceptance on the part of poetry itself of Plato's sentence against the poets. But Spenser and Keats make no such renouncement; the one pricketh o'er the plain and through the forests of illusion, the other lingers willingly in its twilight. Milton dwells in a high illusion, lit by lofty truth; and even the unpoetic eighteenth century fashions for itself an illusion of line and rule, on the level of our earth.

But the poets themselves have no greater love for illusion than those prose poets, the essayists. Note how genially Montaigne smiles at and upon her; how she diverts Addison and Goldsmith; how tender is the adoration of Charles Lamb, even of Thackeray, though he contrives to get up a passing illusion of cynicism. To the clear-eyed Emerson she is a sort of half-accredited messenger of the gods, to be received with courtesy, with comprehension, and a certain celestial equality. Carlyle is

not of this company: to him illusion is the accredited emissary of the devil, to be blackened with a well of ink and burned by lightnings from heaven. And yet Mr. Burroughs cites Carlyle, with some truth, as a cherisher of anthropomorphic illusion, and the foe of scientific investigation.

They form a class apart, the intimates of illusion: Rousseau, its favorite child, and the chosen victim of its altar; Chateaubriand, heaping up illusory magnificence without, devoured by disillusion within; Coleridge, who did not believe in ghosts because he had seen too many; Obermann, standing outside the circle, but with his gaze riveted to its centre. Amiel's name is forever linked with that of his *belle dame sans merci*; their story has been accepted as a sort of Lassalle romance of meditative literature. His longing for, yet shrinking from, the experiences of life, his withdrawals before the loneliness of thought, as before the complications of social existence, are they not all written and printed, a scorn to the strong and objective, a savor to minds curious of mental processes and of intellectual sentiment? But the critics have insisted a little too much upon the unity of the romance: they pass over the escape from bondage which Amiel found again and again in his critical faculty, in a certain serene detachment; the dénouement is less tragic than is commonly supposed.

It is in the autobiography of Herbert Spencer that

The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

La belle dame has here one of the mighty in thrall. Here is a mind admirably articulated and energized for action, with all its springs new, no worn-out gearing of historical or literary ideas, no idle tendency toward dreaming and conjecture. Here is a philosophy which starts at the highest point yet reached by

human knowledge, to examine downward into all the paths leading thither, — biological, psychological, sociological, with no *détour* into the underbrush of mere individual thought or achievement. All the results of this philosophy are massed into one great affirmative synthesis. It will have naught to do with the unknowable until every branch of the knowable has been explored, and it can go behind a certitude to name the unseen and unknown also as a force translatable into horsepower. Here is surely no room for illusion, no crevice into which she may creep. Even the midge did not venture, nor love find out the way.

The only thing that baffled this prodigious investigator of life was life itself: not the combination of forces, nor the primordial cell, but the common, everyday existence of which we somehow find ourselves a part. His terror of being tricked or duped by it is abject; he will none of its blessings for fear of a witch's curse. He wanted to marry; there were even moments when the idea linked itself to the favored personality of some individual woman; but he was silent, not from fear lest the lady's sentiments fail to respond, but in fastidious hesitation, —

For the sake of, — what was it? — an eyebrow?
or still less, a mole on the cheek?

A denial has been published of the romantic inferences drawn from his pages on George Eliot; so it must have been some other lady who was silently set aside as an imperfect specimen. Read in connection with his life, Herbert Spencer's philosophy shines by its disinterestedness. The sage of antiquity was an Ananias in comparison with him; for one, if not the chief, of his aims was the attainment of a fund of wisdom for his own private use, and this the great sociologist was content to forego.

The latest declared and proclaimed

enemy of illusion, of the widespread illusion of convention in particular, is Mr. Bernard Shaw, who tells the truth wittily to shame the devil and Mrs. Grundy. It is a truth 'bonny wi' ill favourdness,' marked by that enhancement of ugliness which competes favorably with beauty in the eyes of fashion. There is, however, a certain geniality of optimism to be detected in his assumption that illusion and error are detachable adjuncts of the human mind; and it is noticeable that the substitution proposed for illusion is not reason or reality, but individualism, a somewhat uncertain quantity where clearness of vision is concerned.

But illusion contrives not to suffer from her apparent unpopularity. She smiles secure in her beauty, knowing that her hour will come again, that her spell is a potent one, and that those who disdain her most proudly are not always the last in her train of adorers. Especially subtle is the smile with which she greets the reasoning penitent. When the man of science turneth away from his science, and after weighing and measuring the ears and reactions of his fellow mortals, takes to measuring and weighing disembodied spirits, she sits gayly in the balance, knowing well that they have been weighed already and found wanting. To the man whose beliefs are firmly based upon the evidence of his own eyesight, she can bring, through the agency of the commonest medium, enlargement of vision, evidence ocular and tangible, a solid array of spirits, uttering platitudes of unanswerable veracity.

One of her most plausible agents is coincidence. The commonest and ordinarily least noted of phenomena, it is brought by any association with the marvelous into abrupt and isolated relief. The innumerable faces in the long procession of life are so many combinations of one small set of features; what

wonder that there should be resemblances? The same happenings, in the main, fall to us all, notwithstanding the many variations; it would be strange indeed if there were no simultaneous repetitions among them. As for our thoughts, the variety of them, taking the whole range of thought, is marked by limitations; and the number we actually employ, in our daily meditations, or even under investigation by the psychical society, bears an infinitesimal proportion to this limited whole; we think so much alike that the fact that any two of us are thinking the same thing at the same moment ought to attract no attention at all. But people ignore a thousand coincidences and seize upon one as a marvel; they forget all the unfulfilled prophecies and unanswered petitions the moment the event appears to respond. We demand of science and fact a uniform testimony, but illusion may fail over and over without loss of prestige.

It is our privilege to live in an age which is not wholly unproductive of illusions, and in a country in which they lie under no heavy penalty. We have in America innumerable acres of intellectual waste land, affording soil for the riotous growth of any chance seed, native or foreign. And, with the indiscriminate amiability which Matthew Arnold deplored in our literary appreciations, we look benignly on aberrations of thought, however noxious to social well-being, if only they do not endanger our property; not distinguishing between the freedom of utterance which, as citizens of thought, we should secure to all its forms, and the duty laid upon us as thinking individuals, of discrimination, selection, the seeking and finding of truth. In purely theoretical aberrations — political, for instance — we indulge less than other countries; our wildest theories generally take the lucrative form of nos-

trums and diets, for the sale of which the name of science is daily taken in vain. And science at the present moment lends itself singularly, by no fault of its own, to thaumaturgical ends. Her great discoveries of half a century ago were in the line of theory; hence their subversive effect upon belief, of which we are now feeling the reaction. To-day her advance is in the discovery of new substances and forces; and its results are being instantly applied to practice, partly along therapeutic lines, thus bringing science to the very door of the unscientific, and leaving it at the mercy of selfish and charlatan aims. Then is waged the battle of belief and disbelief regarding matters which belong properly to the spheres of knowledge and ignorance.

The havoc wrought by illusion is largely the work of one alone among her attendant spirits, — the mischief-making elf, who pours into the ear of sleeping mortals the philter of self-love. The stars and the census ought to be daily and yearly correctives to an error of this sort; but perhaps nobody really preserves the everyday habit of regarding himself as a billionth part of a number of billions. And, in fact, it seems almost necessary to exaggerate a little our importance to the universe lest we become too unimportant and a dead weight upon it. We need a sufficient opinion of ourselves, and sense of the respect of others, to carry us through the day's work. And suppose the illusion be in excess, is it not a pardonable, absurd, and trivial error? Yet the link is here that holds together illusion's most ridiculous comedy and the darkest of her tragedies. In the dungeon of self-absorption are her conquered, — the insane. Others, wounded but not bound, lie without, beside the pool, waiting for the troubling of the too still waters. Hither come many, even of the purest and

most unselfish minds, far removed, it may be, from the sin of self-seeking, caught in the toils of personality, in that strange interlocking of body and mind, or hovering with weary wing over that fatal point, the fixed idea.

The adjustment of our relation to illusion is a crucial problem of life; not necessarily the conscious adjustment, for in this matter, as in religion, character, and social success, a peculiar blessing attaches itself to unconscious grace; but into some relation we are forced by the very laws of being, and it behooves us to make the best of it. We are all property-owners in Spain to a greater or less degree; and which of us would not be a trifle less astonished to find himself, on waking in the morning, an inmate of his favorite castle there, than he is to open his eyes on the suburban-villa reality with the necessity attached of getting up and going to town? What would-be author ever believes in the unavailable character of his manuscript? What artist is not amazed at the exclusion of his picture? Who so unattractive as not to expect homage from others? And if the supply fails, who does not attribute the lack to some special spite or hatred, instead of to forgetfulness or to that kindly contempt with which we are wont inwardly to regard one another? We cannot love or hate without illusion: for hatred is blindness to every aspect save one; and we love, not from a mere reasoning conviction of the virtues and charms of the beloved, but because they alone, of all graces and perfections, have for us a halo, a mystery, and a delight. Our faith is in the unseen and illusive; for, whatever truth may underlie the phenomena of life and thought, illusion is assuredly among the conditions of its revelation to mankind. Our unfaith tosses us toward other unrealities; the anguish of skepticism lies, not in the loss of beautiful

and once-cherished beliefs, in the reduction of our hopes to truths that appear harsh and bare, but in the doubt lest these too should be but phantasms, and the substratum of the whole a monstrous illusion.

The first care of the intellect in its relation to illusion should be recognition, the distinguishing of what we see, know, or think, from what we dream, surmise, or imagine. Why believe a miracle on the authority of a number of persons, no half-dozen of whom can be brought to report alike on the most ordinary scene or occurrence? Why, if judgments so vary, accept our own as an absolute criterion? Our senses make conflicting reports, the key-board of our impressions gives out true or false notes, most resonant under the action of the nerves, which play the louder the more they are out of tune. Have they not lied to us time and again? Do they not bring from a wooden leg messages of a suffering foot? And shall we leave it to our nerves, fearfully and wonderfully as they are made, to love, hate, judge, and act for us? Yet an enormous amount of human intercourse is conducted by these over-worked switch-tenders. A wholesome distrust of hearsay and of one's own impressions is an aid to security. How significant is the attitude toward illusion preserved by old Samuel Johnson! He was baptized into it, as it were, being almost the last child in England to receive the royal touch for scrofula; he was subject all his life to hypochon-

dria; he was naturally credulous; the question of the return of departed spirits to this earth remained to him always an open and a haunting one; yet illusion knocked at the door of his sturdy mind for threescore and ten years in vain. For above all wavering and susceptibility rose his great sense of reality, his love of truth; and to the persistent lures of dream and inertia he opposed a constant activity of mind and variety of interest. The matter with much of our disillusion is that its content is as poor as that of illusion itself. Illusion must be confronted with realities solid enough to stand against it; and excellent material for their construction lies all about us in the world as we find it.

Yet illusion, after all, is a vapor,—our swords cut without dividing it. The realities that move against spirit should be those of spirit itself; 'for it alone is high fantastical.' When we look at the great facts of life we find illusion to be one of them. It envelops our birth, 'a sleep and a forgetting'; it holds the curtain ready to drop on our exit; it dangles the ball of happiness before us day by day. It is Maia and Ceres, sower and scatterer of the harvest; We must approach illusion reverently; we must abstain from creating it, lest we come to be ruled by the creature of our making, and from renouncing it too proudly, for it is sure to turn up again, like the imp in the household goods of the family who had moved to get rid of it.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

Nul, s'il n'est cortois et sages,
Ne puet riens d'amour aprendre.
— CHRÉTIEN DE TROYES.

I

THE lady's life and even her character are always sensibly modified by the house she lives in, and the house represents the social or economic requirements of the man of her class. The man shapes the house, and the house shapes the lady. The Roman villa, ample, luxurious, and open, built to house a complicated social life, began to disappear in Europe together with the *pax Romana*, and the restriction of space set in that necessarily accompanies fortification.

In forming a picture of the mediæval castle, we must banish the vision of the coquettish château of the Renaissance, the fortified manor like Azay-le-Rideau, and the fortified palace like Chambord. Many a good knight in the twelfth century housed his family, his servants, and his men-at-arms, under the single roof of his donjon. All castles agreed in certain features. They were surrounded by a strong wall, punctuated by towers and by a great gate flanked with towers, and equipped with draw-bridge and portcullis. The gate gave access to the lower court. The inner court was in its turn inclosed by a fortified wall; in the inner court stood the heart of the castle, the donjon; and within the donjon dwelt the lady.

Windows and doors were eschewed in castle architecture. The ground floor of the donjon had no opening of

any kind, the entrance being invariably on the first floor, and reached by a gently inclined bridge, which was removed or destroyed in case of siege. The whole of the first floor was occupied by a single room, the famous 'hall' of ballad and history. This room was round, square, or polygonal, according to the shape of the tower. It was lighted grudgingly by a narrow window here and there, set at the end of a sort of tunnel bored through a wall eight or ten feet thick, and it was warmed by open fires of logs. In the English manor there prevailed until the sixteenth and even the seventeenth century the Homeric custom of the central hearth without a chimney. The smoke made its more or less leisurely way out of a hole in the roof directly over the hearth. But in France the Roman chimney, never altogether abandoned, was in common use from the eleventh century onward, and developed early its characteristic conical hood.

The hall was often paved with tiles of white stone incrusting with black mastic, and on this flooring were spread thick rugs. If the company sat freely on the floor, it was not because there were no chairs, though they were not as numerous as in the Homeric house. But a row of coffered benches often stood against the walls, and sometimes also there were massive forms with backs, divided like choir-stalls, and sometimes there were lighter benches, easily moved about. Kings and great lords had faldstools, but it was not every simple castellan who owned one. The asperities

of all these somewhat unconciliating seats were tempered by rugs and cushions, but a study of them explains why the persons of the romances so frequently sat upon the bed. In the first place, the bed of the lord and the lady stood as often as not in the hall, opposite the fireplace. It was large and monumental; the frame was gilded, carved, inlaid with ivory. Cords stretched on the frame held a feather-bed which was covered with sheets of linen or silk. During the day the bed was shrouded with a rich spread of fur or silk or cloth of gold. It was surrounded by curtains which made it a room within a room. Herrad shows us Solomon sleeping in all the glory of the twelfth century, with a night-light, and as easy a posture as can be assumed by a sleeper who wears a crown.

With all its splendor, the presence of the bed in the hall is symbolic of the change wrought in manners by lack of space. Privacy was gone. The lord and the lady slept in the hall. On the floor above lay their children and their guests, often enough in but two rooms, the women in one, and the men in the other. At the head of each bed was a bar on which the occupant hung his clothes. In the morning he could reach them from where he lay and dress himself behind his curtains before getting out of bed. Outside his curtains was the public. It is often lamented by critics of mediæval morals that young men had apparently free access to the bedrooms of young women, and that they so often sat down to talk upon a *lit paré*. It must be remembered in this connection that the mediæval bedroom offered hardly more privacy than the American sleeping-car.

If the lady's house, in order to keep her safe, was obliged to contract the space at her disposal, she found expansion and light and air in the garden. Without the wall, at the foot of the

castle hall, approached often by a postern of its own, lay her open-air drawing-room. The garden of the Middle Age was strictly architectural. Its symmetrical plan, with orderly subdivisions, the presence of seats of stone or turf, sculptured fountains and plants in tubs, gave it the air of a house without a roof. It was planted with regard to the bird's-eye view from above, and as seen from the castle, must have looked like a carpet or a tiled pavement. The labyrinth and other familiar motives of floor-decoration are found in garden plans. An important feature is always the fountain. Even in Paradise, as figured in Jean de Berri's *Book of Hours*, a beautiful Gothic fountain refreshed our first parents. Trees were clipped to shape, artificial mounds were raised, stiff hedges divided one room, so to speak, from another. In this charming setting many and many a scene of the romances is enacted. The frowning donjon by itself would leave the feudal lady only half explained; it is in the garden that we must look for the expansion of some of her most characteristic traits.

The lady's own outward appearance is almost as well known to us as that of her house and garden. It is not necessary to believe that she was as uniformly blond as the romances assert; they prove only that the favorite type was gray-eyed, fair-haired, white-skinned, with rosy cheeks and scarlet lips.

Whatever her complexion, the lady's costume consisted of three main items. Next her body she wore a chemise of fine linen, 'white as a meadow-flower.' This garment had sleeves and covered the wearer from chin to foot. Sometimes the collar and cuffs were embroidered with gold and were allowed to show. Over the chemise she put on the *pelisson*, a garment made of fur but covered within with linen and without

with silk. The pelisson was indispensable in winter, indoors as well as out; but in summer it would be excessive, and there is reason to believe that the fur substrate was then withdrawn, leaving the border as before. Over the pelisson the lady wore the famous *bliaut*, the dress of half the saints in Christendom as we see them in sculpture or in stained glass. The bliaut was sometimes straight and simple, giving the wearer the same apparent diameter at shoulder, waist, and knee. Sometimes it was confined by a broad cuirass that outlined the breast and hips.

For material the lady might choose among a variety of woolen stuffs or among silks of great beauty, ranging in weight from samite to *crêpe de Chine*. In purple and scarlet, green and blue, the lady dressed, with often a thread of gold interwoven, and with fringes and braids of gold in plenty. The climax of her costume was the girdle, fastened loosely about the waist and falling to the bottom of the bliaut. Gold and jewels often went to make it; their brilliancy accented the lines of the lady's body, and called attention to every movement as she walked. Her hair was woven, with ribbons, into two long braids, which she pulled forward and allowed to hang in front. Out of doors she wore a mantle which might open either in front or at the side, and was capable of highly effective draping. It could be arranged to show as much or as little as the wearer desired of the costume beneath. Both sexes covered the head out of doors with the *chape-ron*, a sort of peaked hood with a cape. And both sexes wore pointed heelless shoes of stuff or leather, often elaborately ornamented.

Such in appearance were the castle and the lady. Doubtless it would be absurd to represent the social status of the lady as the direct outcome of the architecture of her home, since both

were, in fact, the outcome in expression of the life of the man of her class and time. But it is certain that the castle was the primary condition of that life, and that where its interests clashed with those of the lady, hers had to give way. In her everyday life she perhaps gained as much from its limitations as she lost. Though the lady had no privacy, she suffered no isolation. Her place was in the hall, and in the hall the life of the house was transacted. Whatever interested her husband was discussed in her presence. The life of her time was an open book before her; she was free to form her opinion of men and things, and to make her personality count for what it was worth.

But the really sinister effect of the castle and its lands upon the lady was one that resulted from their meaning, rather than from their physical characteristics. They were held by the knight from his overlord on condition of the payment of rental in the form of military service. Every acre of ground was valued in terms of fighting men, and only the knight in person could be sure of rallying the quota and producing them when required. If the knight died, in harness or in his bed, and left a widow with young children or a daughter as his sole heir, there was a good chance that the rent would not be paid. The overlord had the right to see that a fief should not be without a master; in other words, to marry as soon as might be the widow or the daughter of the deceased to some stout knight who was willing to take the woman for the sake of the fief. 'One of these days,' says the king in *Charroi de Nîmes* to a baron who is threatening him, 'one of these days one of my peers will die; I will give you his fief and his wife if you will take her.' In fact, it could be said of the lady as truly as of the serf that she 'went with the land.' She knew this full well herself.

Hardy younger sons might win castle and lands by recommending themselves through feats of arms to fathers of daughters. Thus the aged Aimeri, in the *Enfans Aimeri*, wished to provide for his sons by marriage. To Garin he said, 'Go to Bavaria and bid the Duke Naimés to give you his daughter, with the city of Anseine, its harbors and shores. It is true this land is at the moment in the hands of the Saracens, but you have only to take it from them.' Garin makes his way to Bavaria and explains his idea to the duke. 'You are of high race,' answers the duke, 'and I will give you my daughter of the fair face.' He called for her forthwith. 'Belle,' said he, 'I have given you a husband.' 'Blessed be God,' said the damsel.

In one aspect or another the identification of the fief and the lady provides the motive of a hundred chansons. It is the basis of her social importance, superseding the production of legitimate offspring which was the basis of her social importance in Greece and, theoretically at any rate, in Rome. It is far from paradoxical to say that as a sort of indemnification for the iron hand laid upon her destiny by the system of land-tenure in the Middle Age, the lady achieved a new measure of personal liberty. She might within reason philander where she would, provided she married where she was bid.

The lady's education was probably, on the academic side at least, considerably better than her husband's. Very likely she could more often read and write than he. But, as in Homeric days, the want of reading was supplied for man and woman alike by the accomplishments of the *rhapsode*, who is now called a *jongleur*.

Not only in literary taste, but in practical matters, the daughter of the castle would receive much the same education as Helen of Troy. She would

be a famous spinster and needlewoman, able to make a shirt or an altar-cloth. She would sit by the hour among her damsels in hall or in garden, developing stitch by stitch that incredible faculty of patience which alone has enabled the lady of all times to live with health, and without too much analysis, her life of constant suspension on the acts of another. All household work was familiar to her. Life was full of emergencies, and she was ready for them. Often she was a skillful leech, unafraid of blood, trained to succor the men on whose lives her life depended. The tradition of the 'wise woman' still hung about her, and she had secret recipes for medicines that could cure almost any ill. In religion she learned the Pater Noster, the Ave, and the Credo. She could read her book of hours and follow the Mass.

It is necessary for our purpose to try to form a notion what occupation the lady found for the greater number of the days, hours, and instants of her life. The romantic vision, that sees her dividing her time between awarding the prize at the tourney and presiding at the Court of Love, may be abandoned at once. In its place there rises almost inevitably a picture somewhat nearer the truth, but drawn also from the romances and founded on the conditions of life at the courts of kings and great lords. It is the *métier* of the romance to deal with action, and from it we receive inevitably the impression of a stirring, animated life. In so far as the house of the great lord is concerned, this impression may be measurably true, though even there we must remember that winter came round at suitable intervals. But in the castle of the simple knight, life, as far as we are able to reconstitute it, must have passed with a monotony before which the modern mind quails. When Gautier, an enthusiast for the Middle Age,

enumerates the winter occupations of the castellan, he is obliged to include sitting at the window and watching the snow fall.

The lady of the castle was vigorous, and loved to be out of doors. She rode, seated either astride or on what seems to us the wrong side of the horse. She hunted with the hawk and angled in the streams. She was a strong walker, and lover of animals, showing her love as most animal-lovers do by petting within doors and killing without. High physical courage was esteemed a virtue in her as in her lord, for it is only in secure and peaceful societies that the timid lady survives to transmit her qualities. High physical courage should ideally beget tenderness for suffering, but the lady of the romances was sometimes a little inaccessible on the sympathetic side. As her knight fought for her honor she preferred him to incur danger rather than defeat; wounds and broken bones were, so to speak, all in the day's work. And when the day was won, she succored him tenderly.

But after the fullest allowance has been made for these pursuits, many empty hours remain unaccounted for. Life for the lady in the small castle must have had some similarity to life for women on the remote ranch to-day, if we eliminate the postal service and the library, and if we imagine that the ranchman is away from home as often as he can manage it, rounding up wild cattle, fighting Indians, trailing horse-thieves, or otherwise pleasurably endangering his life. His wife will probably learn to ride and shoot; she will busy herself with housekeeping, with her children, or with her garden. But after all she can always read. The newspapers and the magazines find her out. She will keep herself supplied with books. And if the worst comes to the worst, she will write a novel. The aspect of life that comes to the modern

woman under the guise of literature had a different expression, though largely literary too, in the existence of the lonely *châtelaine*. In her case it came to be a reflection of the social development for which the age is noted, a specific and original contribution to the history of the lady, — I mean of course the theory and practice of courteous love.

In looking closely at this institution, it must be borne in mind that in the age of chivalry the wedded relation was not a romantic one. The husband was allowed by law to beat his wife for certain offenses, and it is likely that he did not always wait to consult the code. The law, it is true, specified that he was to beat her 'reasonably,' and insisted that he must stop short of maiming her; he must not, for instance, destroy an eye or break a bone. Her marriage had been contracted without any necessary reference to inclination, and her relations with her husband were simply such as she was personally able to make them. With him her sole source of strength was her power to please, and that was naturally, as always, largely a matter of accident. He was under no manner of compulsion to try to please her. The fact, however, that she was his wife gave her importance with the rest of the world in proportion to his own, and from the standing-ground of this external importance she applied her lever to society.

The lady of the castle was virtually the only woman in a society consisting of men generally younger than herself, who were socially her husband's inferiors and who therefore paid court to her. If she had any personal force or charm, these circumstances were highly favorable to its exertion. Her sphere of influence would vary, with her husband's importance, from a single squire to a whole train of knights-vassal, but her position would tend to ste-

reotype itself; so that the success of a great baron's wife in modifying the manners and the ideas of her husband's court would work to the advantage of the lonely châtelaine in the simple donjon. From the great centres would spread a theory of the lady's position and the duty to her of every gentleman not her husband.

Such a theory was developed and perfected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and came by degrees to color the whole of literature. The brutality of the old romances faded out, and an extraordinary code of manners came into fashion, based on a new theory of feminism and largely due to the initiative of influential women themselves. How far this theory actually modified life, we are not in a position to say. It is certain, however, that every lady who listened to troubadour or jongleur, or who read for herself the new love-songs and romances, was furnished with the material for constructing a fresh estimate of her own importance.

II

It is at the court of Henry the First of England that scholars find the first development of 'courtesy.' This prince anticipated Fontainebleau and Versailles by the *fêtes* he arranged at his castles, and the attention he gave to the organization of bisexual society. But if we may believe that the theory of courtesy, formulated in England, spread from this source into France, it is certain that it there encountered an independent development, sprung from the south, less warlike and more feminine in form, which was destined to prevail and give tone to the whole movement, not only in France, north and south, but throughout Europe.

South of the Loire the Roman law had always maintained a thread of continuity, though often obscured by

usages springing directly from altered ways of living. By the Justinian Code, sons and daughters alike shared the inheritance of their father's estate, and this rule was taken over by the Gothic law of southern France. But under the strain of the centuries that kept society perpetually on a war-footing, the tendency prevailed even here to hold lands and houses in the strong hand. For her own safety the daughter was subordinated to the son.

Many are the beautiful names of ladies who ruled in their own person: Adelaide, Countess of Carcassonne; Ermengarde, Viscountess of Béziers; Guillemette, Viscountess of Nîmes; and the great Eleanor of Poitou, granddaughter of the first of the troubadours, Queen first of France and then of England, and always in her own right Duchess of Aquitaine. These ladies were almost by accident furnished with great power by a system devised for a society of a different character altogether. And the most surprising thing of all is that the women in whose hands power was thus placed proved to be able to use it. Instead of showing as the atrophied remnant of a suppressed class, ready to govern in name, but in reality to be governed by the nearest man and to carry on a society and a culture imitative of that erected by men everywhere about them, they proved to be themselves personages, capable of forming reasoned designs and making them prevail, and they effected changes in society and culture that have become a permanent part of the life of Europe.

It has often been pointed out that there are certain analogies between the period of the Crusades and the nineteenth century in the United States in respect of the distribution of culture between the sexes. In Greece and in Rome of old, as in Germany in the last century, and in general at times and in

places where men have leisure for culture, it is believed to belong more or less exclusively to the male type. It is felt at such times to be unsuitable for women. The learned or thoughtful woman is rather ridiculous and certainly a bore. Probably she neglects her children. On the other hand, when men are as a class engaged in the subjugation of the natural world or in struggles with each other, the arts of peace naturally fall into the hands of non-combatants and are then believed to belong more or less exclusively to the female type. As under the other conditions culture is felt to be unbecoming in a woman, it is now felt to be unbecoming in a man. A fighting knight who found his squire reading the *Ars Amatoria* would feel the same amused contempt as a stockbroker who should find his clerk secreting a copy of Keats behind the ticker. To the mind of each, such interests would be suitable only to women and to certain men — ‘priests’ the crusader would have called them, ‘college-professors’ the broker. In both periods the lady has been the depository and guardian of culture. What she has made of her position in modern times must be reserved for later discussion. Her achievements in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are matter of record, and we must now examine them.

It is obvious that the automatic result of making a lady the head of the state will be to furnish her court with persons whose recommendations to favor will differ from those offered to a male superior. It will of course be to her interest to employ and attach to herself a body of strong fighting men, but she will not be interested in personally observing their readiness for combat and their power to drink without drunkenness. To be pleasant to his lady a servant must develop other gifts. In the technical language of the time,

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courtesy must accompany prowess. Grafted upon the fundamental point of view of the fighting knight, and in many respects opposed to it, was a secondary set of ideas, which by the transforming power of literature has become to us the strongest element of the whole.

By chivalry we mean to-day, not the strong, hard framework of military society which prevailed for centuries in Europe, unregardful of women, if not cruel to them; but we mean the brief and local phase, confined chiefly to the great courts, which by passing into literature has forever clothed the knight with virtues and sentiments not (if all had their rights) his own. The constraint that was put upon the man who looked for preferment in a lady’s service, to be clean and civil, pleasant to look at and pleasant to hear, and an ardent advocate of the intellectual and moral supremacy of women, was but a small and ephemeral result of her power. The real result was attained when the men of genius had constructed and won acceptance everywhere for a whole theory of life based upon a superiority of the lady.

At all times, everywhere, and by all ladies, love is admitted to be the most acceptable of gifts. With tact, the humblest may offer it without offense, the highest without conferring obligation. The lady’s power to excite love was to her what the lord’s prowess in battle was to him. The new theory of life was, therefore, based upon a new theory of love, and into this new theory were worked up a number of old elements that would have seemed, singly, rather unpromising material.

One of the fundamental principles of the doctrine of courteous love was its incompatibility with marriage. It is true that no age of men had imagined that love and marriage were ever, except by accident, coincident. Since

marriage is primarily founded on economic considerations, the continued effort of mankind to make its sentimental aspects prevail involves a paradox. The Athenians looked not to their wives for love's delight. The Romans were not authorities on love, but what they knew by that name was not a domestic sentiment. Early Christianity also considered marriage as a duty rather than as a pleasure. But these different societies had felt the irksomeness of the bond from the man's point of view; it was in conflict with one of the characteristics that had been most serviceable in helping him along in the world, — his unquenchable desire for novelty.

Courtesy, on the other hand, objected to marriage from the point of view of the wife. Courtesy maintained that a lady's love should be free. The mere fact that in marriage she was bound by law to yield her favors, destroyed their value and her dignity. Even if she married her lover, she thereby extinguished love. *Amour de grâce* and *amour de dette* were discriminated by the doctors, who held the first only to be worthy of the name of love. No true lover would accept love save as a gift of free will. The lady might withhold her favor with reason or without; treason to love consisted in bestowing it for any reason save love alone.

But it was not as a pretext for frequent change that the lady exalted love at the expense of marriage. On the contrary, it behooved her to choose her lover with far greater care than her husband (says Sordello, in his *Ensenhamen d'Onor*), because love is '*plus fort establitz*.'

If we were to represent the history of marriage graphically by a straight line, and the history of love by a curve approaching marriage more or less closely, we should find the lady's theory of love soaring as far above marriage toward

the ideal as Ovid's theory falls below it toward the beast. His criticism of marriage was that it was too good; hers that it was not good enough. The striking modernism of this view is more apparent than real. The lady dreamed of no reconstruction of society; marriage was her portion, and she accepted it. Love did not interfere with it, did not, in fact, lie in the same plane. Her criticism of marriage was suggested and enforced by a number of circumstances besides her own personal revolt from it. The poets who embodied her ideas were generally of a class below her own, and under chivalry there was no marriage possible between classes. The singer who offered homage to his lady must find some footing on which he could address her without too servile an acknowledgment of inferiority. Nothing could have served his purpose so well as the theory that love is the great leveler, but that every lover is his lady's servant. Besides the barriers to marriage, erected by feudal society, the Cluniac reform was insisting on the celibacy of the clergy, but many a troubadour was either monk or priest. For him also it was valuable that love should keep clear of marriage.

The old May-songs, celebrating springtime and the naïve mating impulse, had come down without a break from immemorial heathendom, from the dim time when mating was coterminous with desire. And these May-songs, with the necessary transformations, were taken up into the song of the troubadour.

Charmed at first with what he has taken to be evidence of the poet's communion with nature, the reader is soon driven to recognize a pure convention. The natural world has little to say to the troubadour. His world is within, and if he had not needed the eroticism of the May-song, he would have given scant heed to the nightingale. From

the May-song he drew the 'joy' that gave a name to his science and a crude literal view of the delight of love. But the joy came gradually to have a more spiritual content. What a lady demanded was to be loved for her soul. As the type reached perfection, the May-song element dissolved into the mysticism that was to culminate in Dante's love for Beatrice.

III

The tendency of the Middle Age toward the neat, the systematic, and the encyclopædic, which made it so easy a prey to Aristotle, had the oddest results when directed toward the passion of love. Ovid's *jeu d'esprit*, the *Ars Amatoria*, was playfully set in a framework of Alexandrian didacticism. It was mildly amusing in his day to assume that rules could be laid down, by the use of which any one could become 'a master of the art of love,' to use the phrase of Diotima in Plato's *Symposium*. This work was well known to clerks in its Latin form, and when love became a matter of general theoretical interest, it was rendered into French and became the textbook of the subject. Thanks to its method, love became a department of scholasticism, a matter of definition and rule.

In the complete absence of the historic sense, which left the mediæval mind with no more perspective than the paintings on a castle wall, Ovid's badinage became matter for debate. The social conditions assumed in every line of his work were unnoticed. He wrote of and for the sophisticated dwellers in a great town, for the members of a cosmopolitan society whose intercourse was unrestrained, for a cultivated public well used to literary allusion and to the appreciation of the half-word, for life, in a word, as we know it to-day and as the Romans

knew it two thousand years ago. But the knight and the lady of the castle knew no such life. Their days were spent in a simple round among a small number of people, all ignorant and all literal-minded. Their irruptions into the world, whether for war or for gaiety, were infrequent, and for specific purposes. They were utterly without the daily contact with many minds which was the postulate of Ovid's psychology.

It is touching to see the steps by which under these conditions the doctors of courteous love proceeded to Christianize and feudalize their great Latin authority. When Ovid advises the enterprising young man to frequent the theatres, whither the ladies go both to see the show and to show themselves, Maître Elies can find no modern parallel but the churches. Thither the ladies all go, some to pray to God, but the greater number to see and to be seen. Ovid suggests to the Roman to seat himself at the circus close to the lady he wishes to charm, and give her tips on the horses. Maître Elies sends his pupil to a miracle-play and bids him ask the lady questions about the cast.

In some cases the imitator ventures to differ from the original. Thus the author of the *Key to Love* says, 'Ovid will have us believe that it is better to have an old woman for one's love than a young one, but with all respect I cannot agree with him. Ovid, I imagine, needed money; what he feels is avarice, not love. The love that joins gentle hearts goes straight on its way without simony.' The whole process by which a theology of love grew up, nourished by the thoughts and language of the church, is foreshadowed by this unknown clerk to whom venal love is 'simony.' Some items of advice are put into the Roman author's mouth that would have surprised him; for in-

stance: 'Be sure there are no wrinkles in your stockings; this is Ovid's express command.'

When Eleanor of Aquitaine, her daughter Marie of Champagne, and the other *précieuses*, had arrived through much discussion at a fairly clear idea of what they wanted, the work of compiling their canon law was confided to the author of the *Art of Honorable Love*, probably Andreas Capellanus, who was at once the Gerson and the Aquinas of the passion. No more amusing game was ever invented for the entertainment of polite society than the methodical discussion of love. It contained something for every one. Under cover of its high moral pretensions and scientific aims, anything could be said. The earnest and the frivolous, the amorous and the cool, the devout and the careless, all were furnished with a decorous means of approach to the most fascinating topic in the world. Two standards are visible in the Chaplain's work: the first, shorter and more famous code of law embodies a higher ideal of the subject in hand than the longer one. Concessions are made to the natural man. But on the whole, Ovid's metamorphosis is complete.

According to the Chaplain, one of the signs of a true lover is his physical disturbance in the presence of the beloved. It is an axiom of the science that the sudden sight of the lady alters the lover's circulation. The words are the words of Ovid; and the emotion is not just that of Sappho. Nevertheless, if a little good-will went to produce the vaso-motor disturbance which was the sign of love, it was applied with the intent, not to deceive the lady, but to play the game. The spirit of the code can be gathered from a few examples.

1. Marriage is not a valid excuse for love.

13. Common love seldom endures.

15. Every lover is wont to grow pale at sight of the beloved.

18. Virtue alone makes one worthy of love.

23. The thought of love makes a man sleep less and eat less.

24. Every action of the lover ends in thoughts of the beloved.

25. The true lover cares for nothing save what he deems pleasant to the beloved.

30. The true lover is forever and without interruption occupied by the image of the beloved.

Among the theses often debated by the learned in love were those that dealt with the relative desirability of a knight or a clerk as a lover; and as the clerks controlled the records they have, as far as literature goes, the best of it.

The debate was one of the most congenial exercises of the Middle Age. To defend a thesis was in some sort to ride a tilt. During the long centuries when the church was occupied with the 'chimaera bombinans in vacuo,' society dealt with questions of greater interest. A lady grieves for a lover taken in battle; a squire cannot cease to love a lady who despises him; which is the more worthy of pity? A fair lady, deserted by her first love, bestows her affections on a second; is she perjured?

The actual songs themselves of the troubadours and minnesingers, oddest of love-lyrics, are full of the spirit of scholasticism. Instead of the personal cry, they give an argument on the general case. Absorbed in a technical discussion of the nature of love, the poet sometimes forgot altogether to explain his personal interest in the subject. In many a song he lectured to his beloved on the psychology and ethics of their common experience. From the body he had worked his way up to the mind; before the movement was spent

and the Middle Age disintegrated, he had reached the soul.

The prevalence of formal discussion, the immense allegorical literature of the Courts of Love, and certain notices of the decisions of great ladies made arbiters in real cases, gave rise at one time to the notion that the Court of Love was an actual institution whose action was binding on lovers in its jurisdiction. It is generally admitted to-day, however, that the evidence never supported such a theory, and that therefore its intrinsic improbability is conclusive against it. Secrecy in love was among the lover's first duties. Loyalty, secrecy, and diligence are often given as his cardinal virtues. It is manifestly absurd to suppose that a sentiment which depended on concealment for its existence should be amenable to public inquiry.

IV

The professional troubadour might be attached to a court for a short time only, and without payment of any kind. The prizes of life consisted, for him, in permanent awards of land or office, and later of money. The commonest fate was half-way between these situations: he lived at court as an enlivener of society, and was furnished with bed and board, and in favorable cases with arms and clothing. The songs are full of prayers for the opportunity of service, and for the substantial reward of service. The pretty language of feudal relations, easily sliding into allegory even then, gives romance to-day to the singer's cry. Not only to ladies, but to lords, he offers true and loyal service. Walther von der Vogelweide advertises that he is ready to serve any gentleman or lady who will reward him.

On the other hand, there was nothing in the relation of servant and

mistress to prevent a lady from retaining several singers at once. It is somewhat more singular that the singer was able to consecrate his genius to more than one lady at a time. He accomplished this logically by saying to each that her virtues ennobled her whole sex, so that all ladies were revered by him. The love of the professional troubadour was official. His business was to glorify his lady. It was his song that she wanted and rewarded, not his passion. Personally he was probably of no great importance to her. That is what he means by saying that timidity prevents him from declaring his love otherwise than in song. Often the singer felt obliged to assure the world that his lady was cruel and his wishes unfulfilled. Particularly in Germany, where manners were strict, the poet was careful not to be misunderstood. Only thus can we explain the fact that a literature by definition 'gay,' explicitly devised for the entertainment of a light-hearted society, should be filled with the pain of disappointed love.

Every singer makes the same protestations and complaints. It is his rhyme that he is thinking of. Every singer declares that all the others are making believe, he alone is serious. There are many traces of jealousy of the amateur, the lordly troubadour who may approach the lady in daily life, thus gaining a great advantage over his lowly competitor, and who sings for nothing. Generally the lady is named or identified. When a feigned name is used, it has the air of being as well known as the real one. It is unthinkable that a favored lover should thus compromise a great lady. Sometimes a song was addressed to a lady and her husband, to a lady and her brother, to a lady and her nephews! It is not maintained that the troubadour never felt love, nor is it likely that he could constantly handle fire with-

out a scorch. But it is very likely that too sincere a feeling was disadvantageous to him. The *précieuse* did not wish to command the whirlwind. *Mezura* — moderation — was one of the qualities required of the courteous lover.

v

If minnesong had consisted simply of the crude sensualism of the May-song, the gallantry of Ovid, and the compliments of a court-singer, it would not have survived to have a lasting effect on the literature of Europe. But a man did not live in the eleventh century or the twelfth for nothing: whether he were clerk or layman, he submitted to the feeling of the time that the 'eye of the heart' could see realities that the bodily eye could never find. St. Bernard and Bernard of Ventadorn were at one on this point. The thirtieth rule of Andreas Capellanus rested on it. The beautiful word *Minne* itself illustrates the history of the idea. The earliest singers of Germany do not use it; *Friuntschaft* and *Liebe* are their words for love. The root-meaning of *minnen* is *to think of*. Its gradual prevalence accompanies the transfer of sexual love into the spiritual life. The love of a lady whom the lover has never seen occurs in romantic literature every-

where, from the *Arabian Nights* to the *Nibelungenlied*. In courteous love it became classic.

The dream was a glimpse of reality in the Middle Age. Monk or nun dreamed of salvation, often with an erotic tinge. Love in a dream was the lover's solace. The misery of waking life was felt alike by saint and by lover. The thought of death was familiar, and not unwelcome to both. Ovid had spoken in sheer rhetoric of dying for love; the mediæval lover was ready to die in earnest. The love of a dead lady was often sung, with a cast forward to Beatrice. Tears are an innovation of the courteous lover. They are shed not at all in *Beowulf*, but sparingly in the *Nibelungenlied*, and hardly oftener in the chansons and early epics. But St. Bernard and the troubadour weep freely. The mystic, whether in love or in religion, was subject to ecstasy. The Lancelot of Chrétien de Troyes was twice in great bodily peril because the sudden sight of his lady bereft him of attention to the rest of his environment. The way is being prepared for Dante's swoon at the marriage-feast. In a word, the mysticism of the troubadour, passing into Italy and there modified, was adopted by the *dolce stil nuovo* and reached its climax in the work of the great poet of the Middle Age.

AN AMERICAN SCHOOLGIRL IN GERMANY

BY MARY D. HOPKINS

I CAN remember very well the pang I felt when my mother first asked me if I would like to go to Germany.

What? Leave my school, my home, my friends, and go no one knew where? Why, Europe was a place you went to when you were grown up, or when you were at any rate through school, and no doubt then was very nice. Of course you would be glad to go there some time; just so you might like some day more distant to get to heaven; but I think any little girl might be disconcerted by so sudden a proposal. And then the vision flashed into my mind of that dear summer cottage on the great river, with the boats and the swimming and the picnics. I felt that I could not bear it.

'O mother, must I? Oh, please, not this summer!' I appealed.

'Well, dear,' said my mother, 'you could stay with grandmother, of course, you know.'

She was surprised, I think, and a little disappointed.

But the prospect of being left behind was too much for me, and I began to discover symptoms of a desire for Europe.

So in doubt and misgiving began the year that I must call beyond all others *annus mirabilis*, that long chapter of delight and wonder which, starting as a summer's outing, was to spread itself unaccountably over a whole delightful year. Reluctance had vanished with my first step on the great liner. We sailed for a port in Germany, but it was Fairyland that I set foot in when

we landed; surely in Fairyland, with its quaintly walled and towered cities, its princes and peasants, its black forests and enchanted mountains, that we traveled that summer. The Hartz, the Schwarzwald! No need to tell me that the fairy tales were born there; they were fairy tales of themselves. I have no space to dwell here on the vivid enchantment of those first few months abroad. I hardly knew that they were over when I knew also that they were to be followed by something yet more wonderful,—a whole year in Germany.

My parents had decided to spend the winter in a great university town where my father wished to work in the libraries, and one of the minor questions to be decided was what should be done with me. I had been taught the violin at home, and of course I was to continue here at the famous Conservatory, or at least with one of its famous masters. This one proved to be Herr Konrad Ritter, youngest and not least brilliant of the reigning triumvirate of the violins; and I was soon running to and from the Conservatory with my violin tucked under my arm.

'Ritters sind doch reizend!' one of our German acquaintances had said to us; and charming they seem to my older judgment as they seemed to me then. He was not the blond Teuton of commonplace type. He was the type of South German that has, in common with Frenchman or Italian, a certain dark and fiery distinction. Mephistopheles they called him at the Conservatory, and the sobriquet was perhaps

invited by his dark good looks, his height, and his occasionally somewhat alarming irony. Indeed, with the red cap and feather, the mantle and sword, his tall figure would have been well suited to the famous rôle, — well suited if you had not seen the smile and the kind eyes that made the name so patently a misnomer.

Herr Ritter's wife was one of the most beautiful women I have ever known. She was tall and fair and slender, with hair like pale gold and eyes like blue stars, as a German poet might have put it, and she was very gentle and lovely. She might have stood for the Princess out of some German fairy tale. I have since supposed that she was very young (I knew of course that she was younger than mother, who was very old — thirty-five at least), but to fifteen she seemed immeasurably remote, set in a starry heaven of her own.

It was through her and fortune that I was sent to my German school.

'Give her to Fräulein Schmidt,' said the beautiful lady when October was drawing on, and my mother asked her advice about the city schools. 'It is one of the greatest good fortunes of a girl's life to have come under her influence.'

'Is the school so fine?' asked my mother.

'Yes; but even if she learned nothing in the classes, she would have a liberal education in being with Fräulein Schmidt.'

My mother laughed a little. 'That is saying a great deal,' she said. 'But if you are a sample of her products, I think she must try her hand on my little girl too.'

So presently, one golden September day, we went to see Fräulein Schmidt. There was nothing prepossessing, certainly, about a first view of her little domain. We entered an old house in

the Nordstrasse, climbed three flights of gloomy stairs, passed by the open doors of worn and dingy schoolrooms, and were shown at last into a quaint, sunny German *salon*, where a woman tall and large, a colossal woman, who might have weighed two hundred pounds, I thought, old, kindly, with a deep, sweet voice, welcomed us and talked with my mother. In earlier days she must have been of heroic mould. She had eyes black as sloes, eyes that could be sunshine or lightning, cheeks like a winter apple, and a great organ voice which could roll like thunder — a terror to evil-doers! — or soften to a caress. But this is what I learned afterwards. Now she patted me kindly on the head, asked me a few questions, and when I went away I was enrolled in the 'Höhere Töchter Schule' of Fräulein Auguste Schmidt, and due to appear there next Monday morning at eight o'clock.

The ministrations of the German nurse whom I had had at home and detested heartily — *mea culpa*, poor Helga! — made it possible now for me to enter a class with girls of my own age; and in the first class accordingly I presently found myself, to my mingled discomfort and satisfaction, the only foreigner in a group of girls who seemed to me formidably big and tall and clever. Here I spent a silent and unhappy morning, spoken to pleasantly indeed by my neighbors and then promptly forgotten. How quickly and readily they recited! Then, when the books were opened and the pens came out, what terrifying speed of dictation! How well they spoke French! And how many things they knew that I had never even heard of! Could I ever, ever, keep up with them? My only ray of comfort was a momentary feeling of superiority in the English class. After all, they too were mortal.

Noon came at last, and the girls

poured out chattering and laughing, and I went out, too, hardly daring to hope that any of them would speak to me, much less walk with me. But they were merry, kindly souls for the most part, and two of the very nicest, two that I had looked at longingly during my lonely morning, fell in with me at once as I started off, and walked home with me all the way.

Dear Else and Grete! I wish across all the years these pages might bring you any sense of the grateful love of your little American friend. For thus began the friendship that was to be so happy during all that happy year, and so many years afterwards. From that day all was well with me at school. I was no longer alone; I had friends, I was accepted as a comrade. *Fräulein Schmidt* and the other teachers were 'sehr rücksichtsvoll mit dem kleinen Fremdling,' and all was very good and very happy.

My new friends, as it turned out, lived only a few doors from me, and we used almost daily to walk the two miles to and from school together. This was all very well in the pleasant autumn weather, but not so pleasant in the bleak North German winter, with its short days, its cold and snow and fog. We lived across the city from the school, in the new quarter, and walking, as we always did, even by the shortest cut through the *Altstadt*, meant starting at half-past seven, often with the street-lamps still lighted and no sign of dawn in the sky. How often there would be no time to sit down to the table and I would have to run off with a buttered roll in my hand, my only breakfast! My father would butter that 'Brödchen,' and have it ready for me when I was late, and I would nibble it as I ran down the street, for was not Else waiting under the street-lamp at the corner? Or, if it were lighter, the heavy fog would perhaps shut down so close that people

in the streets would seem like shadows walking, and crossing the great *Markt* one would plunge into a gray, shoreless sea of mist, with the gables of the old Gothic *Rathhaus* standing out, gray, too, and weatherbeaten, like rocks in the storm.

It is strange how those mornings impressed me, for I suppose they were not so very many out of the year. In the afternoons, however, I remember no fog or snow, though the dusk fell early, but clear bright skating weather, with all the world on the ice in the *Johanna Park*, the band playing on the *Island*, the ring and whirr of skates, and the gay crowd of skaters swinging round and round beneath the bridges. Here around a curve a group of tall officers and pretty ladies would be dancing a quadrille or waltzing on the ice; here some students, with the colored caps above their scarred faces and the *Corps* ribbons crossing their breasts, would skate swiftly, four or five in line; there again some long-haired musicians, with brigandish slouch hats and wrapped in Italian-looking cloaks, would sweep gravely by, — old and young, children and their grandparents making one party often in the simple, happy enjoyment that the Germans know so well, and that our nation has lost the secret of. And then perhaps — oh joy! — would come *Frau Ritter*, the beautiful lady, tall and queenly, looking like the *Snow Princess* in her white furs, with her tall foreign-looking husband, *Mephistopheles* indeed, but for the smile and the friendly eyes. And perhaps for a crowning happiness, while *Frau Ritter* was claimed by some handsome officer, *Herr Ritter*, a wonderful skater, would take me once or twice around the ice, or show me strange curves and figures that I would try in vain to imitate; for our relations with the *Ritters* were growing more and more friendly.

'Is n't Mariechen enchanted with Fräulein Schmidt?' said Frau Ritter to my mother, when my mother was one day taking tea with her in her charming apartment.

'Ah, but is n't she enchanted with Herr Ritter?' my music-master had cut in mischievously; and truth compelled my mother to declare that whatever my feeling was for Fräulein Schmidt, I was certainly '*entzückt*' with Herr Ritter.

I can still remember my hot embarrassment when mother repeated this anecdote at home.

From the first I had regarded him with a dog-like devotion, and as I look back I can only be grateful to him for so much patience and kindness with a stupid child. Docile I was and plodding, quick enough to understand and to feel, sometimes with a dash of something mysteriously called temperament; but some obstacle seemed to be set between brain and fingers; there could have been little enough reward even on the best days for the pains of an ambitious teacher, and reward of other sorts (for American prices had not yet invaded Germany) was almost ludicrously small. Some days indeed that obstacle seemed to vanish; all would go well, and Herr Ritter's 'Na, liebes Kind, es war gar nicht schlecht,' would send me home walking on air. But other days everything would go wrong, and that kind patience would give way. He would sit back wearily with his arms folded while I blundered through my carefully practiced exercises, his black eyes sparkling dangerously, his moustache curling like a great cat's.

'Aber, lieber Himmel, das ist ja bodenlos! das ist zur Verzweiflung!' he would cry, springing up and towering furiously over me, when with stolid exterior but growing terror I had repeated the same mistake for perhaps the tenth time. I would struggle on for

a moment desperately; then came the frightful climax, 'Sapperlot, Mariechen, was machst du denn?' And with a savage, 'Schau' doch mal her!' he would snatch the violin out of my guilty hands and mimic with terrible veracity what I had done. I draw the veil over such horrors. If I were asked to specify the worst moments of my life, I should undoubtedly have to include those imitations. Then, softening at my evident distress: 'So war's — nicht? Und jetzt höre!' And the violin would sing under his hands, beautiful, clear, true tones that made the commonest exercise pure music.

But I would go away sounding black depths of despair that I did not know existed; not so much, I think, because I had been stupid at my lesson as because forsooth I had displeased Herr Ritter.

Luckily that valley of humiliation could be trodden at most only twice a week, and there was time between for recovery. And I was not stupid for Fräulein Schmidt. The rapid dictation that had seemed so terrifying the first day, I grew to take with mechanical ease and accuracy. I had a quick verbal memory, and I could memorize the lesson as fast and as well as anybody.

'So, mein Kind, es war recht gut,' Fräulein Schmidt's deep, kind voice had said after my first much-dreaded little recitation. 'Willst du weiterfahren, Else?'

Grete patted me under the desks, and the ordeal was over. After that everything was easy; and with my mind freed from anxiety over myself and my limitations, I was able to throw myself into the interest, keen always, often absorbing, of those wonderful literature lessons, the lessons of one of the most inspired and inspiring teachers it has ever been my fortune to know.

Her methods, I suppose, would sound strange to American ears. About

ten minutes after the hour — there was a short recess after every class — a mighty tread would be heard in the hall, and Fräulein Schmidt would march into the room, instant silence heralding her as she appeared.

‘Guten Morgen, Kinder. Wo sind wir denn geblieben? Ja so, willst du anfangen, Katerina?’

And promptly and glibly the girl in question began to recite word for word the lesson of yesterday; it was taken up by the girl next her, and so the recitation swept round the class until the whole of yesterday’s dictation was recited.

‘Nun, wir wollen also weiterfahren,’ said Fräulein Schmidt, who perhaps meantime had been walking up and down the class-room. *Hefte* were opened, pens and ink flew; the rest of the hour varied between dictation and talk. I will only say of that dictation that it was as rapid as many a college lecture; yet those German note-books were filled with the most delicate clear writing, fine and perfect as steel-engraving. That ideal, alas! I could never reach, and my own books were a bitter trial to me, because, try as I would, I could never make them beautiful like Else’s and Grete’s.

But already I seem to see the lifting of pedagogical eyebrows. Was this sound method? Was this the way to train those children to self-expression? What was to become of the pupil’s originality? But oh, dear pedagogical friends, if you could have heard them, if you could have seen the eager faces, the lighted eyes! I wonder how often your pupils look at you as those girls looked at Fräulein Schmidt. Why, if you come to that, should we not have learned her lessons word by word? Her words were better than any we could have dreamed of using, and we ran a chance, in learning them, of learning as well from a noble model something

of the meaning of good style and good construction. We are proud of our pedagogy over here, proud, and justly so, of our system and our correct method. But it may do us good sometimes to reflect that there were brave men before Agamemnon. Perhaps, after all, we in America have not discovered the ultimate secret of teaching. And we shall do well not to close our ears to the still small voice that warns us not to put our trust too much in methods, in which of themselves there is no salvation. For the true teacher, like the poet, is born, not made. Conscientiousness, faithfulness, study, these things make meritorious teaching; but if that be all, there will always be about it what Professor James calls so admirably ‘the hopeless inferiority of voluntary to instinctive action.’ Before all teaching comes the teacher, the great, the gifted personality. High vitality and the gift of God, these are the essentials. Other things may make a teacher good (a reluctant *credo*), there is certainly nothing else that makes him great.

But it was best of all when Fräulein Schmidt would turn aside from the stated lesson, and as if in sudden reminiscence would tell us stories of the great men we were studying. How those men lived! And how little I have since read or heard that in any way approached the vitality with which this genius in story-telling brought us in touch with the great dead. Goethe and Schiller! we knew their very walk, the cut of their coats, their living manner and gesture.

I could not pass the Altes Theater without thinking of the night of the triumphant first performance of *Die Jungfrau*; without seeing the great Schiller, his noble head bent, walking away from the building through the crowds of people who stood bareheaded and silent in that great moment’s

tribute to their poet. A mother that night, Fräulein Schmidt told us, had lifted up her child to see, and had said, 'Da, nun hast du ihn auch gesehen — den grossen Schiller!' and I wished I could have been that little child.

I could never visit places in Germany afterwards that were not haunted, alive with the past, with ghosts more real than the actual passers-by. Schiller and Goethe passed down the street together in Weimar, the older man's arm affectionately on the other's shoulder; or Goethe himself in earlier days, the young god of a nation's worship, led the duke's revels, or, a student in Strasburg, walked on earth incognito and bound all hearts to his service. The Hartz sang with Heine's poetry; the immortal plums still reddened on the way from Jena to Weimar; and a child of less Teutonic training might blush to own the famous *curiosités* I was willing to miss seeing later in Paris for the sake of one lonely grave in distant Montmartre.

And that passing officer, splendid in gold and red, — he might be young Körner, Theodor Körner the soldier-poet, who for his country's sake took up the sword and found a hero's death.

Ah, we learned in that school to think *Begeisterung* one of the greatest of great words, as we learned to think *Schwärmerei* one of the cheapest and poorest of lesser ones. I like to think, too, that we learned from Fräulein Schmidt (as who could help learning from such an example?) honor and love for all great things and all greatness always.

And beside these giant sons of Germany were figures scarcely less real, yet inhabiting a sort of sublimated world of their own; the world where Karl Moor watches the sunset and weeps for his lost innocence, and Max Piccolomini, torn between two loyalties, takes the clear road of honor and

rides to death at the head of his troop; where Alba, grim and scornful, sees the splendid, careless Egmont from the palace window, and speaks the words of doom as his guest dismounts in the courtyard; where the Maid beats back England in the joy of heroic battle and the clash of arms, and the lilies of France stoop over her as she dies among the people she has saved. The gallant young Templar, Carlos, and the Queen his mother, Tell the patriot, Thekla, white and starry, pale flower of an ideal love, the Scottish Queen for whom men counted the world well lost, the terrible Duke Wallenstein, Diana's maiden priestess Iphigenie, — I knew them all, and it was as friends that they came to meet me later in the plays I read.

There was little time to read at home, for the literature classes, with thirty-six hours of class-room work a week (the time actually spent in the classes by some of my German friends in their last year!). In the reading classes we read and studied something at least of the classics of three nations, and were taught not a little of what careful reading meant. But what we were given in the literature classes was the will and heart to read. It was a great preparation, a great and noble frame into which we might afterwards put whatever our experience might offer. For she would tell those great stories so that the dullest would take fire, the least imaginative be moved. Fancy the effect then on a foreign child, eager, alert, imaginative, with heart and brain almost overstimulated by the wonders of this new world on which she was entering. I know that Fräulein Schmidt's stories of Goethe's and Schiller's dramas, — her stories, together with the constant chance of seeing those dramas nobly performed at the theatre, sent me hot-foot to the book-shelves to pull out books that I should never have dreamed of looking at on the

strength of a mere grown person's recommendation, and read to myself for pure delight and wonder.

Then on Sunday mornings, what excitement over the *Tageblatt*, with the theatrical notices for the week; for in some strange way theatre and opera over there had become a kind of ecstatic duty, — and what grief if *Siegfried* conflicted with *Carlos*, or if the plays that we absolutely must not miss ran above the one or two nights permitted by wise parents!

And be sure that it was not only of the plays that we heard from Fräulein Schmidt. I remember my introduction, stormy and splendid, to *Lenore* — the terror of the hurrying hoof-beats, the magnificent imaginative rush of the story. There was poetry, legend, fiction, — God's plenty always.

I have spoken perhaps overmuch of literature. There were plenty of other lessons under good teachers — all that we should expect at home except Greek and Latin, and others that we should not expect. But it was Fräulein Schmidt's literature that left its mark.

Of course at fifteen one did not read *Faust*, but it would be strange if that year had passed without an initiation into Goethe's tremendous masterpiece. And it did not. By its end I knew, at least as a novice, that great and terrible drama; I too had passed,

Vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle,

and back again to heaven; and when in later years I came to study *Faust*, it was as one already partly free of its mysteries. And in Fräulein Schmidt's telling, from the —

Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt,

of the great grim Prologue, to the starry clearness and beauty of the angel chorus at the close —

Wer immer strebend sich bemuht
Den können wir erlösen, —

one great note rang like a trumpet through the story, the note of heroic human striving and the unsatisfied heart of man.

I think that great story contained the keynote of her teaching. A fighter herself all her life for all good and holy things, she had no patience with milk-and-water ideals or insipid virtues. No; goodness must be militant, athletic, confident against a world in arms. It would be wrong not to tell of Fräulein Schmidt that she was more than a teacher: she was a pioneer in the Woman's Movement in Germany, and one of its most gifted speakers. One day in the class-room some one of us, little prigs, I dare say, as children are so apt to be when they are not imps, had in an answer uttered some platitude about the 'virtues' of this or that.

'Don't talk so much about the virtues, children,' Fräulein Schmidt had said with a fine note of scorn, 'Das hohe Streben' — and the deep voice thrilled and rang — 'das ist das Kennzeichen der Menschen!'

Oh, there was no Sunday-school teaching about Fräulein Schmidt. I have her picture before me as I write. I see a woman past middle age, gray-haired, capped with delicate lace, a loose dress with its white collar clasped at the throat by a heavy cameo, a woman whose every feature breathes fire, determination, life — yes, greatness! It is many years according to the flesh since Fräulein Schmidt died, but it is impossible to think of that valiant heart silenced, that indomitable spirit quenched. Somewhere surely,

In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Somewhere still she must

Strengthen the wavering line . . .
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the City of God.

But why should I look so far? Does

she not live, is she not living, wherever an old pupil, as I do here, looks back to her for inspiration, strength, sincerity, priceless gifts she can never thank her for, a touchstone only truer as the years pass? Does she not live wherever her daughters in the spirit rise up and call her blessed, wherever in Germany women are enjoying the privileges for which she made so brave a fight? Another generation is growing up there now, and these girls, thanks to her work and that of women like her, find a different Germany from that of the old days.

Ah, the memories that crowd as I try to write about that wonderful year!

There was the German Christmas. We had kept our Christmas soberly at home, and I knew rather wistfully that I was much too big for a tree. We would not go to the trouble of having one here. But this simple decision produced a ripple of something like consternation among our acquaintance.

'What! not a tree?' said our old neighbor, the Herr Professor, coming across one morning with pipe and carpet slippers, 'Weihnacht ohne Weihnachtsbaum — das existirt doch nicht!'

'No tree?' my schoolmates chorused. 'Aber, Mariechen, das ist doch zu arg!'

'What? not for our *kleines Fräulein*?' said Alma the maid, genuinely shocked.

I lifted appealing eyes.

'Well, Henry,' said my mother softly, 'perhaps as we're here —?'

And so it happened that the night before Christmas Eve my father took me to buy a tree. For here was a whole country where nobody was too big for trees, and it would have been a hard-hearted foreigner who could have held out against the infectious joy of a German Christmas.

I see that night yet: the thickly falling snow, — Frau Holle's feathers, I had been taught to call it once; the gay

shop-windows, the merry crowd; and then at last the great empty square, the familiar Augustusplatz, suddenly grown strange as a dream, sprung by miracle into a green forest of fir-trees, a veritable *Märchenwald*. Everywhere, as far as you could see, those green trees stretched, trees of all sizes, from the great spruces for churches down to baby firs such as you might pick up in your fingers and set on your table. Green lanes ran to and fro, and in those lanes twinkling lights marked little booths full of wonderful shining things of gold and silver and crystal: such stars, such balls and pendants, such magic fruits! And above all, the angels and the blessed *Christkind* for the topmost branches! What a night that was, and how proudly we came home with our treasures, — the tiny tree with its precious decorations! There never was a better Christmas. And when the tree was lighted, who should come in but Vera Ritter, Herr Ritter's clever young sister, to accompany me for the Christmas *Vorspiel*, the surprise that every German child who studies music must have ready for its parents on Christmas Eve. Oh, I was as proud that night as if I could play the *Kreutzer Sonata*!

Then there was the *Messe*, the immemorial Fair that spring and autumn filled the great squares with booths and the lesser ones with *Carrousels* and penny theatres, and the town with the motley throng who seemed the survivors of an earlier age, strays down the centuries of the great mediæval tide of wayfarers. From the ends of the earth those bare stalls levied tribute: coral and tortoise-shell from the south of Italy, yellow amber from the North Sea, carven wood from Swiss villages, and who knows what barbaric splendors from the East! All that the heart of man could covet, or his need require, was spread somewhere, it seemed, upon

those wooden boards. I remember well the *Töpfermarkt* where it was so pleasant to linger a bit on spring mornings; the old Pottery Fair that stretched half a mile down the Promenade, that pleasant green strip of park which marked the line of the old city wall; the wares, from delicate table china to the roughest and cheapest pottery, standing out unprotected under the open sky, and tended by quaint old peasant women. The walk to school was very entertaining in *Messe* time.

And as the weather grew warmer, there was such swimming in the Pleisse, a mile's walk from the city through the lovely Rosenthal, where the stream wound among green trees and fields. I have talked much of lessons, but my German friends were no muffs or digs. Else could beat me at swimming, and I had been brought up on the water; in winter they thought nothing of a ten-mile skate up the frozen river. They were normal, healthy, and happy girls, though with wider interests, a broader intelligence, and more cultivated and alert minds than our children of the same age.

But the year was sweeping by, and the time came all too soon, in spite of

the joys foreseen of the long vacation, when school was over and we must say good-by to Fräulein Schmidt.

'I don't know what else I have done or failed to do, children,' she said on one of the last days, 'but I have tried to give you a little glimpse into the great kingdom of thought — das grosse Reich der Gedanken.'

I think of that sometimes when I see a teacher, painstaking and conscientious, trying, as some one has put it, 'to draw out ideas that are n't there.'

'It is the soil that is there,' I can fancy Fräulein Schmidt saying, — 'fertilize that, plant the seed, and who knows what *Wunderblumen* may spring up?'

And then came the last day of all. There were the kind faces at the train, the dear quaint bouquets, the pleasant voices.

'Wiedersehen, Mariechen!'

'Vergiss uns nicht!'

'Komm bald zurück nach Deutschland!'

And they were long out of sight and hearing when I was still waving a limp handkerchief at the window, and trying to keep back the first tears of homesickness I had ever known.

THE SQUIRE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

THE squire was a bachelor, and lived alone in his house; therefore he was able to use the parlor and dining-room for offices. The parlor contained only a pine desk, a map, hanging 'at' the wall, as Millerstown would have said, and a dozen or so plain pine chairs. The law was administered with scant ceremony in Millerstown.

The squire sat now in the twilight in his 'back' office, which was furnished with another pine table, two chairs, and a large old-fashioned iron safe. He was clearly of a geographical turn of mind, for table, safe, and floor were littered with railroad maps and folders. The squire was about sixty years old; he had all the grave beauty which the Gaumer men acquired. Their hair did not thin as it turned gray, their smooth-shaven faces did not wrinkle. They all looked stern, but their faces brightened readily at sight of a little child or an old friend, or with amusement over some untold thought.

The squire's face glowed. He was going — his age, his inexperience, the certain disapproval of Millerstown notwithstanding — he was going round the world! He would start in a month, and thus far he had told no one but Edwin Seem, an adventurous young Millerstonian who was to leave that night for a ranch in Kansas, and whom the squire was to visit on his own journey. For thirty years he had kept Millerstown straight; there was no possible case for which his substitute would not find a precedent. Fortunately there were no trusts to be investi-

gated and reproved, and no vote-buyers or bribers to be imprisoned or fined. There were disputes of all kinds, dozens of them. There was one waiting for the squire now in the outer office; he shook his head solemnly at thought of it, as he gathered up his maps and thrust them back into the safe, that precious old safe which held the money for his journey. He had been thirty years gathering the money together.

The law might be administered in Millerstown without formality, but it was not administered without the eager attention of the citizens. Every one in the village was on hand when simple-minded Venus Stuber was indicted for stealing, or when the various dramatic scenes of the Miller-Weitzel feud were enacted. This evening's case, *Sula Myers vs. Adam Myers* for non-support, might be considered part of the Miller-Weitzel feud, since the two real principals, Sula's mother and Adam's mother, had been respectively Sally Miller and Maria Weitzel.

The air was sultry, and rain threatened. The clouds seemed to rest on the tops of the maple trees; it was only because the Millerstonians knew the rough brick pavements as they knew the palms of their hands that there were no serious falls in the darkness. They laughed as they hurried to the hearing; it was seldom that a dispute promised so richly. There was almost no one in the village who could not have been subpoenaed as a witness, so thorough was every one's knowledge of the case.

Already the real principals faced each other, glaring, under the blinding light of the squire's hanging lamp. It made no difference that Millerstown listened and chuckled or that the squire had taken his seat behind the pine desk.

'When it don't give any religion, it don't give any decent behaving. But God trieth the hearts of the righteous,' said Mrs. Myers meaningly.

She was a large, commanding woman, who had been converted in middle life to the fervent sect of the new Mennonites, and young Adam had been brought up in that persuasion. Except for his marriage, young Adam had been thus far his mother's creature, body and soul.

Sula's mother, Mrs. Hill, was large also. She took off her sunbonnet, and folded her arms as tightly as possible across her broad bosom.

'There is sometimes too much religion,' she said.

'Not in your family, Sally,' rejoined Mrs. Myers, her glance including not only Mrs. Hill and Sula, but all their sympathizers, and even Caleb Stemmel, who was supposed to be neutral.

Caleb Stemmel belonged in the same generation with the squire; his interest could be only general. Caleb did not see Mrs. Myers's scornful glance; he was watching pretty Sula, who sat close by her mother's side.

Sula looked at nobody, neither at her angry mother beside her, nor at her angry mother-in-law opposite, nor even at Adam her husband, sitting close by his mother. She wore her best clothes, her pretty summer hat, the white dress in which she had been married a year before. Even her wedding handkerchief was tucked into her belt.

Sula had been strangely excited when she dressed in the bedroom of her girlhood for the hearing. There was the prospect of getting even with her mo-

ther-in-law, with whom she had lived for a year and whom she hated; there was the prospect of seeing Adam's embarrassment; there was another reason, soothing to her pride, and as yet almost unacknowledged, even to herself.

Now, however, the glow had begun to fade, and she felt uncomfortable and distressed. She heard only dimly Mrs. Myers's attack and her mother's response. Immediately Mrs. Myers told Mrs. Hill to be quiet, and Mrs. Hill replied with equal elegance.

'You will both be quiet,' said the squire sternly. 'The court will come to order. Now, Sula, you are the one that complains; you will tell us what you want.'

Sula did not answer; she was tugging at her handkerchief. The handkerchief had been pinned fast, its loosening took time.

'It was this way,' began Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill, together.

The squire lifted his hand. 'We will wait for Sula.' He looked sternly at Mrs. Hill. 'No whispering, Sally!'

Sula's complaint came out with a burst of tears.

'He won't support me. For three months already I did n't have a cent.'

'All this time I supported her,' said her mother.

'She had a good home and would n't stay in it,' said Mrs. Myers.

The squire commanded silence again.

'Sula, you were willing to live with Adam's mother when you were married. Why are n't you now?'

'She — she would n't give me no peace. She would n't let him take me for a wedding-trip, not even to the Fair.' She repeated it as though it were the worst of all her grievances: 'Not even a wedding-trip to the Fair would he dare to take.'

Mrs. Hill burst forth again. She would have spoken if decapitation had followed.

'He gave all his money to his mom.'

'He is yet under age,' said Mrs. Myers.

Again Mrs. Hill burst forth:—

'She wanted that Sula should convert herself to the Mennonites.'

'I wanted to save her soul,' declared Mrs. Myers.

'You need n't to worry yourself about her soul,' answered Mrs. Hill. 'When you behave as well as Sula when you're young, you need n't to worry yourself about other people's souls when you get old.'

Mrs. Myers's youth had not been as strait-laced as her middle age; there was a depth of reminiscent innuendo in Mrs. Hill's remark. Millerstown laughed. It was one of the delights of these hearings that no allusion failed to be appreciated.

'Besides, I did give her money,' Mrs. Myers hastened to say.

'Yes; five cents once in a while, and I had to ask it for every time,' said Sula. 'I might as well stayed at home with my mom as get married like that.' Sula's eyes wandered about the room, and suddenly her face brightened. Her voice hardened as though some one had waved her an encouraging sign. 'I want him to support me right. I must have four dollars a week. I can't live off my mom.'

The squire turned for the first time to the defendant.

'Well, Adam, what have you to say?'

Adam had not glanced toward his wife. He sat with bent head, staring at the floor, his face crimson. He was a slender fellow, he looked even younger than his nineteen years.

'I did my best,' he said miserably.

'Can't you make a home for her alone, Adam?'

'No.'

'How much do you earn?'

'About seven dollars a week. Sometimes ten.'

'Other people in Millerstown live on that.'

'But I have nothing to start, no furniture or anything.'

'Your mother will surely give you something, and Sula's mother.' The squire looked commandingly at Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill. 'It is better for young ones to begin alone.'

'I have nothing to spare,' said Mrs. Myers stiffly.

'I would n't take any of your things,' blazed Sula. 'I would n't use any of your things, or have any of your things.'

'You knew how much he had when you married him,' said Mrs. Myers calmly. 'You need n't have run after him.'

'Run after him!' cried Sula. It was the climax of sordid insult. They had been two irresponsible children mating as birds mate, with no thought for the future. It was not true that she had run after him. She burst into loud crying. 'If you and your son begged me on your knees to come back, I would n't.'

'Run after him!' echoed Sula's mother. 'I had almost to take the broom to him at ten o'clock to get him to go home!'

Adam looked up quickly. For the moment he was a man. He spoke as hotly as his mother; his warmth startled even his pretty wife.

'It is n't true, she never ran after me.'

He looked down again; he could not quarrel, he had heard nothing but quarreling for months. It made no difference to him what happened. A plan was slowly forming in his mind. Edwin Seem was going West; he would go too, away from mother and wife alike.

'She can come and live in the home I can give her or she can stay away,' he said sullenly, knowing that Sula would never enter his mother's house.

The squire turned to Sula once more,

He had been staring at the back of the room, where Caleb Stemmel's keen, selfish face moved now into the light, now back into the shadow. On it was a strange expression, a hungry gleam of the eyes, a tightening of the lips, an eager watching of the girlish figure in the white dress. The squire knew all the gossip of Millerstown, and he knew many things which Millerstown did not know. He had known Caleb Stemmel for fifty years. But it was incredible that Caleb Stemmel with all his wickedness should have any hand in this.

The squire bent forward.

'Sula, look at me. You are Adam's wife. You must live with him. Won't you go back?'

Sula looked about the room once more. Sula would do nothing wrong — yet. It was with Caleb Stemmel that her mother advised, it was Caleb Stemmel who came evening after evening to sit on the porch. Caleb Stemmel was a rich man even if he was old enough to be her father, and it was many months since any one else had told Sula that her hat was pretty or her dress becoming.

Now, with Caleb's eyes upon her, she said the little speech which had been taught her, the speech which set Millerstown gasping, and sent the squire leaping to his feet, furious anger on his face. Neither Millerstown nor the squire, English as they had become, was yet entirely of the world.

'I will not go back,' said pretty Sula lightly. 'If he wants to apply for a divorce, he can.'

'Sula!' cried the squire.

He looked about once more. On the faces of Sula's mother and Caleb Stemmel was complacency, on the face of Mrs. Myers astonished approval, on the faces of the citizens of Millerstown — except the very oldest — there was amazement, but no dismay. There had

never been a divorce in Millerstown; persons quarreled, sometimes they separated, sometimes they lived in the same house without speaking to each other for months and years, but they were not divorced. Was this the beginning of a new order?

If there were to be a new order, it would not come during the two months before the squire started on his long journey! He shook his fist, his eyes blazing.

'There is to be no such threatening in this court,' he cried; 'and no talking about divorce while I am here. Sula! Maria! Sally! Are you out of your heads?'

'There are higher courts,' said Mrs. Hill.

Millerstown gasped visibly at her defiance. To its further amazement, the squire made no direct reply. Instead he went toward the door of the back office.

'Adam,' he commanded, 'come here.'

Adam rose without a word, to obey. He had some respect for the majesty of the law.

'Sula, you come, too.'

For an instant Sula held back.

'Don't you do it, Sula,' said her mother.

'Sula!' said the squire; and Sula, too, rose.

'Don't you give up,' commanded her mother. Then she got to her feet. 'I'm going in there, too.'

Again the squire did not answer. He presented instead the effectual response of a closed and locked door.

The back office was as dark as a pocket. The squire took a match from the safe, and lit the lamp. Behind them the voices of Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill answered each other with antiphonal regularity. Adam stood by the window; Sula advanced no farther than the door. The squire spoke sharply.

'Adam!'

Adam turned from the window.

'Sula!'

Sula looked up. She had always held the squire in awe; now, without the support of her mother's elbow and Caleb Stemmell's eyes, she was badly frightened. Moreover, it seemed to her suddenly that the thing she had said was monstrous. The squire frightened her no further. He was now gentleness itself.

'Sula,' he said, 'you did n't mean what you said in there, did you?'

Sula burst into tears, not of anger but of wretchedness.

'You'd say anything, too, if you had to stand the things I did.'

'Sit down, both of you,' commanded the squire. 'Now, Adam, what are you going to do?'

Adam hid his face in his hands. The other room had been a torture-chamber. 'I don't know.' Then, at the squire's next question, he lifted his head suddenly. It seemed as if the squire had read his soul.

'When is Edwin Seem going West?'

'To-night.'

'How would you like to go with him?'

'He wanted me to. He could get me a place with good wages. But I could n't save even the fare in half a year.'

'Suppose' — the squire hesitated, then stopped, then went on again — 'suppose I should give you the money?'

'Give me the money!'

'Yes, lend it to you?'

A red glow came into Adam's face. 'I would go to-night.'

'And Sula?' said the squire.

'I would —' The boy was young, too young to have learned despair from only one bitter experience. Besides, he had not seen Caleb Stemmell's eyes. 'I would send for her when I could.'

The squire made a rapid reckoning. He did not dare to send the boy away with less than a hundred dollars, and it

would take a long while to replace it. He could not, *could not* send Sula, too, no matter how much he hated divorce, no matter how much he feared Caleb Stemmell's influence over her, no matter how much he loved Millerstown and every man, woman, and child in it. If he sent Sula, it would mean that he might never start on his own journey. He looked down at her, as she sat drooping in her chair.

'What do you say, Sula?'

Sula looked up at him. It might have been the thought of parting which terrified her, or the recollection of Caleb Stemmell.

'Oh, I would try,' she said faintly; 'I would try to do what is right. But they are after me all the time — and — and —' Her voice failed, and she began to cry.

The squire swung open the door of the old safe.

'You have ten minutes to catch the train,' he said gruffly. 'You must hurry.'

Adam laid a shaking hand on the girl's shoulder. It was the first time he had been near her for weeks.

'Sula,' he began wretchedly.

The squire straightened up. He had pulled out from the safe a roll of bills. With it came a mass of brightly colored pamphlets which drifted about on the floor.

'Here,' he said, 'I mean both of you, of course.'

'I am to go, too?' cried Sula.

'Of course,' said the squire. 'Edwin will look after you.'

'In this dress?' said Sula.

'Yes, now run.'

For at least ten minutes more the eager company in the next room heard the squire's voice go on angrily. Each mother was complacently certain that he was having no effect on her child.

'He is telling her she ought to be ashamed of herself,' said Mrs. Myers.

'He is telling him he is such a mother-baby,' responded Mrs. Hill. 'She will not go back to him while the world stands.'

'The righteous shall be justified, and the wicked shall be condemned,' said Mrs. Myers.

Suddenly the squire's monologue ended with a louder burst of oratory. The silence which followed frightened Mrs. Hill.

'Let me in!' she demanded, rapping on the door.

'This court shall be public, not private,' cried Mrs. Myers.

She thrust Mrs. Hill aside and knocked more loudly, at which imperative summons the squire appeared. He stood for an instant with his back to the door, the bright light shining on his handsome face. Seeing him appear alone, the two women stood still and stared.

'Where is he?' asked Mrs. Myers.

'Where is she?' demanded Mrs. Hill.

The squire's voice shook.

'There is to be no divorcing in Millerstown yet awhile,' he announced.

'Where is he?' cried Mrs. Myers.

'Where is she?' shrieked Mrs. Hill.

The squire smiled. The parting blast of the train whistle, screaming as if in triumph, echoed across the little town. They had had abundance of time to get aboard.

'He is with her, where he should be,' he answered Mrs. Myers, 'and she is with him, where she should be,' he said to Mrs. Hill, 'and both are together.' This time it seemed that he was addressing all of Millerstown. In reality he was looking straight at Caleb Stemmel.

'You m-m-mean that —' stammered Mrs. Myers.

'What *do* you mean?' demanded Mrs. Hill.

'I mean,' — and now the squire was grinning broadly, — 'I mean they are taking a wedding-trip.'

THE TRAIL OF THE PLUME-HUNTER

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY

ALL the morning we plodded the level stretch of sand and sage in the heat that danced and quivered over the floor of the valley. In the afternoon we reached the base of the high headland that cuts like the prow of a huge ocean liner into the heart of Harney Valley. The trail led straight over a shaded-off pile of boulders, and zigzagged up the slope.

'What a day for rattlesnakes!' panted my companion, as he paused to mop his face.

I was on the point of answering, when a gray streak flashed almost under my feet. I heard a swish that sent fear shivering through every nerve in my body. I thought the grandfather of all big rattlers had struck me in forty places at once, as with a thundering whirl the sage-hen broke from cover and sailed down the slope.

The rest of the winding trail I trod with trembling and cautious step. When we reached the summit, we gladly swung the cameras from our backs.

The whole valley rolled out before us. Off to the south lay the land of our quest, the marshes of the Malheur. The wide wastes were silent in the summer sun, hazy, far away, mysterious.

When a boy, I had watched the wedges of geese cutting southward each autumn, and the other flocks of wild fowl winging silently on their way. Each spring I saw the bands returning. How these sights kindled my imagination, these processions, so full of mystery, that moved up and down the highway of the clouds! The land where these flocks lived lured me like the 'castles in Spain.' It was a lure I have never forgotten; it was deeper than childish fancy. Now, after many years of waiting, I stood looking out over this land of innumerable flocks, that had lain far beyond the northern rim of my home hills.

It must be a part of Nature's plan to mould each person with individual tastes, and give him a hobby of his own. She mothered the Anglo-Saxon. She breathed into his nostrils the breath of the wild outdoors. She led him to adventure. His spirit thrived and waxed strong in cruising unknown rivers, in exploring untraversed lands, in luring elusive fish, and in trailing wild animals. But the olden days have long passed. Nature has seen man take advantage of her wild creatures by his innumerable inventions. She sees him to-day, like a mythological god, able to slay from afar with his bolts, for the hunt has long ceased to be a game of fair play.

The satisfaction of life is in the living, not in death, which is said to bring its reward. So in the chase. The camera tests the mettle more than the gun. Success is more difficult. Reward is more lasting. It is truer sport. Where once there was the desire to possess the skin of every bird, one finds himself set with eagerness to photograph

these creatures at home, and the fancy grows so strong that it fastens one's soul in a grip that makes the hobby an essential part of his life's aim.

For the past ten years we had spent every summer season hunting with the camera. We had studied and pictured some of the rarest and wildest of western birds. During all this time we had a longing to photograph one bird, one of a species that science has called *candidissima*, divinely fair. One summer we hunted in southern California, where these birds formerly nested. Another summer we explored the great Klamath marshes of southern Oregon. We cruised up Klamath River, circled Lower Klamath Lake twice, paddled down Lost River, and traversed Tule or Rhett Lake from end to end. We sloshed through mucky flats of alkali, waded treacherous mosquito-infested bogs, all because we were eager to study and photograph the white heron at home in the marsh.

'You nevaire git dose w'ite cranes 'less right away. Ah've seen t'ousans dose long w'ites; dey all gone,' an old trapper had told me.

After several years of wandering, I began to think that his words were true. We had hunted where one might think no human being had ever been, but long before we had traveled over these apparently unknown regions, plumers had preceded us. We followed in their trails. We camped where they had camped. We had traveled hundreds of miles, exploring the haunts where white herons used to live, but up to the summer of 1908 we had not seen a single one of these birds.

The white-heron colony in the willows at Clear Lake had been shot out a few days in advance of us in the summer of 1905. When we reached the Big Bend Ranch, one of the cowboys told me he had heard 'poppin' like a Chiny New Year festival,' along the

north shore of Tule Lake. Shooting at this season could mean nothing but plume-hunting.

'Were they after white herons or grebes?' I asked.

'They used to be some white cranes down there, and they might be a few left,' he replied.

It was almost hoping against hope to find a white heron in this locality, but the next morning we bought a week's provisions, and set out down Lost River to see what we could find. We camped that night in an abandoned stack-yard near the mouth of the river. We poled on down the lake several miles till we came to the wreck of an old cabin on a grass island, *sans* doors, *sans* windows and a part of the roof.

Climbing out over the bow of the boat into the shallow water, we dragged her to shore and entered the cabin. The empty shells and feathers scattered about the ashes of the camp-fire told me it was where the grebe-hunters had camped. At the side of the cabin I picked up the end of a broken paddle. It was marked with a peculiar brand that joined the two letters H. A. On the smooth surface were some numbers, 267, 22-, 208, and other figures that added up to over twelve hundred. Fifty feet from the ashes of the camp-fire, I found the skinning place. A square chunk of wood had served for a chopping-block. I saw three piles of wings each of which would have filled a washtub; enough others were scattered about to make a cartload. Here were the bodies of dead grebes tossed aside after the plumage had been stripped from their breasts. Each was marked by a buzzing throng of flies that swarmed up at our approach and settled back. On the left I counted a hundred rotting carcasses in one place. All the winds of heaven could hardly ventilate such a spot. I turned back, sickened at the sight.

Out through the tules where we had expected to find birds thick about their floating homes, we began to find deserted nests. Along both sides of a narrow slough, in a space of fifty yards, I counted forty-seven platform homes. Most of these were deserted. In some I saw eggs never to be hatched. Beside several nests I picked up dead grebe chicks that had climbed out in search of food dead parents could never bring. I saw other homes where young grebes were starving and burning to death in the sun. Gray chicks were piping faintly for food. Worst of all were sights that brought the tears. I saw a grebe mother that had been shot, and not been found by the plume-hunters, — a mother lying dead beside her home. In a small bunch of tules I saw a grebe baby trying to crawl under a dead mother's wing, — cold, helpless, starving. I can hear him yet.

Thus it was that we saw the passing of the great grebe colony along the northern end of Tule Lake. It was not the first colony of birds we had seen annihilated, but it left a deeper impression than any such sight I had seen before, or have seen since. Many another colony of grebes, terns, and white herons has met the same fate in this extensive marsh region.

There were many lakes farther to the east. Most promising, as our last chance for the white heron, were Malheur and Harney lakes, two hundred miles away. When we had failed in the Klamath country in 1905, we had made a resolve to try the marshes of the Malheur.

Three years had now passed since we hunted the Klamath. Our longing to visit the Malheur country had at last been gratified. Two weeks ago we had landed at the Dalles, and had covered a stretch of almost four hundred miles. Here we were standing on the high head-land looking out over the

land of our quest. Here spread at our feet was a domain for wild fowl unsurpassed in the United States.

This is historic ground for the bird man. In the early seventies the well-known ornithologist, the late Captain Charles Bendire, was stationed at Camp Harney on the southern slope of the Blue Mountains, straight across the valley from where we stood. He gave us the first account of the bird-life in this region. He saw the wonderful sights of the nesting multitudes. He told of the colonies of white herons that lived in the willows along the lower Silvies River. There was the river itself winding across the valley through sage, rye-grass flats, and tule marshes, its trail marked by a growth of willow and alder.

Two days ago we had followed this trail, and searched out these places to photograph the white heron. As we approached the trees, said to be alive with birds, all was silent.

'We're on the wrong trail again,' my companion had suggested; but pushing through the willows, I saw big nests in the trees on both sides of the river. Strange to say, not a single bird! I clambered up to one of the lower nests, and found a rough platform of sticks upon which lay the bleached bones of two herons. I climbed another and another. Each home was a funeral pyre.

'Epidemic?' said my companion.

'Yes, of plume-hunters!' I retorted.

Here was a great cemetery in the silence of the marsh. But one nest was inhabited. A long-eared owl was in possession, sitting on five eggs. As we approached, she spread her wings, and left without a sound. Ill-omened creature brooding eggs and bones!

Standing here high above the valley, with my field-glass I picked out the very spot of this great bird-masacre that we had visited.

'I hope we find no more like that,' said my companion as he tightened the camera-straps about his shoulders, and started off down the trail toward the lake.

We were both confident that somewhere down in that distant sea of green tules, we could find at least one place where white herons were nesting.

From a distance the marsh was a deceptive, level sea of green. The ocean surface tells nothing of a thousand hidden wonders; so the marsh. The charm is in the untrodden stretches. The plain yields to the plough, the forest to the axe, but I hope the unmeasured extent of the tules will defy civilization to the end. It looked like a primeval wilderness, as wild as when the first white man blazed a trail into the Oregon forest. I knew that hunters and trappers plied the streams and the waters of the lake itself. But the tules looked untouched, a maze that was forbidding, impenetrable.

On the south side of the lake, at the site of the historical old Sod House, a large spring rises at the base of the gravelly hill, and winds out through the meadow-land. For a mile it meanders along till it comes to the main part of the tule marsh, — thousands of floating islands between which flow narrow channels that are endless in their windings. The main body of the lake is still a mile beyond the place where the spring branch enters the tule jungle. The tules grow from eight to twelve feet high, so that when one enters the mass, he has no landmarks, unless, perchance, he can read signs in the heavens above.

We launched our flat-bottomed boat in the spring branch and set out, anxious to get the lay of the land and see some of the birds. We passed from the spring branch into the serpentine meanderings among the tules.

In one place I heard a pair of sora

rails chattering anxiously. We shoved the nose of the boat into the tule mass that covered the water like an immense haycock. As I crawled out over the bow and stepped on the springy mass, the footing seemed safe, for I did not sink in above my shoes. One needed a pair of snowshoes to walk on the surface. By throwing myself forward, and gathering under me an armful of buoyant tules, I made my way for twenty feet, with the excited pair of rails leading me on. Suddenly I struck a weak place in the tule floor that let me drop into the muck beyond my middle. With the aid of an oar that was thrown me, I struggled back to the boat.

We were now in danger of losing our way. A little farther on I left my handkerchief on top of a bunch of tules for a sign-post. Still farther I stuck up a pole we had in the boat to mark our way back.

'We'll pick these up on our return,' I said.

We swung around a tule island, working back in the direction from which we had come.

'I am beginning to lose my bearings,' said my companion. But I had already lost mine.

My first trip to Boston, that took me underground, overground, and up and down crooked streets, was as clear as wandering down a country lane in comparison to the embarrassment I felt when I tried to find my way in the narrow, walled-in Venetian streets that circled these islands like a maze for about ten miles east and west.

'The thing to do is to go back over the same track we came,' I ventured; so we immediately turned about and spent the rest of the afternoon in trying to do it, but we never saw the handkerchief or the pole again.

We had no food, nothing to drink but alkali water, and were wet, with no

chance of getting dry, so we had to find our way out. The sun was setting, so we knew east from west. We paddled as nearly as possible in the direction in which we had come. When at last we reached the end of a blind channel where the foundation of the tules seemed firmer, we decided to cut for shore by the shortest route. We floundered through the tules, sinking in the black muck of the marsh for some distance. We were suddenly confronted by a deep slough.

'Even the old tub of a boat looks better than this,' said my companion.

We turned back again.

As the clumsy craft floated out into the channel, and I sat straddling the bow, dangling my feet in the water to get rid of the mud, it seemed as if Nature had surely done her best to make the tule swamp unfit for man. The rails ran lightly through the jungle, the blue herons stood fishing in the marginal water, the red-wings and tule wrens clung to the swaying stems, the muskrats paddled homeward with tails waving contentedly to and fro; they all had places to sleep.

Darkness settled over the marsh. The stars glittered, the wind whispered in the tule-tops, the birds were asleep.

It was almost noon the next day when by chance we struck the channel that led us out of the maze, and back to camp. We had learned the art of blazing a trail that we could follow through the tules, and after resting a day from our initial efforts, we outfitted for a week's trip, and set out down the spring branch. This time we kept a straight course to the north until we reached the main body of the lake. All day long we hunted and watched the birds, lining them with our field-glasses as they flew back and forth over the lake. We saw no signs of white herons. We knew of no way out, where we could strike a camping spot, without

returning the way we had come. As night came on, we located a good big muskrat house.

I never knew just what a muskrat was good for till I crawled out rather gingerly upon the roof of this house. I flattened the top. It made a raft large enough for both of us to stretch out upon. As we could n't sleep in the boat, we spread our blankets on the rat-house. The question uppermost was, how long the dwelling would float with such heavy tenants on the roof.

'If the rats decided to remove the underpinning in the night, the laugh would be on us,' I said.

However, the rat-house lasted till daylight; but after spending the night somewhat in suspense in such wobbly, incommodious quarters, I crawled out of my blankets and by a misstep slipped into the cold muck to my middle.

That day we found a colony where the great blue heron nested. White herons were formerly common here, both species nesting together. Not a single white bird left!

We returned at night to our rat quarters, but the roof was several inches out of plumb. We slept till about two o'clock in the morning, when it began to rain. We were in the predicament of having too much water above as well as below. Covering our boat and equipment with canvas, we arranged a small cover for ourselves. We spent the rest of the night sitting back to back with knees up and toes out, wondering why we were not built like muskrats.

The morning of the third day the muskrat house showed wear. We cut a lot of dry tules, and tried to patch the roof, but one side began to sink, so we set out hunting for another flat.

We spent the next four days hunting here and there through the vast extent of tule islands and water, searching

and keeping watch all day, trying to find white herons. Late one afternoon we came to a place where another big colony of blue herons was nesting. We had been seeking this place. Malheur Lake is divided into several parts by the long lines of tule islands. We were in the northern part. The colony was on two long tule islands that lined up with Pine Knob and the east end of Wright's Point. On the north end is a big cane-brake.

We sat in the boat at the edge of the cane-brake, and watched the big birds as they sailed over, dropped in, and departed. We were tired from the long day's search. I did not then know the story as I know it now; but hidden in the end of this cane-brake a hunter had had his blind, ten years before.

That summer of 1898 was eventful in white-heron history here on Malheur Lake. Early in the season two men had arrived at Narrows, bought lumber, and built a flat-bottomed, double-ended boat. They set out from Narrows with a small outfit. They fought mosquitoes day and night as we had, they drank the alkali water, they slept in the boat or on muskrat houses while they hunted up and down the waters of the lake and the tule islands. They saw the great flocks of white pelicans, cormorants, terns, gulls, grebes and other birds. They saw the white herons in slow stately flight wherever they went, but it was not till after several days that they located the big colony here on the island by the cane-brake, the greatest colony they had ever seen. What a sight it must have been, thousands of these birds, dazzling white in the sun, coming and going from the feeding grounds, and hovering over their homes!

On all sides were the homes, built up a foot or two from the surface, each having three or four frowsy-headed youngsters or as many eggs. At each

end of the colony a plumer sat hidden in his blind. At the first crack of the gun, a great snowy bird tumbled headlong near its nest. As the shot echoed across the lake, it sounded the doom of the heron colony. Terror-stricken, on every side white wings flapped, till the air was completely filled. Shot followed shot unremittingly as the minutes passed into hours. Still the heron mothers came to hover over this scene of death and destruction. Mother-love was but the lure to slaughter.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, the day's shoot ended. It took the rest of the day for the hunters to collect the dead and take the plumes. Stripping the plumes is rapid work. It takes but a slash of the knife across the middle of the back, a cut down each side, and a swift jerk.

Long after dark the plumers heard the steady quacking clatter of young herons crying to be fed. Far into the night, hoarse croaks sounded over the still lake, greetings of those birds that had spent the day fishing in distant swamps. It argued good shooting again for the morrow.

The second day was a repetition of the first. Heron numbers thinned rapidly. Here on these two islands, the plumers harvested a crop that yielded twelve hundred dollars in a day and a half. They collected a load of plumes worth their weight in gold. Were the California days of '49 much better?

Malheur has seen many such massacres, but none so great as that. Little

did we know of these facts as we sat watching the blue herons coming and going, expecting to find at least a few white herons somewhere about the locality.

The next day a heavy thunder-shower blew up from the south. We had no way of escaping its fury, so we took the drenching as cheerfully as possible. We did n't care much, for although we were wet half the time, we did n't seem to catch cold. We were rapidly reaching that stage of muskrat existence where a condition of watersoak was a part of our normal environment.

The following day we found the biggest colony of gulls and white pelicans I have ever seen. It was the sight of a lifetime. As we approached, out came a small delegation to meet us. When we got up to the colony, the whole city turned out in our honor. I have seen big bird-colonies before, but never one like this. I was so excited I tripped over one of the oars, and fell overboard with three plate-holders in my hand.

After hunting for seven days we returned to camp for more provisions, and set out to visit another part of the lake. This time we stayed out for nine days, and saw — two white herons! At the time we thought these must be part of a group that nested somewhere about the lake; yet more likely they were a single stray bird that came our way twice. I am satisfied that of the thousands of white herons formerly nesting on Malheur, not a single pair of birds is left.

THE HILL O' DREAMS

BY HELEN LANYON

My grief! for the days that's by an' done,
When I was a young girl straight an' tall,
Comin' alone at set o' sun,
Up the high hill-road from Cushendall.
I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to the feet;
For the thrushes sang in the deep green glen,
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng,
And many a dream as I never told,
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,
Or at seein' a whin bush crowned with gold.
And always I'd look back at the say,
Or the turn o' the road shut out the sight
Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,
As many would call a prudent choice,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a changin' voice;
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a King's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The way seems weary now to my feet,
An' miles bes many, an' dreams bes few;
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do,
An' I'm that tired at the top o' the hill,
That I have n't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

MISS MARTINEAU AND THE CARLYLES

BY FRANCIS BROWN

IN 1838 my father, a young man of twenty-five, who had grown up among men of letters in New England, went abroad and stayed for two years. Persons attracted him quite as much as places, and he had many pleasant opportunities of meeting literary people. Through his own correspondence, and the kindness of friends who knew his tastes, there came into his possession, then and afterward, a number of notable autographs which remained among his papers at his death. The following letter from Miss Martineau to Mrs. Carlyle is the one of most general interest among them. I do not know, with certainty, how it reached him, but it was very probably given to him by Mrs. Carlyle herself. He carried an introduction to Mr. Carlyle from Mr. Emerson, and was repeatedly at the house in Cheyne Row during the winter of 1839-40. His collection includes several notes addressed to Carlyle, — one from Thackeray, and more than one from Monckton Milnes, — and it is reasonable to suppose that they all came to him from the Carlyles direct. I regret that I did not secure exact information on these matters when it was still within reach.

Miss Martineau's letter is written on a single sheet, and covers a little more than three pages and a half. The last page was exposed in folding, and bears the address 'Mrs. Carlyle,' — nothing more; there is also no post-mark. It would appear to have been conveyed by hand from Newcastle, or inclosed in some other parcel.

A letter from Harriet Martineau is not an everyday affair. She wrote many, but it was not her will that they should be preserved, and she probably had her way, for the most part. Few of them have seen the light, fewer still, or none, without censorship. There is something of the literary treasure, therefore, about a letter from her, written in the intimacy of friendship, with the freedom and brightness and ease of her earlier years; written to the Carlyles, and about them; chatting also of James Martineau and John Sterling and Emerson, — to say nothing of the side glimpse at Darwin. The letter itself follows: —

NEWCASTLE, Nov^r 13th

DEAR FRIEND: —

In gratitude for your exceedingly welcome letter, I take a whole sheet, though without any idea of being able to fill it. If you love me, don't stand upon reciprocity, but write to me again soon & lengthily. I sh^d not ask it if you had not told me that you are well enough 'for all practical purposes,' & if I were not quite the contrary. Indeed, your letter made me very thankful & merry, but also very greedy after another. It made me downright angry, too, — not with you, but with your 'unbelieving Thos' — that you left L-pool without knowing James. I don't know what he will say, considering what he has said to me about the 'French Revolution.' But I say that you have not only defrauded him of a great pleasure, & perhaps of a friend-

ship, but yourselves of the knowledge of a true, hard-working man, sincere as the day-light, gladsome as the lark, — pious in his vocation, as you found, & of unsurpassed holiness in his daily life. His learning is considerable, but we almost forget that in more important things. He is not a bit a believer in the universal unhappiness theory, however; — he is so very happy himself that I don't know how such a belief c^d make a lodgment in him. He has a strong-minded, helpful, adoring wife, (to whom he was engaged for 7 years) & 6 children, of fine promise in every way; &, in spite of his boldness in opinion & speech, never was man more beloved by his neighbours. So the loss is mutual. It *does* vex me. When I think how nearly you were setting foot in that paradise of a home of his, it seems almost worse than if you had never seen him.

Don't flatter yourselves that I am a bit nearer being converted to your gen^l unhappiness notions for being ill & idle. I find it no burden at present, tho' I dare say I shall when I get worse, w^h I must do before I am better. Perhaps I may then send you a wail w^h may be very consolatory to your opinions; but I have nothing of the sort ready at present. We are rejoicing over the departure of the measles, w^h have been the round of the children, & I have been writing today to decline spending next week at Lambton Castle,¹ to meet the Duke of Sussex, (w^h w^d have been very amusing if I had been able) & now we are settling down into a state of quiet from tomorrow till Xmas.

You may not think so, but I am made for quiet and passivity, & enjoy idleness and the sofa to excess. I went out on Monday, just to my grandmother's, who is in affliction; but it agreed so ill with me, that I put by

¹ The seat of her friend Lord Durham.

my bonnet for another two months, if I am allowed to have my own way.

I am delighted to hear of Citoyenne. Make Darwin get a new horse, before he gets his name up or his limbs broken in Pimlico. Is not John Sterling's health much better, married as he is, & reviewing Carlyle? I admire much in that article, — espec^y the intrepidity, & whole temper of his *dissent*, & much of the ground thereof. I need not say how I relish the parts that are the furthest from dissent. But *why* can't such people say their say without affectation? If they are so delighted with Göthe's translucent style, so simple as to be almost an imperceptible medium of thought, why do they write as nobody w^d ever think of speaking, & in a way w^h nobody w^d ever think of listening to without some very strong inducement? I was very nearly throwing down that review during the first 3 pp; & then what a loss I sh^d have had (through *his* fault, I vow) of all the power & all the love that went on conquering the affectation to the end! Talking of this fashion of style, I have heard of Emerson today. He is writing a book & also preparing to lecture this winter, on *Plain Speaking*, — a new topic in Boston, one may think.

I had better not begin sending love, or I shall burden you with messages. I shall write to Mr^s Wedgwood soon. My kindest regards to Mr. Carlyle. His promise of writing seems, as you bemoaners might say, 'too good to be true.' But, mind, *I* never use that phrase, w^h, I suppose, passes your lips every day. Nor do I even think it too good to be true that I may be sitting in your chimney-corner, some day. If not so, you will not, I know, forget the days when that was my place; nor shall I, I think, wherever I may be. But I really expect to be there again, in course of time. You will not visit me in my study again. We have notice to quit

(at Michaelmas) as the old street is coming down. Of course we don't know, & cannot guess where we shall be next, till we see how I am in the Spring. I shall be sorry for the unroofing of that little study, where I & others have thought & enjoyed many things.

I *must* leave off; so good-bye. I cd tell you some nice things of the people I am with, but for your walking straight away from James. You wd do the same with my ownies here, I suppose, — & more especially because you will never hear them *preach*. Good-night! God bless you both!

Yours ever,

H. MARTINEAU.

The year is missing, but internal evidence points decisively to 1839. Miss Martineau writes from Newcastle, and we know that she left Newcastle March 16, 1840, after spending six months there in her sister's home. She is fresh from Sterling's review of Carlyle, which can be nothing else than his article on *The French Revolution*. The book had appeared in 1837. Sterling's article was written at Clifton in the spring of 1839, and published in the *Westminster Review* that same year. James Martineau, then in Liverpool, had six children at the time of the letter, and his sixth child was born September 13, 1839. 'Citoyenne' was a mare given to the author of *The French Revolution* by Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, in the summer of 1839. Carlyle himself probably had this letter in mind when he wrote to his mother (November 25, 1839), 'Miss Martineau is in Newcastle, ill, for the winter.'

Literary criticism needs no further proof. The only discrepancy with known facts relates to Emerson's lectures. The actual subject of his lecture-course in the winter of 1839-40 was 'The Present Age.' But the course

did not begin till December 4, while Emerson's letter to Miss Martineau must have been written in October, and he may have changed the title in the interval.

In view of Miss Martineau's stern purpose — formed long after this — of suppressing all early expressions of her feeling and character, one would feel guilty in publishing this letter, but for its revelation of a side of her which has been too little known; but for its geniality and tenderness, its sympathy and appreciation, its warmth and its cheerful fortitude. The common notion of Harriet Martineau has little appealing charm. She is thought of — by most of those who think of her at all — as strong, severe, angular, imperious, erratic in thought, and dogmatic in the expression of thought; as a woman of gifts, whose varied intellectual and spiritual life insisted on thrusting its least lovely phases into public view. Nothing that she wrote will live. She has not won her way, and she has failed to win it, not only, and perhaps not mainly, because of the ephemeral philosophies to which, under unfortunate conditions, she almost perversely lent herself, but also because of a certain repellent hardness, a failure in constructive imagination and sympathetic truth, which seem to argue her, after all, something less than a woman. This has always been combated by the friends she kept, but their testimony has not been able to overcome the prejudice. Yet they must have been right, after all. She has been thought unwomanly, and the very charm of this letter is in its womanliness. It is intellectual, — eagerly so. Its interests are those of thought and literature. But they are also those of the heart, — of the family, even the nursery. There is a glow of affectionateness, turn the page which way you will. The kindly humor reaches gay-

ety, but there is no sharpness at all. She speaks of illness, but she writes in visible health of mind and soul. With what fearless good-nature she pokes fun at the pessimism of Carlyle's view of the world! With what affectionate insistence she upbraids him for his failure to take the opportunity of knowing her brother! How she clings to those she loves! Here we have the real great-hearted woman, and the later perversions are shown to be perversions of what was in its true substance both strong and beautiful.

The friendship with the Carlyles displayed in the letter is borne out by all we know of this period in their lives. In her *Autobiography* Miss Martineau says, 'No kind of evening was more delightful to me than those which were spent with the Carlyles.' And again: 'I like the house [in Cheyne Row] for no other reason than that I spent many very pleasant evenings in it; but it has now become completely associated with the marvellous talk of both husband and wife.'

In her diary, of 'Wednesday 13' (the month is not given; the year must have been 1837), she says, 'Walked to Chelsea to dine with the Carlyles. Found her looking pretty in a black velvet high dress and blond collar. She and I had a nice feminine gossip for two hours before dinner, about divers domestic doings of literary people, which really seem almost to justify the scandal with which literary life is assailed. The Carlyles are true sensible people, who know what domestic life ought to be.'

There was cordiality, also, on the side of the Carlyles. The acquaintance began in November, 1836. November 20, Carlyle writes to his mother, 'Two or three days ago there came here to call on us a Miss Martineau. . . . She pleased us far beyond expectation; she is very intelligent-looking, really of pleasant countenance; was full of talk,

tho' unhappily deaf almost as a post, so that you have to speak to her through an ear-trumpet. I think she must be some five-and-thirty. As she professes very "favourable sentiments" towards this side of the street, I mean to cultivate the acquaintance, and see whether it will lead to aught.'

For two or three years there is repeated mention of her. March 6, 1837, Mrs. Carlyle wrote to Mrs. Aitken: 'She is distinctly good-looking, warm-hearted even to a pitch of romance, witty as well as wise, very entertaining and entertainable, in spite of the deadening and killing appendage of an ear-trumpet, and finally, as "our Mother" used to finish off a good character, "very fond of me."'

In some of Mr. Carlyle's earlier references to her there is a touch of amusement, not unfriendly, only now and then amounting to gentle ridicule. His warmest long paragraph about her that has appeared occurs in a letter to Emerson of June 1, 1837:—

'Miss Martineau's Book on America is out, here and with you. I have read it for the good Authoress' sake, whom I love much. She is one of the strangest phenomena to me. A genuine little Poetess, buckramed, swathed like a mummy into Socinian and Political-Economy formulas; and yet verily alive in the inside of that! "God has given a Prophet to every People in its own speech," say the Arabs. Even the English Unitarians were one day to have their Poet, and the best that could be said for them was to be said. I admire this good lady's integrity, sincerity; her quick sharp discernment to the depth it goes: her love also is great; nay, in fact it is too great: the host of illustrious obscure mortals whom she produces on you, of Preachers, Pamphleteers, Anti-slavers, Able Editors, and other Atlases bearing (unknown to us) the world on their shoul-

ders, is absolutely more than enough. What they say to her Book here I do not well know. I fancy the general reception will be good, and even brilliant.'

This is friendly and yet keen and just. But the following have a slightly malicious flavor:—

'25 Sept. 1838: I read your paragraph to Miss Martineau; she received it, as she was bound, with a good grace. But I doubt, I doubt, O Ralph Waldo Emerson, thou hast not been sufficiently ecstatic about her, — thou graceless exception, confirmatory of rule! In truth there *are* bores, of the first and of all lower magnitudes. Patience, and shuffle the cards.'

'15 Nov. 1838: Harriet Martineau is coming hither this evening; with beautiful enthusiasm for the Blacks and others. She is writing a Novel. The first American book proved generally rather wearisome, the second *not* so; we since have been taught (not I) "How to observe." Suppose you and I promulgate a treatise next, "How to see"? The old plan was to have a pair of *eyes* first of all, and then to open them, and endeavour with your whole strength to *look*. The good Harriet!'

Intercourse might continue on friendly terms, even while little half-treacheries of this sort were going on, but perhaps intimacy could not maintain itself indefinitely on any terms between natures so outspoken, so self-insistent, and so exacting; on the one side such seriousness in all enthusiasms, and yet such deficiency in perspective; on the other a temper so critical, so impulsive, so unsusceptible to preachments, so merciless toward platitudes.

Miss Martineau's fiction pleased neither husband nor wife. Thomas Carlyle wrote to his brother, April 16, 1839, 'She has published a Novel (*Deerbrook*), very ligneous, very trivial didactic, in fact very absurd for most

part; and is well content with it.' And Mrs. Carlyle wrote (April 7, 1839) to her mother, 'Mrs. Macready asked me how I liked Harriet's Book. I answered, "How do *you* like it?" She made wide eyes at me, and drew her little mouth together into a button. We both burst out laughing, and that is the way to get fast friends.'

The Carlyles visited her at Tyne-mouth in 1840, but in subsequent years they seem to have drifted apart. Miss Martineau became absorbed in animal magnetism and the Positive Philosophy, and was inclined to identify herself with her opinions. The Carlyles had no sympathy with her opinions, and doubtless no superfluity of patience with her who held them. December 13, 1847, Mrs. Carlyle wrote to her uncle, 'I have just been reading for the first time Harriet Martineau's outpourings in the *Athenæum* [on animal magnetism], and "that minds me," as my Helen says, that you wished to know if I too had gone into this devilish thing. Catch me!'

There was no absolute breach, but the references to her afterward are few.

The greatest treasure of all in the letter is what she has to say about her brother. Here we have love, admiration, and faith. She was not a flighty girl, we must remember, raving about a fraternal hero. She was the older by several years. She had herself reached the age of thirty-seven when she wrote. She rationally approves and sincerely admires, but beneath all that there is an intimacy of affection toward her brother, a recognition of his fineness and nobility, a joy in his saintliness, which are most appealing. No one who feels the tragic needlessness of the later separation — due partly to her insistence, unreasonable, dogged, on the destruction of her correspondence, and partly to the gray and chilly sea of metaphysics upon which she presently

embarked — can help being deeply touched by the sisterly reverence, love, and pride that pour spontaneously from her pen as she speaks here of her brother James.

Mrs. Carlyle and James Martineau met in Liverpool in 1844, when she spent an evening at his house, and in 1846 she heard him preach. He made a strong impression on her, although her judgment of him as a theologian was marred by prepossessions which dulled her insight, and led her to think him 'a man divided against himself,' which must have been as far as possible from the truth.

Thomas Carlyle and Martineau seem to have had no personal acquaintance. Carlyle does not speak of him in any of his published letters. And indeed intellectually they were far apart, and in temper still further: Carlyle, impetuous, vivid, dramatic, oracular, with a prophet's dogmatism, and a prophet's impulse to castigate, impressing by rugged and untamed power; Martineau, reflective, calm, logical, discriminating, seeking truth with a deep and quiet passion, whose expression was quiet, exact, and luminous, keeping his personality in the background and relying on the power of rational thought to carry conviction. Of the two, Martineau was more likely to judge Carlyle fairly than Carlyle him, yet, while he saw Carlyle's power, in its effects, he did not at once feel any personal response to it. 'Carlyle's Pantheism,' he wrote, May 19, 1852, '... is, I fear, an unmanageable object of attack. It is so wholly unsystematic, illogical, wild and fantastic, that thought finds nothing in it to grapple with. How can one refute the utterances of an oracle, or the spleen of a satirist? His power over intellectual men appears to me not unlike that of Joe Smith the prophet over the Mormons; dependent on strength of will and massive effrontery of dogma per-

severed in amid a universal incertitude weakening other men. . . . I know not how such an influence can be met except by a positiveness as powerful and as gifted.'

The comparison with Joseph Smith is not a happy one, but Martineau is speaking, of course, of method and not of substance. His attitude shows how unlikely such a friendship between the men as Miss Martineau desired to see must always have been. Yet with what noble recognition he seriously criticized Carlyle's philosophy, in his article entitled 'Personal Influences on Present Theology' (*National Review*, October, 1856), is remembered by students of English thought in the nineteenth century. We are concerned just now with personal appreciation, and not with philosophic criticism. When it came to the point, with all his strong disapproval of Carlyle's theories, no one acknowledged with greater heartiness than Martineau the real dignity of Carlyle's purpose. He speaks with contempt of the artificial thought which had prevailed:—

'Mr. Carlyle, among other contemporaries, certainly rose with indignant hunger from such a table of the gods, symmetrically spread with polished covers and nothing under them. . . . The very things which this desiccating rationalism flung off were to Mr. Carlyle just the essence and whole worth of the universe: and to show that beauty, truth, and goodness could not thus be got rid of, while impostors were hired to bear their name; that religion is not hope and fear, or duty prudence, or art a skill to please; that behind the sensible there lies a spiritual, and beneath all relative phenomena an absolute reality, — was evidently, if not his early vow, at least his first inspiration. Surely it was an authentic appointment to a noble work: and on looking back over his quarter-century,

no one can deny that it has been manfully achieved.'

Twenty years later Martineau wrote (October 12, 1876), 'I regard it as an honour far beyond my due to be associated in any one's mind with Thomas Carlyle, a man who above all others stands amidst this age as its prophet and interpreter. He has shamed the folly and braced the nerves and touched the conscience of not a few, including some of the noblest spirits of our time. But he will leave no successor, I fear, that can bend his bow.'

It is so true that amid all differences in opinion, and even in point of view, great spirits recognize greatness.

John Sterling, Darwin, and Emerson find mention in our letter, but only Sterling more than a mention. Miss Martineau had met, but scarcely knew him. In her *Autobiography* she speaks somewhat elaborately of his slighting treatment of her at the Carlyles', and of his later wish to know her, when she was no longer within reach. Her note in her diary at the time (1837) is in a more attractive vein: 'To the Carlyles. John Sterling there. A young man, next door to death, they say, but if he lives a few years sure to be eminent; so wise, so cheerful, so benignant!' He lived long enough afterward to write the review of *The French Revolution* which Miss Martineau admired so

much, and which called forth Carlyle's note to him (29th of September, 1839): '. . . Mill says it is the best thing you ever wrote; and, truly, so should I, if you had not shut my mouth. It is a thing all glaring and boiling like a furnace of molten metal: a brave thing, nay a vast and headlong, full of generosity, passionate insight, lightning extravagance, and Sterlingism, — such an article as we have not read for some time past.'

Sterling died in 1844. The first life of him was written by Archdeacon Hare; the second, a last burning tribute of friendship, by Carlyle himself.

There are certainly no commonplace names here, and there is nothing commonplace in the letter. It came from a remarkable woman and it is concerned with notable people. But it touches our hearts by its humanness. The pathetic alienations that followed strengthen this impression. If Miss Martineau afterwards seems stoical and lonely and forbidding, and we cannot free her from blame for it, all the more it refreshes us to find in this letter to Mrs. Carlyle the quality that makes human intercourse a source of real joy, — the spirit that gives in simple faith without grudging, and receives gladly without morbidness, taking pleasure in its friendships, and bearing its burdens with patience and hope.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

VIII. GRANT JOINS THE RADICALS

Thursday, July 11, 1867.

Some discussion in the House to-day, followed by votes, indicates a division in the House on the subject of impeachment. There is no cause, excuse, or justification for the long, labored, and shameful proceeding on this subject. The President differs with the radicals, and justly and properly views their course with abhorrence. He sometimes expresses his burning indignation against measures and men that are bringing untold calamities upon the country.

Friday, August 2, 1867.

I have no animosity towards Sheridan, who is a brave soldier, and whose gallantry and services I honor; but he is unjust and made vain by his military successes, and absolutely spoiled by partisan flattery and the encouragement of the conspirators. The more he defied the President, and the greater the outrages on the people of Louisiana and Texas, the more would he be praised by bad men who were imposing on his weaknesses.

From the tame, passive course which has been pursued, the administration has lost confidence and strength. It has to-day no positive, established successful policy, displays no executive power and energy, submits to insults, and we are now discussing no measure of the administration, and it is assumed that we ought to have none, that we

must suppress our convictions, abdicate our duty, and in our helplessness trust to division among the radicals, who have a policy, and who by their presumption and our submission have crippled the executive, encroached on his prerogative, and deprived him of his constitutional rights.

Randall became excited and advocated turning 'the little fellow'² out. The President warmed up under my remarks; his eyes flashed. 'What have we to expect [said he] from long keeping quiet? Will the Republicans, the conservative portion of them, come into our views? They are always promising, but they never perform. It may be said this will enrage them and that they will then go forward and impeach me. If they would impeach me for ordering away an officer, who I believe is doing wrong — afflicting and oppressing the people instead of protecting and sustaining them — if I am to be impeached for this, I am prepared.'

I asked the President if he had any information from those States as to the sentiments and feelings of the people; whether anything but the removal of the Governor of Texas and the overthrow of the municipal government in New Orleans had come to his knowledge. It would not be advisable to move in so important a matter without cause. There was sufficient [cause], but

² General Sheridan.

weeks ago the same acts had been committed as regards the Governor of Louisiana, Attorney-General, Judge, etc. The President said there was nothing additional now, but there was universal complaint of disorganization, confusion, insecurity, and oppression.

McCulloch said he should deprecate the removal of Sheridan, because he was exceedingly popular, and it would bring down violence on the administration. He had [had] a talk with Wilson of Iowa before he left for home, who said if the President did nothing rash and (alluding to this very movement) would not disturb Sheridan, all would go well, and the extreme radicals would be defeated. A division would certainly take place.

'What,' said I, 'if Sheridan should proceed to hang some of the prominent and best men in Louisiana who differ from him? Would Wilson expect, or you advise, that he should still be continued?'

The President was called into the adjoining room, and McCulloch turning to me said he was afraid my remarks would produce great harm. To do our duty will produce harm! 'How,' I exclaimed, 'are we subdued and humbled!'

Saturday, August 3, 1867.

I called on the President as McCulloch requested and had a free conversation with him. Said to him that while Sheridan deserved rebuke and removal, I would not be obstinate but defer to him. It might be, as things were now, impolitic or inexpedient to make the removal; that it would undoubtedly lead to a violent assault upon him; that the conspirators — extreme radicals — would avail themselves of the act to be more vindictive and ferocious, and the timid would be more cowed and submissive to them; that while I had an inherent confidence in the great principles of right as the rule

of action, there was no doubt it often tried the most resolute, and required moral courage and steady persistency to make the right prevail.

'What,' said the President, 'have I to fear, what to gain or lose, by keeping this man who delights in opposing and counteracting my views in this position? It is said that the weak radicals, the conservative ones, will join the ultras to impeach me. If Congress can bring themselves to impeach me, because, in my judgment, a turbulent and unfit man should be removed, and because I, in the honest discharge of my duty to the country and the Constitution, exercise my judgment and remove him, let them do it. I shall not shun the trial, and if the people can sanction such a proceeding, I shall not lament the loss of a position held by such a tenure.'

I remarked that Sheridan was really but a secondary personage after all in this business. He would never have pursued the course he has if not prompted and encouraged by others, to whom he looked, from whom he received advice, if not orders. Little would be attained, if only he were taken in hand.

The President said there was no doubt of that, and he was giving the subject attention. He said he had had a long interview with General Grant, in which interview they had gone over these subjects; but Grant was hesitating. He then went to his desk and brought me a letter of Grant's, elicited by the conversation which had passed between them. Grant deprecated the removal of Sheridan, who he says possesses immense popularity; thinks it is not in the power of the President to remove the Secretary of War since the passage of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and that it would be unwise as well as inexpedient to make these movements just when Congress has adjourned.

The letter was not such as I should have at one time expected from Grant, was not discreet, judicious, or excusable even from his standpoint. If not disingenuous, he has, without perhaps being aware of it, had his opinions warped and modified within a year. I remarked as I finished reading the letter, 'Grant is going over.'

'Yes,' said the President, 'I am aware of it. I have no doubt that most of these offensive measures have emanated from the War Department.'

'Not only that,' said I, 'but almost all the officers of the Army have been insidiously alienated from your support by the same influences. If you had been favored with an earnest and sincere supporter of your measures in the War Department, the condition of affairs in this country would, this day, have been quite different. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that you did not remove all of the Cabinet soon after your administration commenced; certainly some who have made it a business to thwart and defeat your measures ought to have been changed.'

He assented, with some emotion, to the last remark, but expressed a doubt whether he could have got rid of Stanton. It would, he said, be unpleasant to make the attempt and not succeed. He presumed Grant had communicated the conversation which had taken place, and that the suggestion came from Stanton himself.

I doubted if Stanton would persist in holding on as an adviser, when he understood the President wished him away, or he was requested to relinquish his office, although it was obvious he was very tenacious of his place, and clung to it from personal association. Yet I was not sure but things had about reached the point when he was prepared to leave. He was in close fellowship with the radicals [and] had the control of Congress, through that faction,

was as much a favorite of the conservatives as of the extreme radicals. Congress having taken the whole government into its keeping and he being a favorite, [he] might think it would conduce to his benefit to be dismissed and compelled to leave. They would be dissatisfied to have him retire. Seward and Holt would oppose it, — and probably Grant also, now, though he had at one time favored it.

Sunday, August 4, 1867.

In the matter of Sheridan, I do not get any sufficient cause for moving now, that has not existed for weeks and months. The removal of Throckmorton¹ is following out the first step, — the removal of Wells. The insulting letter has got cold, still I have not a word for Sheridan.

Monday, August 5, 1867.

I asked the President about the Sheridan case, remarking that I was glad, as things are, that he was giving the subject deliberate thought. He said he had dropped Sheridan for the present and gone to the fountain-head of mischief, — that he had this morning sent a note to Stanton requesting him to resign. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'to get along with such a man in such a position, and I can stand it no longer. Whether he will send in his resignation is uncertain. What do you think he will do?'

'I think he will resign,' I replied, 'and not intrude himself upon you, and longer embarrass you, yet his friends are the ones who have tried to tie your hands.'

'Yes, and he instigated it. He has, I am satisfied, been the prolific source of difficulties. You have alluded to this, but I was unwilling to consider it, — to think that the man whom I trusted was plotting and intriguing against me.'

¹ Governor of Texas.

'Well,' said I, 'it is better, if you are to act, that this course should be taken. Sheridan is only a secondary man in these matters, and to smite him would only aggravate and excite, without accomplishing any good beyond punishing insolence to you, and wrong to the people over whom he has been placed. He has been sustained and encouraged by other minds.'

I do not see how Stanton can do otherwise than resign, and yet it will not surprise me if he refuses. Should he refuse, the President may be embarrassed, for Stanton has contrived, I suspect, to get a controlling influence over General Grant. Judge Carter¹ is a creature of Stanton, and his court is under subjection to the same influence. The President has, against all admonitions and warnings, been passive, and impenetrable, until he is powerless. I do not perceive any benefit to himself by removing Stanton at this time. One year ago it would have been effective, and he would have retained Grant and the army; he would have had a different Congress; the country was then with him, and would have continued so. But the conspirators and intriguers have bound him, hand and foot. He has permitted his prerogative to be despoiled, the Executive authority and rights to be circumscribed, until he is weak and powerless.

Stanton may defy him, and shelter himself under the Tenure-of-Office Bill, which contains a clause in relation to Cabinet officers, introduced by his friends and for the special purpose of retaining him in place. When this subject was before the Cabinet, no one more strongly reprobated this flagrant abuse or more strongly declared that the law was unconstitutional than Stanton. He protested with ostenta-

tious vehemence that any man who would retain a seat in the Cabinet, as an adviser, when his advice was not wanted, was unfit for the place. He would not, he said, remain a moment. I remember his protestations, for I recollected at the time he had been treacherous and faithless to Buchanan. I know, moreover, he has since, as well as then, betrayed Cabinet secrets.

Tuesday, August 6, 1867.

Before the session of the Cabinet commenced this morning, the President invited me into the library and informed me that he had a note from Stanton refusing to resign. I was a good deal astonished, though since yesterday my doubts in regard to his course have increased. His profuse expressions of readiness to resign, declarations that any gentleman would decline to remain an intruder, etc., etc., when the Tenure-of-Office Bill was under consideration, were mere pretences to cover his intrigues. The President had requested Seward, Stanton, and myself to prepare a veto on that bill. Neither of them consulted me further than to send to me for information concerning the debates.

The President asked if he had better communicate the correspondence to the Cabinet at this time. I advised it by all means.

All the Cabinet except Stanbery were present. When the correspondence was read a good deal of surprise was manifested, and felt, not only with the invitation but the refusal. Stanton did not attend, and considers himself, it would seem, not of the Cabinet.

Seward immediately enquired when Stanbery would be back. The Tenure-of-Office Bill was examined and commented upon. Doubts were expressed whether the President could remove a Cabinet officer. Seward thought it indispensable that Stanbery should be

¹ Chief Justice of the District Court at Washington.

here. It was a question of law, and the law officer was the proper person to expound it.

The President seemed embarrassed how to act. As the law is, in the opinion of the whole Cabinet, including the Attorney-General, unconstitutional, I said there was a political as well as a legal question; that the Chief Magistrate could select and remove his advisers, that the legislative department could not take away the constitutional rights of the Executive, that the power of removal belonged to the President of right, that there has been too much concession to legislative usurpations. I do not consider that the President is under obligations to be an instrument in these violations of the constitution, to [allow] the Executive Department [to be crippled] by a fragment of Congress.

After an hour and more of discussion the subject was postponed.

Friday, August 9, 1867.

Stanton's course and what is to be done with him was discussed. Seward is extremely anxious to get the opinion of the Attorney-General who is absent, before coming to any conclusion. Some one remarked that it was reported, one of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, who is now of Mr. Johnson's, sympathized with Stanton, and might resign if he did. I told them I had not heard the rumor, but they were at liberty to say to any and to all, that I was not the man to leave the Cabinet for that reason, but if the President ever invited me I should not decline his invitation to leave.

The debates in the Senate on the Tenure-of-Office Bill and Senator Sherman's strong declarations were quoted. I remarked that they were not stronger than the declarations of Stanton himself to us at this board, as they would all remember. He had, with Mr. Sew-

ard, prepared the veto of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, but that was much milder than his declarations of the unconstitutionality as well as impolicy of that bill.

Seward said but little, and Randall was reserved. Perhaps there was no reason to sharpen my suspicion; but it is evident they are not forward in the measure or in efforts to encourage the President. The removal of Stanton was undoubtedly a surprise and disappointment to Seward, who had sustained him.

Things have taken a turn which disappoints both Seward and Weed. Seward has thought of fishing for the Presidency and supposes Chase one of the obstacles. Neither of them stands any more chance of reaching the Presidency than of being created Sultan of Turkey. After the others had gone out I had half an hour with the President who requested me to stay. Advised him to remove Holt with Stanton. It would be more effective and proper to remove the two together. I looked upon both as conspirators.

Sunday, August 11, 1867.

Saw the President this p. m. He tells me he has seen General Grant and had a pleasant, social, and friendly interview. They had come to a mutual understanding. The President wished to know if there was any alienation, or substantial difference between them. Grant replied there was not, except that he had not last fall concurred in the President's opposition to the constitutional amendment.

The President assured him that Stanton must leave the War Department, and he desired him, *ad interim*, to discharge the duties. Grant said if Stanton's removal was decided upon he had nothing further to say on that point. As regarded himself, he always obeyed orders. He seemed pleased with

the proposed arrangement, and withdrew.

The President thinks he had better suspend Stanton without reference to the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and he perhaps is right under the existing embarrassments.

Tuesday, August 20, 1867.

The President showed me the correspondence between himself and Grant, relative to the removal of Sheridan. Grant objects to the removal, thinks it contrary to the wishes of the American people. The President responds, compliments the soldierly qualities of Sheridan, but thinks he has not the calm judgment, civil qualities, and ability of General Thomas for such a position; and as to the wishes of the people he is not aware that they have been expressed.

There is no doubt but that the radical politicians will bellow loud over the removal of Sheridan, whose fighting qualities and services are great. Their editors and speakers have undertaken to control the course of the government as regards Sheridan; and Grant, if not a participant with, has been led away by them.

Thursday, August 22, 1867.

Had this A. M. an hour's conversation, or more, with General Grant. It was the first time I had met him in the War Department since he entered upon the duties of Secretary, and I congratulated him on his new position. He thought he ought to decline receiving congratulations on that account, but they were obviously acceptable. I begged to differ from him and enquired why he should decline congratulations on a change which had been so well and favorably received by the whole country.

'Well,' he said, 'I did not know about that.' These changes that were

going on, striking down men who had been faithful through the war, he did not like. 'So far as the War Department is concerned,' said I, 'the country on all hands believes that as good and faithful a war man is in the place as we have had at any time.' He disclaimed alluding to that change. 'If,' said I, 'you have Sheridan and Thomas in your mind, there is no denying that Thomas is in every respect as good a war man, with better administrative powers than Sheridan, whom I would by no means disparage.'

With this opening, we went into a general discussion of the condition of the country and the affairs of the government. It pained me to see how little he understood of the fundamental principles and structure of our government, and of the Constitution itself. On the subject of differences between the President and Congress, and the attempt to subject the people to military rule, there were, he said, in Congress, fifty at least of the first lawyers of the country, who had voted for the reconstruction law; and were not, he asked, the combined wisdom and talent of those fifty to have more weight than Mr. Johnson, who was only one to fifty? Congress had enacted this law, and was not the President compelled to carry it into execution? Was not Congress superior to the President? If the law was unconstitutional, the judges alone could decide the question. The President must submit and obey Congress until the Supreme Court set the law aside.

I asked him if Congress could exercise powers not granted, powers that the States, which made the Constitution, had expressly reserved? He thought Congress might pass any law and the President and all others must obey and support it, until the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional.

'You do not mean to say, General,

that Congress may set aside and disregard all limitations, all barriers that are erected to guide and control their action.'

He did not know who could question their acts and laws until they came before the court.

'The Constitution,' said I, 'prescribes that the President and Senate shall appoint ministers, consuls, etc., but Congress may, by law, confer inferior appointments on Judges, Heads of Departments, or on the President alone; but it nowhere authorizes Congress to confer on Generals the appointing power.'

'It authorizes Congress to confer appointments, you say, on the Heads of Departments. Are not those districts under General Sickles and other Generals Departments?' said Grant.

'Not in the meaning of the Constitution,' said I, 'and you can hardly be serious in supposing the provision of the Constitution alluded to had reference to military districts, or any particular territory, parcelled out, and called Departments.'

He did not know, he said. He was not prepared to say about that. The will of the people is the law in this country, and the representatives of the people made the laws.

'The Constitution gives the pardoning power to the Executive. Do you suppose that Congress can usurp that power, and take it from the President where the Constitution placed it?'

To this he replied, that President Johnson once remarked in the Senate, in regard to talk about the Constitution, that it was well to spot the men who talked about it. It was, he said, just before the war, when the secessionists talked about the Constitution.

'The remark,' said I, 'was opportune, and well put at the men and the times. The secessionists claimed, and

many of them honestly believed, that their States had the right to secede, that there was no constitutional power to prevent them. So feeling and so believing, they searched the Constitution and appealed to it for any prohibition against secession. The appeal was absurd, according to your and my views, because the Constitution would not and could not have a clause empowering a fragment, a single State, to destroy it. Secession was a delusion which had had its run, yet the men were generally scrupulous to observe in other respects the organic law, and, while meditating and preparing for the overthrow of the government, their persistent appeals to the Constitution provoked the remark of Mr. Johnson to which you allude.

'While, however, the secessionists professed to, and generally did regard the Constitution, the radicals openly trample upon it, and many express their contempt for it. The secessionists claimed that they violated no principle, or power, or limitation, in their act of secession. The radicals do not claim, or pretend to regard any principle, or power, or limitation, of the Constitution when they establish military governments over states of the South and exclude them from their rights.

'When President Johnson made his remark, it was to contrast their appeals to the Constitution in all other respects, while secession itself was destructive of the Constitution which they held in reverent regard.'

'Would you,' said he, 'allow the rebels to vote and take the government of their States into their own hands?'

I replied that I knew not who were to take the government of those states in hand but the intelligent people of the states respectively to whom it rightfully belonged. The majority

must govern in each and every State in all their local and reserved rights — other sections are not to govern them. A majority of the voters (and they decide for themselves who shall be voters) is the basis of free government. This is our system. Georgia must make her own laws, her own constitution, subject to the Constitution of the United States, not to the whim or will of Congress. Massachusetts has no power to prescribe the form of government of Georgia, or to govern the people of that State as a State. Nor is Georgia to give government to Massachusetts.

Grant said he was not prepared to admit this doctrine. It was something of the old State rights doctrine — and he could not go to the full extent of that doctrine. He looked upon Georgia and the other states South as territories, like Montana and other territories. They had rebelled, been conquered, and were to be reconstructed and admitted into the Union when we felt that we could trust them. It was for Congress to say who should vote, and who should not vote, in the seceding States as well as in Territories, and to direct when and how these States should again be admitted.

That I told him was not only a virtual dissolution of the Union, but an abandonment of our Republican federal system. It was establishing a central power, which could control and destroy the States, — a power above and beyond the Constitution, — and I trusted he was not prepared to go that length, but if he was, I hoped he would avow it. For my part I clung to the old system, the Constitution and the Union, and favored no radical theories of central power.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘he did not believe we could either convince the other, and we had better dispose of our business.’

I remarked that one of us was right

and one wrong, and that it should be the object of each to put himself right, regardless of all partisanship, commitments, or preconceived opinions. This he admitted most fully.

There were other points which in this hasty memorandum written immediately after its occurrence, I have not penned, but the essential points I have sketched, and have as far as I could used the very words. On the whole, I did not think so highly of General Grant after as before this conversation. He is a political ignoramus.

General Grant has become severely afflicted with the Presidential disease, and it warps his judgment, which is not very intelligent or enlightened at best. He is less sound on great and fundamental principles, vastly less informed than I had supposed possible for a man of his opportunities. Obviously he has been tampered with, and flattered by the radicals, who are using him and his name for their selfish and partisan purposes.

Saturday, August 31, 1867.

Had a pleasant talk with the President this evening. He has great capacity, is conversant with our public affairs beyond most men, has much experience, possesses great firmness, sincere patriotism, a sacred regard for the Constitution, is humane and benevolent. Extreme men and extreme measures he dislikes; secession and exclusion are alike repugnant. The radicals accuse him of being irritable and obstinate, but the truth is he has been patient and forbearing, almost to infirmity, under assaults, intrigues and abuse. Had he been less yielding, less hesitating, more prompt and decided, had he met radical error and misrule at the threshold, checked the first innovations on his prerogative, dismissed at once faithless public officers, he would have saved himself and the country many difficulties.

It is one of his greatest weaknesses that he has no confidants, and seeks none. No man should hold such a position without tried and trusty friends to whom he can unbosom himself, and with whom he can consult and advise freely on all questions. To me, perhaps, he has been as free and as communicative as to anyone, and yet there has been constant reserve. Many of his most important steps have been taken without the knowledge of any of his Cabinet, and I think without the knowledge of any person whatever. He has wonderful self-reliance and immovable firmness in maintaining what he believes to be right, is disinclined to be familiar with men in prominent positions, or to be intimate with those who fill the public eye. There are around him too many little busy-bodies, almost all of whom are unreliable and often intentionally deceive him. It is a misfortune that he permits them to be so familiar; not that he means they shall influence him on important questions, but in appointments they sometimes have influence and mislead him. He does not make these fellows his confidants any more than greater men, but they are intrusive, glad to crowd around him, when men of mind and character will not intrude uninvited, and he invites none. Yet he willingly listens, receives information and suggestions, but without reciprocating.

Coming into the Presidency under peculiar circumstances, he has hoped to conciliate Congress and those who elected him, without making proper discriminations as regards men, and the conflicting views of his supporters on fundamental questions. Many of the Republican members were kindly disposed towards him and believed in the Lincoln policy which he adopted. These he could and should have detached from the extremists. They were not leaders — not radicals at the be-

ginning — like himself, they were sincere Republicans, but not having the faculty of receiving and giving confidence, these passive men were treated coolly, as were the radicals who constituted the positive element opposed to him as well as to Mr. Lincoln before him. Stanton who conformed to this policy in Mr. Lincoln's time has been a constant intriguer with the radicals to thwart the President. Seward and Weed undertook, with Raymond and partisans of this school, to make a division, but Raymond was so uncertain and unreliable that the really honest and worthy men, while acknowledging his genius, despised his pusillanimity. Like Seward himself, Raymond became a source of weakness, a positive injury. For a time he assumed, under Seward's management and givings-out, to be the organ of the administration on the floor of the House; but under the irony and sarcasm of Thaddeus Stevens, who ridiculed his conscientious scruples, he soon stood alone. The President really had no organ or confidential friend in the House, no confidant who spoke for him and his policy among the Representatives. Seward and Weed, to whom he listened, alienated the Democrats and almost all of his friends.

Monday, September 2, 1867.

General Grant has issued an order forbidding the District Commanders from reinstating through other courts any of the removed civil officers displaced by themselves or their predecessors. This order is in bad taste and in a bad spirit, prompted without doubt by radical advisers. The manifest intention is to keep Sheridan and Sickles appointees in place, to antagonize the President, to defeat his intentions, provided he thinks it proper and correct for the public interest to reappoint one or more of the local State

officers who may have been unfairly displaced.

Tuesday, October 8, 1867.

An application from Mr. Siddons of Richmond for a pardon was presented by the Attorney-General. Siddons says he had opposed extreme measures, was in retirement when invited to the War Department of the Confederacy, did what he could to mitigate the calamities of war while in that position, made himself unpopular thereby, had taken the Union oath, etc., etc. Seward thought it best to postpone the subject until after the election, when it might be well to grant the pardon, for Siddons was a harmless old man, and undoubtedly true to the Union.

I said that I had no spirit of persecution in me, that two and a half years had passed since the rebellion was suppressed and I thought it unwise and unjust to continue this proscription. I was, therefore, ready at any time to consider favorably such an application as Mr. Siddons'.

General Grant said very curtly and emphatically, that he was opposed to granting any more pardons, for the present at least. This seemed to check the others, who expressed no opinion. I remarked, if as a matter of policy it was deemed expedient to delay three or four weeks until the November elections had passed, I would not object, but I thought the time had arrived for the display of some magnanimity and kindly feeling.

A year since General Grant expressed to me very different views from those he now avows. Said he was ready to forgive the rebels and take them by the hand, but would not forgive the Copperheads. He is pretty strongly committed to the radicals, is courting and being courted.

After the Cabinet adjourned, Stanbery, Browning, and myself remained

with the President and had twenty minutes talk on the condition of affairs. Browning said that Governor Cox was spoken of as a suitable man for Secretary of War, provided he would take the place. Stanbery said he had not before heard Cox's name, but he thought it would be an excellent selection. Grant being *ad interim*, it was important the change should take place and Stanton be removed. Cox would hold on to the close of the session. I enquired if he was firm and reliable, and if he would stand by the President against Congress and General Grant, if they resorted to revolutionary measures, which from certain indications are not improbable. On that point neither of them was assured. I named Frank Blair as a man whom Grant respected and Stanton feared, who had courage and energy to meet any crisis, and who would be a fearless and reliable friend of the President and of sound constitutional principles. Browning responded favorably, Stanbery said nothing.

The President, after the others left, expressed himself favorably to Blair. I urged the point farther. Told him Seward would be likely to object, but that, I thought, ought not to influence his action. I did not hesitate to tell him my apprehensions of Sherman, that if Grant opposed the administration Sherman would be likely not to support it.

Something had been said of Tom Ewing, senior, for a Cabinet officer. He is too old for such a period as this; but I thought him right on present questions, and if here, he might have influence with Sherman, who married his daughter. I doubted, however, whether he would detach Sherman from Grant. The President spoke of Sherman's intellect as being superior to Grant's. I acknowledged that he had more genius and brilliancy, but had

not the firmness, persistency, and stubborn will which are the strong points of Grant, who is not a very enlightened man. Whenever the two are associated, Grant's obstinacy will make his the master mind, and if there were to be antagonism with Grant, the President might have to depend on some other man than Sherman.

The President said that Grant had gone entirely over to the radicals, and was with Congress. I told him that was my opinion, and I was fearful he was so far involved that he could not be withdrawn from mischievous influences. The elections of to-day may have their influence however in this matter.

Saturday, October 19, 1867.

Time has been wanting for some days to enter occurrences. The President informs me that he called on General Grant in pursuance of my advice. He went to the War Department last Saturday, a week to-day, and consulted in a friendly way with General Grant, — told Grant he could not be ignorant of the schemes and threats that were made, and must be aware that it was his (the President's) duty to be prepared to vindicate the rights of the Executive, to maintain the Constitution, and resist invasions and usurpations.

Should an attempt be made to depose or arrest him before trial or conviction, if impeachment were attempted, he desired to know if he would be sustained and whether officers in high position would obey his orders.

He says Grant met him frankly; seemed to appreciate fully the question and the object of his enquiry; said he should expect to obey orders; that should he, Grant, change his mind he would advise the President in season, that he might have time to make arrangements.

Under these declarations the Presi-

dent thought he might rely on General Grant. He could, after this avowal, press the point no farther.

In this, I think he was correct. Grant will make good his word, and act, I have no doubt, in good faith. I so said to the President, and expressed my gratification that the interchange of views had taken place. At the same time I requested him to continue and increase his intimacy with Grant, who though not intelligent seems to be patriotic and right-minded, but the radicals of every description are laboring to mislead him. Defeated in the recent elections, and with public opinion setting against the obnoxious measures, the scheming intriguers begin to rally around Grant, speak of him as their candidate for President; not that they want him, but they are fearful he will be taken up by the Democrats.

Wednesday, October 23, 1867.

Randall says that Boutwell disavows any intention of arresting, or attempting to arrest the President before impeachment and conviction. Says it cannot be done, and does not favor the scheme of Stevens to that purpose. If this is so, the conversation of the President with General Grant is already having its effects. Boutwell is a fanatic, a little insincere — violent, and yet has much of demagogic cunning. He has been, and is, for making Grant the radical candidate for President. He has the sagacity to see that with Grant opposed to them, the radicals would be annihilated. Grant had, therefore, I infer, admonished Boutwell that he cannot be a party to any movement for arresting the President before trial and conviction, and will not be an instrument in such a work. This accounts for Boutwell's declarations to Randall. I so stated to the President this afternoon, and he seemed struck with my explanation.

Saturday, November 30, 1867.

A long and serious illness has prevented me from recording some important events. Yesterday, though weak and debilitated, I for the first time in four weeks attended a Cabinet meeting. When last at the Council room I was quite ill, came home and went on to my bed which I did not leave for twenty-one days, except once, on the 7th, for a few moments, which did me no good. Thanks to a good God, my health is restored, for which I am indebted to the faithful nursing of the best of wives, and the kind attention of my physician.

Little of interest was done in Cabinet yesterday. The President and all the Cabinet manifested great pleasure on seeing me. Each of them has been friendly in calling during my illness, the President sometimes twice a day.

To-day the President laid before us his annual Message. A sound, strong, good document.

After its perusal, and running criticism, he submitted a letter addressed to the Cabinet, stating the condition of affairs, the proposed impeachment, and the proposition to suspend the President, or any officer when impeached, until after his trial and judgment by the Senate. There was great uncertainty of opinion on the subject in the discussion.

That the President should submit to be tried if the House preferred articles, was the opinion of all. That he should consent to, or permit himself to be arrested or suspended before conviction, was in opposition to the opinion of each and all.

General Grant said it would be clearly *ex post facto* to pass a law for suspension in the case of the President, and unless the Supreme Court sustained the law, it ought not to be submitted to. If Congress should pass a law directing that officers should be suspend-

ed whenever the House impeached the officer, that would be a different thing. Then it would be the law, known in advance.

I agreed with General Grant that a law in the President's case would be *ex post facto* and therefore to be resisted, if attempted. But I went further and denied that Congress had authority to suspend the President — the Executive — a coördinate branch of the government on the mere party caprice of a majority of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Randall was very emphatic in denouncing such a movement as destructive to the government.

General Grant said he thought a mere law of Congress would not justify suspension or authorize it, but that there should be an amendment of the Constitution to effect it.

We all assented that if the Constitution so ordered, submission was a duty, but not otherwise.

A few days since, the Judiciary Committee, who have been engaged by direction of the House to search the Union, ransack prisons, investigate the household of the President, examine his bank accounts, etc., etc., to see if some colorable ground for impeachment could not be found, made their several reports. A majority were for impeachment. Until just before the report was submitted, a majority were against, but at the last moment, Churchill, a member from the Oswego, N. Y., district, went over to the impeachers. Speculators and Wall Street operators in gold believed that a resolution for impeachment would cause a sudden rise in gold. Unfortunately for them, no rise took place, but there was a falling off. If Churchill was influenced by the speculators, as is generally supposed, his change did not benefit them, and in every point of view was discreditable to him.

Boutwell, who made the report to the House, is a fanatic, impulsive, violent — an ardent, narrow-minded partisan, without much judgment, not devoid of talents, with more industry than capacity, ambitious of notoriety, with a mind without comprehension and not well-trained; an extreme radical, destitute of fairness where party is involved. The report was drawn up by Thomas Williams of Pittsburg, a former partner of Stanton's, a rank disorganizer, a repudiator, vindictive, remorseless, unscrupulous, regardless of constitutional obligations and of truth as well

as fairness, [who] was put upon the Committee because he had these qualities. The other three gentlemen of the majority may be called smooth-bores, men of small calibre, but intense partyism. The report and its conclusions condemn themselves, and are likely to fail even in this radical House. Whether such would have been their fate had the election gone differently, is another question. The voice of the people¹ has cooled the radical mania, and checked their wild action.

¹ The recent elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

(To be continued.)

IN THE RAINY SEASON

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

ACROSS Vancouver harbor the mountains loomed dimly blue in the deepening twilight. High up on the steep, rocky slope was a big brushwood fire, and its warm, red glow was reflected, pastel-like, in the clouds above and the quiet water below. Down on the shore of the inlet a heap of sawmill refuse was burning, and between us and the blaze towered a tall square-rigged ship — a black network of spars and ropes against the glare. Cityward a huge white shape, a little ghostly in the dusk, but graceful even now, told where the Empress of India lay in her berth at the Canadian Pacific wharf. Pushing hard against the swift incoming tide, we swung round the point, threaded the Narrows, and struck out upon the broad, dark, lonely waters of the Gulf of Georgia.

By morning we were in a land of granite and sandstone, where the islands rose steeply out of the sea in lofty hills and mountains, with no level shores, no sandy or pebbly beaches, no green meadows or grassy intervals. The sky was gray and gloomy, and the wind that came down the channels was looking for the marrow of one's bones — and found it. There were spurts and dashes of rain, and torn shreds of mist went trailing along the hillsides or climbed slowly up the forest-clad slopes to join the heavy clouds that hung low overhead. In the higher ravines the tops of tall trees stood up out of snow-drifts fifty or a hundred feet deep.

A day or two later we sat in a hand-loggers' shack on the shore of a small, land-locked bay, where, under the shadow of the hills, our launch lay at

anchor. The rain was roaring on the roof, a brook was brawling under the floor, and through the flimsy walls, made only of rough stakes split out of red cedar logs with an axe, the damp, chilly wind blew whithersoever it listed. There was not much use in shutting the door, and most of the time it stood wide open. Looking out, one saw the inlet all black and white under the pelting of the storm, with the forest standing guard around it, dark and gloomy and solemn. The cedars drooped their branches mournfully, as if they had lived under dull gray skies, weighted down with snow and rain, and wrapped in wet, clammy mists, till they had lost all hope of ever being cheerful again.

'It is n't as pretty as the woods back east,' the Civil Engineer remarked.

He was right, without a doubt. 'Pretty' is not the word for the splendid robe of trees and undergrowth and mosses that is the glory of British Columbia. For one thing, the rich, live, virile tints of the hardwoods are almost entirely absent, and the coloring is left a little dull and sombre, for nearly every tree is an evergreen, and an evergreen forest is never as green as a deciduous one in summer. There is much dead timber, also, to add its tinge of gray or brown, and the straight, lancelike lines of the bare trunks, shorn of their bark and branches, together with the sharp, steeple-like tops of the living, give the whole landscape a strange 'up-and-down' effect. For this is the western 'Country of the Pointed Firs.' The rolling billows of foliage that make up a forest of oak or maple or beech are missing here, and in their place is something that looks like a city of church spires set as close as they can stand. It is as if the hillsides were stratified in thin, strongly-marked layers that stand on edge instead of lying flat one upon another. It is interesting, but it

is not always pleasing. And that day, under that leaden sky, with every branch and twig dripping with rain, the world was dreary and woebegone.

But if it was not pretty it was imposing. Beside the giant cedars certainly, and spruces and balsams and hemlocks that stood guard round our little harbor, those of the east would have been but dwarfs and pygmies. Everything was on the scale of Brobdingnag. And it was more than imposing, for there are few scenes anywhere that have more of character and individuality than these woods and hills and mountains. There is something in them of sadness and mournfulness, and yet of strength and dignity — something of the look of one who has lived in the wilderness till solitude has put its ineffaceable mark upon him, and he no longer knows how to mingle with his fellows, yet who has grown strong through loneliness and has learned to lean on himself and be quiet. They are wild and desolate, but they are big and strong and noble, and one night we were shown what British Columbia can do when it really tries to be beautiful — not pretty — beautiful.

It had been raining all day, as usual, and it was still raining when, after supper, we stepped into the skiff and pulled out to the launch. Through the early evening we sat in the cabin, copying timber-estimates, figuring totals, and laying out the work for the morrow; but about ten o'clock we went out for a drink from the tin gasoline cans that stood on the after deck, and did duty as 'fresh-water casks.' The clouds had blown away, the stars were flashing, the moon rode high, and the inlet was a great, flawless mirror for the mighty woods that stood looking down, silently, tranquilly, on their own images in the bright, still water at their feet. Everything that was ugly, everything that was ragged or unkempt — the

gray nakedness of the dead trees, the dull tints of the living, the ragged foliage of the cedars, the slime of the rocks uncovered by the falling tide — all that could possibly offend or fail to please, was hidden, or, rather, was left unrevealed; and all that was lovely and gracious stood forth in the glory of the moon. And it was all so clean — so marvelously pure and stainless and undefiled. No coal-smoke ever came there, save possibly, once in a long while, a stray whiff from the funnel of a passing steamer. The nearest dust was two hundred miles away. For weeks and months the rains had been washing the air of every impurity, and perhaps there was not in all the world, that night, a spot where the stars shone brighter, or where woods and water and sky seemed fresher from the hand of God.

But the next morning the clouds were hard at work again.

They are not like the clouds of other lands. Thunder and lightning are almost unknown to them. The mighty masses of cumulus, the shifting mountain-ranges and the fairy castles and fortresses that come and go in other skies, are far less common here. There are mountains enough without them. The blue-black nimbus is non-existent. The silver lining, if there be any, is usually invisible. Even the glowing colors of morning and evening are generally absent, for the sun rises in obscurity and sets in impenetrable vapors. One might almost say of them that they are not clouds at all, but cloud. They have character, perhaps, but not individuality, for they exist chiefly as a vast gray curtain, stretching from horizon to horizon, blotting out sun, moon, and stars, and making of the blue sky a distant memory. Fragments are constantly torn off by the winds, it is true, and go wandering about like lost souls, between the mountains and

up and down the channels, flinging careless draperies over the woods and headlands, and presently passing on and leaving them bare again. But they have no more form or outline or personality than a wisp pulled from a roll of cotton batting, and the moment they touch their parent-cloud they vanish into it as their own raindrops disappear in the salt-chuck.

It is not their business to furnish noise or illumination, or to produce picturesque effects. Their mission in life is to supply rain at very frequent intervals throughout a very large portion of the year; not necessarily heavy or violent rain, but simply rain, just plain rain. And more rain, and more, and more, and more, and still more, and then some. And they are fully prepared to meet every possible demand without any irritating delays. There is no nonsense about them — no hesitation. They get right down to brass tacks and deliver the goods. If you don't like it you may go where there is n't any rain at all.

But one thing, at least, may be said for them. When their year's work is done they abandon the field entirely. There is nothing half-way about them, nothing petty or small. They reign (!) supreme as long as they possibly can, and then, for the time being, their abdication is complete. Perhaps they know that it will be only a little while before they come to their own again.

That radiant vision, when for an hour or two the moon and the stars looked down from a flawless sky, was the beginning of the end. It was May, and within a week there came a day that was different from any that had gone before. The sun shone hour after hour, the inlet lay smooth and shining as glass, the air was soft and balmy as a tropic night, and water and woods and hills and mountains were all alight with the beauty of the Northland in

its fairest and loveliest moment — a beauty and a loveliness that the South will never know. There was a real sunset that evening, and the giant trees stood transfigured in the warm, rich light from the glowing west. Only one small cloud broke the clear brightness of the sky, and that one was not like the clouds that had haunted us so long. Those had hung low and heavy, so low that they often rested on the hillsides

or even on the chunk itself, and they were wet, dragged, and tearful, and ready to weep at the very slightest provocation. This one floated very high and very far away — a trifle heavier, perhaps, than a wisp of cirrus, but much too light and airy for a rain-cloud — a harbinger, not of storm, but of fair weather. The rainy season was broken at last, and summer had come to British Columbia.

ART PRATTLE

BY ELIHU VEDDER

I HAVE been asked many shrewd questions in my day. A seemingly eternal one is: 'Why don't you write about Art?' I only wish I could — if I could do so like Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Frederick Leighton or a La Farge; but I cannot. The art is there, but it is not the art of writing, and that is the real truth and ought to prevent the question being asked. I could indeed swell up a little, but I could not stay swelled up. There is another reason; namely, my belief that a boy will follow a band when he will not follow advice. Therefore should I write of Art, I should invite my friends to something more like a circus than a sermon. Yet the art would be there, and the love of it, and, I should hope, the boys also.

Yet I envy these men; I mean with a noble envy, a mixture of admiration and regret. Would I change with them? No; I am like the turtle who, I dare say, would not change his own snug shell for another (even if the other were encrusted with diamonds and decorations) if it did not fit him.

How is this: you start to write about Art and end by writing about yourself? That is what I started out to do. Somewhat egotistical? Yes, very. A good likeness? Fairly good — of one side of me.

When a boy, in one of my foolish moments, I remarked to my brother that when I became a man I hoped I might have a son who would turn out to be a great artist.

'Why, Ell,' said he, 'why don't you try to become one yourself?'

This gave me something to think on, and I did try. If an artist is a man who makes his living out of his art, and if the boy is father to the man, I have succeeded in carrying out part of the programme at least: that is, I have made a living. But that has nothing whatever to do with art. With some it is business talent, with me it has been pure good luck, and it is lucky it is so.

ART-PRATTING

It is all folly, this seeking to limit the function of art to any particular form.

Anything, in whatever form or combination of forms, which can cause those forever separate but forever living, striving self-atoms, each with its little speck of soul and immortality, to draw near together, is its true, highest and only cause for being, and will forever be the answer to that eternal discontent of the non-creator or non-producer. Anything which breaks down the barrier of body and allows one soul to see another face to face and vibrate in unison, is legitimate art enough for me. Amen.

Art education should be strictly confined to the imparting of knowledge, such as perspective (for there is as much perspective in a face as there is in a facade), training the eye to see, the hand to execute, and so forth. In this matter the artist should be at school all his life. As for style, that should be strictly the result of a man's striving to express his individuality, his desires, his emotions, and his thoughts.

There is no more delightful profession than that of the artist; it makes a round man, and should be a portion of every man's training. There is nothing like it, and I think nothing better; and, I may add, there is nothing more utterly useless than this kind of talk. It is strange what an unaccountable disinclination I feel toward prattling about Art; strange, for it is done with such ease and so well by others. To fumble about this thought like Goldsmith! It may come from my inability to prattle about Art, from the fact that I do not know how to prattle about it, from my never having had much practice in prattling about Art. In any case, there will be little lost but what can be well spared, and by not doing so I shall be saved the mortification of seeing the benevolent eye averted or turned to one of menace. Old Cenino Cenini had a very crisp way of dismissing a subject. When he had told you

how to make charcoal for drawing, he would end by saying, 'This is enough for you to know about charcoal.' I say the same, only substituting Art for charcoal. By the way, there is a good deal of most excellent art in charcoal.

ART ON A FULL STOMACH

Had I as many dollars as there have been made definitions of what constitutes Art, I do not say I should be a multi-millionaire, but I should be well on the way to that modest but assured income I have been sighing for so long. As one definition more or less can do no harm, I also will venture to make one. Art is a beautiful body for a beautiful thought. I will also venture an assertion: that Art began on a full stomach. That cave-dweller who sketched, with a flint on a piece of bone, in such a masterly manner, those reindeer and that hairy arctic elephant, did it when safely entrenched in his cave after a successful hunt, in a leisure moment and on a full stomach; so that, if the origin of things has any value, the theory that artists only work from necessity goes all to pot. So the South Sea Islander decorates his paddle, and, needing no clothes, tattoos his skin with beautiful patterns, driven to it, not by fear or hunger, but by the same spirit which creates in every tribe the ruler, the soldier, the priest, and the medicine-man; the same spirit which creates the bard and the artist. But the artist does not wait until the world is full of art-schools, but (once his stomach full) goes to work, decorating a paddle or canoe; nor does the bard wait until he has gone through college, but without dictionary and ignorant of philology sings the war-songs of his nation.

Having such theories, you can see why I am not so tremendously anxious about the art 'in our midst,' and why I fuss so little about it. I suppose I am all wrong as usual, but so much good

Art was done without all this boosting that I may be pardoned if I doubt its great utility. Still I have no doubt whatever that we shall get, in time and in our own way, just the Art which best expresses us, and just the Art we want and deserve. The moral is — Feed the artist. Don't invite a few to dinner, leaving the rest to come in with the coffee, but invite them all and see what pretty reindeer they can draw, metaphorically speaking, on a full stomach. You will, of course, provide pencils and paper.

There was once some pretty shrewd business done on the Rialto; it was a busy and a pretty scene, not a fussy one like Wall Street. But I dare say Art will come even to Wall Street, when all are fed; but, dear me! some have to eat so much before they are full. And that is the trouble. Our men say: First let us make money enough and then we will attend to the house beautiful. But the time never comes, or when it does they have to get some one to attend to the house for them, and he overdoes it. I am not pitching into any one or anything except exaggeration; I can't abide exaggeration.

That is a mild ending, but it was not the original ending. The original ending was more like the fireworks after a mild Capri day. You finish your dinner, go out under the large arches of the Loggia, light your cigar, and wait for the first rocket. It gets darker and darker, but finally the rocket comes suddenly and sheds a weird light over everything. So here comes the real ending, which I cut out — you will see why.

Having such theories, etc., you can see why I am not anxious to become a president, a secretary or treasurer, or even a humble instructor in one of those art-kindergartens. 'John, you may remove the medals — but leave the cakes and ale, please,' — and thus

it is. I have some good friend occupying every one of the positions enumerated above; so even though I am writing in fun, can I leave in such sentiments? Of course not; so I cut them all out, and only put them in again as fireworks.

ART AND NECESSITY

While recommending for artists the desirability of a modest but assured income, I neglected a digression which would have come in very appropriately, and I now make up for that omission.

When I was young it was held that poverty was essential to the artist; that he would not work without it; also that he was invariably poor and lived in a garret. When I followed my bent and became an artist I felt that, like St. Francis, I was espousing poverty; and when I married, I supposed that the bride had espoused poverty in person. This belief dies hard, and takes a long time about dying.

Let any one look into the matter carefully and he will find that almost every notable artist has been very fortunately situated; either his parents have been well-off, or if poor, his poverty has given him a freedom from the interruptions of society which has amply made up for a little temporary discomfort.

Take the case of Masaccio. Picked up out of the gutter he may have been, but the good monks put him at once into the shop or bottega of one of the best Florentine masters, where, free from the trammels of dress and afternoon teas, he could work out his salvation without interruptions.

The freedom of outright poverty is well illustrated in the case of two men I know. One, much against his will, urged by well-meaning friends, did his duty by society; but the thing being against his nature, he did it badly; so,

having wasted a whole winter for fear of missing a possible purchaser, he at last broke away from the studio and went painting in the Campagna. Of course that day the long-expected purchaser called, and called, as we knew, with the express intention of getting a picture. The other, disregarding all advice, clung to his liberty, and employed it to such good purpose that soon rich men took the trouble of mounting his one hundred steps to secure a specimen of his work.

I advise my young friend, then, first to acquire the business habit, then get into the Paris mill. Select a master who does what he can do most easily and avoids what he cannot do so well, turn the handle, and you — the student — will come out *safe*. If you have anything in you it will be developed, and no harm done; although I did hear an honest man once say, 'I wish to God I could get rid of that smart, cocksure, Beaux-Arts style of mine.'

However, like my old aunt Eveline, 'I make no comment.'

ART AND BUSINESS

I have always maintained and held forth in and out of season, as my friends can testify, upon the beauty, merit, advisability, morality, and great utility, of a modest but assured income. It prevents envy on the one hand, arrogance on the other, and, I am persuaded, goes as far toward establishing a person pleasantly in the next world, as it undoubtedly does in this. Of those who possess this inestimable advantage, nothing need be said; they are simply to be envied.

Let then the young artist procure a *modest but assured income*. This is accomplished by a careful selection of his parents, although an Indian uncle — now rare — has been known to do as well. If they are not successful, they are at least safe, and so nothing more

need be said about them. The next best thing is to be born with the business instinct. Such also are safe; but to be born an artist, and in addition with the business instinct, is assured success. I would most strongly urge, in the case of those born without business talent, the placing of them in a business college as an indispensable preliminary to their artistic career; for although you cannot make business men of them, you may make successful artists. The combination of riches, genius, and business talent is too good to be true; it would be a trust, and spell greatness.

A painter who possessed the business talent determined that while following his profession he would first make money and then paint what he pleased. He succeeded in regard to the money, and seemed pleased with regard to the painting. This painter once made this remarkable remark:—

'Why, V., your studio is full of things which a little work would turn into property.'

Struck by the wisdom of this simple statement, I at once determined to put it into practice, and so from time to time have finished several sketches and other things. I have them yet.

At this time there lived next door to me an Italian painter, a good artist and a good man; I know this because he confided to me the bad behavior of his sons. I told him of this business discovery, and like a good propagandist, before I had put the advice in practice myself, urged him to finish up his sketches and pictures, and particularly to sign everything. He at once did so, and going to South America shortly after, died. At his sale, the widow had ample cause to thank me for my good advice.

This about signing: I once had an exhibition and sale, mostly of little landscapes, street-scenes, etc., painted at Monte Cologniola. It was really

quite a success, and as the boy at the gallery said, 'They went off like hot cakes.' I mention the boy, for it having been found that I had neglected to sign a single picture, and purchasers insisting upon it, the boy was constantly bringing to the studio of a friend near by, batches of pictures for my signature. The boy was wild with delight; praise, and 'going like hot cakes' made it an exhilarating time for me, and I felt as actors feel on receiving their immediate reward. A glamour seemed to surround me; that others felt the glamour you may judge from the fact that 'admittance' was charged and went to swell the already high per cent of the dealers. The young lady who received the admission money, a sweet, pretty girl, I can tell you, under the effect doubtless of the glamour, whispered to me that she wished to say something to me in private, but could not do so in the gallery. I became interested and told her that as it was near the closing hour, I would wait for her down the street. We met, and I gallantly escorted her to a retired ice-cream saloon. Nothing can be more proper than ice-cream. Then she said that she could stand it no longer to see how they were taking in the admission money, and I not getting a cent, and that she thought it her duty to let me know the state of affairs and begged me not to think badly of her for informing me. 'Think badly of you, my dear girl!' — this was not said coldly, — 'I shall always hold you a true friend,' — also adding other things.

Not long afterwards I received her wedding cards and a newspaper cutting; she had married very well, and has to this day my warm wishes for her happiness.

RABBIA REMESSA

The Italians have a very expressive expression, *rabbia remessa*, anger put

back or stowed away, and they consider it a very bad thing for the health, and so mostly *sfogare* themselves, or let their temper out pretty thoroughly, on the spot.

One day when I was a very little boy, on my way to school in Schenectady, the men at Clute's Foundry were throwing snowballs. As I turned to look at them, a snowball struck me on the mouth, and cut my lips, causing them to bleed freely. The pain, the sight of the blood, and above all, the contrast between my size and that of the great bullies, filled me with impotent rage; and my ignorance of the resources of swearing prevented my *sfogaring* myself as I should have done; and so all this rage was put back into my system, from which it has been coming out, little by little, ever since. This *coming out* I find a great help in painting.

As perhaps there may be some one who has not heard the story of the Dutch painter, I tell it.

A person calling on this painter heard a most infernal uproar in his studio: things seemed to be falling, and brass plates flying about, and words as of swearing were heard. The servant came to the door in a state of great anxiety, and told the visitor at once that the master could not be disturbed.

'I should think he could n't be, much more than he is,' said the visitor, 'but what in heaven's name is the matter?'

'He is painting a sky.'

I should not recommend this practice except in the case of skies. I have found it useful myself in case of skies.

THE FORMULA

Once a man, weary and hot from his long summer day's work up town, was wending his way to the South Ferry. His home was on Staten Island. In anticipation of the cooling breeze on the Bay, with dripping brow he stopped

to refresh himself frequently, but in vain — for it was a very hot day. His last stop brought him opposite a ready-made clothing establishment, and the idea struck him that his comparatively thick coat was responsible for his discomfort. Acting on this thought, he stepped across the street and asked the intelligent attendant if he had anything in the way of a coat more suitable to the season than the one he was wearing — something he could put on at once and that would fit?

‘Let me see, let me see,’ said the man, ‘I think I have just the thing in alpaca’; and after a careful survey of our friend’s figure he turned and cried with a loud voice, ‘James! bring me a number five — fat.’

The old coat was done up in a neat package, which the purchaser said he would carry himself, for being a suburbanite he had been feeling strange going home without his usual bundle. When relating this incident he remarked to a friend that he had always wondered what he was like, but that now his doubts were set at rest.

‘I know what I look like and what I am; I am a number five — fat.’ He had found his formula.

MUD PIES

I have just been looking over a book of criticisms of myself and my work, a thing I have carefully avoided doing for years. I find that I have much to be thankful for, and much that combines amusement with instruction. I find much attributed to me that I have never thought of, and much which my critics have never thought of at all. On the whole, I have been treated far better than I deserve, and so fully that there is nothing left for me to say about myself.

I once defined a real compliment as a truth pleasingly stated; perhaps abuse is truth stated in an unpleasant

manner. I give an example of abuse, which, while amusing, contains a lot of truth, only the manner leaves something to be desired. I can only give a few of the good things the writer sets before the reader; the article is quite long and sprightly.

‘The exhibition is an unfortunate showing. Some dozen landscapes are so unspeakably bad that it seems incredible they should be hung under any name; devoid of line, color, quality, and everything that belongs to a picture. . . . He has an accurate knowledge of drawing which he does not always use [this is quite true], — and no sense of color at any time [I object to that ‘any time’]. Therefore his black-and-white work is his best, and his best black-and-white work is that in which his knowledge of drawing is displayed. And this is all there is to it. . . . As for the “Imagination,” the “Allegory,” the “Ideal,” he is credited with striving after, it is well known that he and the school he has followed and the cult they have spawned, are entirely away from any ground connection, and that it is only a matter of time before work of such unbalanced character is given again its right name. . . . “Cup of Death,” simply ridiculous — “Negro” — white turban — leading heavy woman in pink down to stream — offering five-o’clock teacup to her mouth! “Soul between Doubt and Faith” — three heads — centre, dark sullen woman — right, light woman, pink wings — left, old man, gray worsted beard. The “Lazarus” and “Sibyl” are monstrosities,’ and so forth and so on. Then he becomes real serious and says, ‘But the man at his best is seen in the fine lines of the “Cup of Love,” with all its blemishes; in the masterly drawing of “Fortune”; in the movement in “Gathering in the Stars.” He is over his depth in any other effort here exhibited, and to get over one’s

depth in the murky stream of the Unreal is next to Mud.'

You see he ends with a truth. I presume he meant to say, 'is next to being in the mud.' How much nicer, with all its 'blemishes,' is my way of making a living than his. 'May his food profit him!' I am but human, and must say that I prefer my friend Brownell's treatment of the 'Lazarus' to that of this mud-puddler of the Press. I cannot give it all, but give his last finely sustained sentence:—

'In the presence of such a representation in pigment of a living soul of such sweetness, such dignity, such tranquil pensiveness, such pathetic and moving serenity, such a visible record of mysterious yet not awful spiritual experience secretly cherished and intimately sustaining—in the presence of such food for the mind as this, the impressionist who should suggest the shibboleth of "literary painting" might safely be invited by any serious intelligence, nay, by any person of good breeding, to go his way and solace his sterility with the shallowness of his sensuous gospel.'

The contrast in *manner* is rather striking. Perhaps my art needs the eye of a friend. What of it? There are so many arts that for the sake of variety an art of my kind comes in rather well. It reminds me of an incident which happened to W. W. Story. He and a friend were standing behind a priest in St. Peter's, who held in his hand one of those long shovel-shaped Spanish hats, and they waxed mighty merry over it, making suggestions as to what various uses it could be put to. When they had exhausted the theme, the priest turned and gravely said to them in the best of English, 'Gentlemen, I am gratified that my hat has afforded you so much amusement.' Most people only see my hat or my cap, for when I am not wearing a hat I

wear a cap. The only defect of the cap is that in trying to get at the brandied cherry which lurks in the bottom of a cocktail, it is apt to fall off.

After all, the artist is only expressing his delight in something, and striving to share his joy with another; at least I think that is what I was made for—and not to deceive or injure some such innocent writer as he of the 'Mud puddle.' After what he has said, the present is past praying for, but he might have left me the future. He must remember that some day he will stand in the presence of his Maker, and—I pause—has he a Maker? Perhaps God has forgotten what He made him for. To make mud pies? Perhaps so.

SOMETHING ABOUT SCULPTURE

One might compare the flight of the eagle with that of the fly, and draw from the comparison an interesting conclusion. The eagle's flight is straight or curved, and rises or falls, and that is all, except that after a long and stately flight the alighting is apt to be confused or a little ridiculous. The fly, with all his merry spirals and sudden turnings, may alight with the utmost ease. One flight is noble but monotonous; the other, varied but frivolous. The flight I propose is neither the one nor the other. It is only intended for those who know less than I do. Were I writing to an equal it would be to show him that I am such, or, as we all differ, to point out to him the difference; if to a superior, 't would be to show him that he is not so awfully superior, and that in some things perhaps I am his equal, or to take him down a peg.

It is a strange thing about sculpture that ordinary people can endure to read pages about Michelangelo, and yet can settle the question of his 'Moses' in sixty seconds. Let me help them to think a little. Finding themselves in a

darkened chamber lit by a single candle, let them take some object, and holding it so that the light may cross it slantingly or graze its surface, they will see prominences and hollows develop that they never dreamed of. It is thus the designer of the hull of a yacht proceeds when making his model. Now, as in sculpture those inequalities thus brought out represent underlying muscles, bones, or things of importance, the reader may imagine the task that the sculptor has before him, and realize how, like a fly, he has as yet only alighted on the skin. Thus a man in the broad light of day may appear without defects, when by the light of the domestic candle he is found full of them. Now it often happens that the beginner, modeling carefully a leg, for example, by the concentrated light of his studio window, while perfecting the forms as he goes, and slowly turning the revolving stand, finds, when he gets to the place where he began, that the forms do not fit; this is called chasing an outline, and is only one of his many troubles. He finds he has to be omnipresent, as it were, comparing sides which can never be seen together; in fact, the sculptor has his work 'cut out' for him in constantly solving difficulties of which the public has no idea.

Now, coming to the entire figure, we find it has two legs, no more, no less, and that viewed from the side, these coming together, one hiding somewhat the other, we see a certain meagreness, a weak point in the figure viewed as a mass, which is precisely one of the difficulties the sculptor has to contend with. Take St. Gaudens's 'Puritan,' for example: he goes sturdily on his way, with his Bible under his arm and big stick in hand, prepared to preach or pommel, while his ample cloak floats bravely to the breeze created by his own determined stride. A fine conception; but viewed from the side, we see the

legs together and then see how the big stick helps to strengthen the base and support the heavy masses above, and also by that time the cloak is seen edgewise, and no longer presents the mass it does in front, where it is amply sustained by the two legs and the staff. Thus the sculptor, like the Puritan, whips the devil round the stump.

We have thus far only treated of the single figure; fancy the difficulties in making a group. As for the painters, they also have their troubles 'cut out' for them, in spite of their glittering generalities. Take design, for instance, a subject Kenyon Cox has treated so thoroughly and so much better than I can, that I turn the reader over to him. Here I imagine my friend who is inferior to me in knowledge saying, 'Well, you have shown that a sculptor cannot make, with all those difficulties against him, a perfect statue.' My answer is, Who ever said he could?

MODELS AND STYLE

There once came over the face of a little model in Rome, who was posing for me, an expression of such passionate yearning (an expression as soulful as that seen in the beauty with bandaged chin in the complexion advertisement) that I asked her, —

'What on earth are you thinking of?'

'I am wondering if it is eleven o'clock yet.'

Anderlini was a Florentine model of the old days. He had received the rudiments of an education, and used to boast that he had studied 'the humanities.' Instead of which it was noticed that little things, such as matches and cigars, used to disappear in the studios where he worked. One night when he was posing in Galli's Accademia, and all were working in silence, some one remarked aloud, —

'Anderlini, they say you steal; that

you are little better than a thief; how is this?’

‘*I, a thief! I, steal! — Impossible!*’

‘Yes, they say little things will disappear where you work.’

‘Ah, yes; little things, perhaps. I see a cigar, — I would not think of stealing that cigar; I merely take it. There is a great difference between robbery and taking. I am incapable of the one, while I will admit I might do the other, which after all is only a little momentary weakness.’

Strange how I remember the name of another Florentine model — Brina. He was perfectly honest and perfectly uninteresting. There were not many models in Florence then, — quite different from Rome, in which there were almost too many. They say that now they are not lacking in New York. It was not always so, for I remember needing a model on one of my visits. I asked if there were any, and was always answered, ‘Yes’; but it invariably turned out to be a certain Miss X or one other. I sent for the other, and the young lady came, — most frigidly respectable. When she was ready, she asked coldly:

‘Will you please tell me what position I am to assume?’

Good Lord! I felt like telling her to throw a back somersault or a hand-spring, — anything to break the chill. I think she could never have posed for anything but that young lady in the magazine who is represented as ‘turning sadly, as she placed her hand on the knob of the door.’ One does n’t want a circus, either. I don’t know what one wants, — something human, at least. I know I did n’t want the ‘other.’ How the Italian models open their eyes when told of the prices paid models at home. Judging by results, they must be worthy of their hire, for in the way of illustrations I can imagine nothing better than the work now done.

I once had occasion to reprove an Italian model for having listened too credulously to the fascinating pleading of a seductive admirer.

‘You knew he was lying to you,’ I said.

‘Yes; but then, he lied so beautifully!’ That was Style.

The word is now Style, and it reminds me of those writers who seem to live in some secluded cloister or garden of thought, through which they saunter leisurely, in an atmosphere of over-ripe scholarship, culling from time to time some tempting fruit from their neighbor’s orchard, with which, together with the knurly result of their own culture, they furnish forth their table, offering a repast more ostentatious than nourishing. In fact, I think that a writer’s great acquirements often stand between him and the reader, and I seem to get nearer to nature through Shakespeare the unlearned, than through Ben Jonson the learned, and infinitely nearer both man and God in the pages of Job, than if they had been written by a graduate of Cambridge or Oxford or Yale or Harvard.

These writers give one the impression that ‘something very important is going on,’ even when such is not the case; and, indeed, take all things, including themselves, so seriously that they should be prosecuted for trespassing on the domain of the quaint Goddess Fun, were it not that they are quite unconscious how funny they are.

The above looks like a very long postscript, you say; but I don’t care, — ’ith no one nigh to hinder; I meant the thing to be funny, not myself; it may be funny taken either way. But what a relief to turn to the refined writer from that atmosphere of the Western story, heavily laden with slang and pregnant with revolvers and murders, where the impression is given that some one is going to be shot every five minutes.

SYSTEM

I am fond of system. I often try to put my life and studio in order; but then I need some one to keep things in order, for when a fellow has so much to do, and at the same time has to act as body-servant or valet to a pretty particular old man, he has his hands full. Some men are capable of it. I know of one who cut up his canvas and paper into what he called 'my little thirty by forty, or fifty by sixty,' — for so he designated the pictures which were sure to follow. When he went on an outing, all he had to do was to say, 'Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November,' and he knew just how many pictures and water-colors he was going to bring back. And so he ordered before leaving just so many frames and passe-partouts, and set a date for a gallery, and when he got back the sale took place without a day's delay. He once said to me, — and it was good advice, —

•'Now, if you have three pictures for sale, don't ask a hundred dollars apiece; that shows that you don't think much of yourself; but ask three hundred apiece. It is easier to sell one picture than three; and asking three hundred dollars makes people think that there must be something in them. So you sell your one, and have two left to send to exhibitions in other cities.'

Leighton was great on system. He wants some pomegranate blossoms for a picture (for whatever flower went into a picture by Leighton was sure to be a handsome one), and he hies him to Italy and makes his studies. But he has so timed his trip that he gets back to London in the morning, takes his bath, his breakfast, his cigar and rest, and at precisely half-past one walks into his studio and finds his model waiting by previous appointment.

I should like to make an oral or writ-

ten comment, but breath fails me and my brain reels. Well, V., do you or do you not like system? I don't know; I am only writing for fun, and there does seem something funny about it, — don't you think so?

THE FLY-SPECK

I presume most of my readers know the story of the Hebrew scholars and jot or tittle. This jot or tittle is a dot used in writing Hebrew, which modifies the sense or pronunciation of words, and is of great importance, for the Good Book warns us that we may have a hot time if we tamper with it. Now certain wise men, finding one in the Scriptures which changed the meaning of a sentence, thus giving a new reading, were about coming to blows, — a handy way of settling some things, — when one whose spectacles were better than those of his *confrères* discovered the jot to be no other than a fly-speck. A friend, writing to me, says that something reminded him of my fly-speck story. At first I could not remember being the happy possessor of a fly-speck story, but gradually it came to me that I did once tell at the Club something which seemed to revolve on a fly-speck, and which is my story beyond a doubt. It is this: —

In Perugia there was a certain Count Meniconi who owned two beautiful little pictures. Wishing to sell them, and thinking that perhaps it might help him to do so, he kindly allowed me to copy them both. Were they mine, I should most certainly hold them to be the work of Raffaello when young. Of course they are like Perugino, but an owner can see beauties hidden from others. One represents a St. Christopher with the Bambino on his shoulder; the other a most delightful young St. John, with slender legs, bearing an equally slender cross. The face of the St. John is remarkable for the great

sweetness of the expression. This expression I labored over, and had almost given up all hope of catching it, when I discovered that it was owing to none other than a fly-speck near the corner of the mouth. Imitating this casual work of the fly, I succeeded in getting perfectly the expression. I had the pictures photographed, and sent the Count as many copies of them as he desired.

Some time afterward, a gentleman called at my studio in the Via Margutta, and on glancing at his card, I saw that he also was a count, of the noble and ancient family of the Malatestas of Rimini. His object was to get photographs of the little pictures. These I gave him, and he was most surprised at my refusing to be paid for them. Thanking me profusely, he took his departure. While holding the door open as he left, I saw him take down from a ledge in the staircase the stump of a cigar he had carefully deposited, with the evident intention of relighting and finishing it when his call should be over.

On this I pondered, and thought that, were I a Malatesta I would never lower myself by such an act; but continuing to ponder, I came to the conclusion that were I a Malatesta, perhaps I could afford to do so.

Everybody must have seen in Florence, under the Loggie of the Uffizi Gallery, the statue of that Florentine worthy, Gino Capponi. He is represented tearing up, with a look of *immenso sdegno*, a sheet of paper or some document, and the act marks, no doubt, what the Italians would not fail to call *un momento psicologico* of great importance in the City's history.

I saw in the *Tribuna*, July 16, 1908, the account of the arrest in Milan of the Marchese Gino Capponi, for smuggling saccharine in a carpet-bag. He and a friend may have to pay a fine of

from forty-five to ninety thousand lire. Like my aunt Eveline, 'I make no comment.'

BEAUTIES AND DEFECTS

There is an old woodcut representing an accountant seated at his desk by an open window. A sudden gust of wind is carrying away the bills through it, while all that remains in his frantic grasp are the pennies and small change. The legend underneath reads, 'Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' This may do in finance, but in Art it admits of a doubt. 'Take care of the beauties and let the defects take care of themselves,' sounds better, and I wish to heaven I had written it and hung it up in my studio, framed like those texts we used to see similarly treated in many homes. Had Bellini, in those charming little pictures attributed to him, stopped to correct all their manifest defects, I fear we should have been deprived of a permanent pleasure. I mean those little things in which Truth with her mirror is represented of an uncertain age and more uncertain proportions; and another, where the very small boat is quite inadequate to bear with safety its charming occupant, and the great globe and the little loves. I know this opens the way for those who cannot draw, to Corot's 'hovering'; and for those who are incapable of feeling and expression, to Millet's expressionless faces, in those instances where he has paid more attention to the expression of the sleeve of a knit jacket, for instance, than to the expression on the face of its wearer; or to the clever penman, relying on the impeccable line of Aubrey Beardsley and nothing else, and so forth and so on. I know (to change Blake's saying slightly) 'the lazy will turn this into laziness,' but the intelligent will follow this advice: Go for beauties with

all thy might, and the defects will take care of themselves. The love and the warmth of Burns make him dearer to us than if he had been a pale, cold, lifeless, funereal urn of perfection.

THE TOSCANO

A worthy Pope once, when pleased with the discourse of an equally worthy Friar, offered him a pinch of snuff. The Friar refused with thanks, and at the same time thanked God that he had not acquired that vice. Whereupon the Pope remarked that he had better get it, as it went so well with his others. I have always been thankful that I acquired the vice of smoking early in life in Cuba, thus saving much valuable time. I have given the *toscana*, a great favorite in Italy, many names, — such as ‘gravel-scratcher,’ ‘test of manhood,’ ‘bed-rocker,’ etc., — for in way of smoking you can no lower go. But the best name for it is ‘the last refuge of man.’ For I firmly believe that although woman has taken possession of the realm of the cigarette, she will never invade the kingdom of the *toscana*. Here man reigns supreme and may well nail his flag to the *toscana*.

But we must distinguish carefully between the *toscana* and the fair Virginia, she of the slender build, frequently the despair of the new arrival, who seeks in vain to smoke it without previously withdrawing the little reed-like straw. The likeness between them may be best described as that between the muffin and the crumpet. I once asked an Englishman what was the difference between a muffin and a crumpet, and he said he held the crumpet to be the female of the muffin. This also just describes the relationship of the *toscana* and our stogie. When, on my visits home, unable to obtain my favorite, I have hailed with delight the stogie, but must confess that it was something like revisiting the pale

glimpses of the moon. However, I was delighted with the native stogie as a substitute, and sought to introduce it to those of the Club, pointing out how heartrending a thing it was to throw away a good Havana (when barely begun), merely to catch the train, when an inexpensive stogie would do as well. I taught my friends how to cut them in two, thus getting two smokes out of one stogie; and that by lighting them in private, that humiliating look of economy might be avoided. I believe my propaganda took effect, and that these ‘catch the trains’ are smoked to this day, in private; but, on account of the humiliating look, *only* in private.

The *toscana* is an alleged cigar, six and one-eighth inches long. Like Whistler, ‘I have measured it.’ It is always cut in two by the judicious, for very good reasons: it draws better; it gives two short smokes; you smoke less; and as it has been called strong, while you may waste the cigar, you save the man. Again, as the fair girls who ‘confectionate’ it, being of a merry turn of mind, frequently mingle with the *fla-grant* leaf, hairpins, toothpicks, and *oggetti* too numerous to mention, — so the cutting discloses forthwith this plan of having fun at your expense. Yet, as the *Messaggero* receives specimens and publishes lists of things found in *toscana*, I dare say they get some satisfaction out of their pranks after all.

Now as to how the man is saved.

The custom is to cut off the two hard ends; these go to deserving models and studio-men; to the studio-man also goes the stump, which he dries and smokes in a pipe, or sends to his old father in the country. *You* only smoke about an inch of each half, or two inches of the cigar. This moderation saves the man, if it does waste the cigar. I smoke about five a day; that does the business for me, and would most certainly do the business for many a tall fellow.

One more observation: the stumps of *toscani* thrown away in the street are pounced upon by an uncertain class, — much as the sea-gulls pounce on the refuse thrown from a steamer; but I have noticed that the stump of a Havana is passed unnoticed by those who readily stoop to that of a *toscano*.

Michelangelo, when a very old man, was seated one day amidst the ruins of the Colosseum. In my opinion, he was only loafing and waiting his opportunity. A friend, finding him, said: ‘*Buon’ giorno*’; to which the old man at once replied, —

‘That’s not right; you must ask me, “*Cosa fai?*” [What are you doing?] else what becomes of my celebrated answer, “I am still studying”?’

Should any one ask me at this moment the same question, I should answer, —

‘Smoking and thinking.’

Q. What are you thinking about?

A. My life.

Q. And what do you make of it?

A. An unfinished sketch.

After which I would throw away the *mezzo toscano*, well knowing that I had lots of them in reserve.

A DEFENSE OF WHISTLING

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WHISTLING girls and crowing hens have been bracketed together by the wisdom of the ages, but ‘bad ends’ have been allotted these ladies, because they have not as yet learned to perform in tune, not from anything inherently bad in whistling *per se*. Unfortunately the proverb has, however, by a fatal association of ideas, reflected on a noble art. Because girls and newsboys pipe ‘ragtime’ without regard to the diatonic scale, why should my avocation be banned by polite society? It would be quite as absurd to consider singing *outré* because burly baritones persist in roaring ‘Wake not, but hear me, Love,’ at afternoon concerts; or to put the piano down as vulgar because a certain type of person is always whanging Chaminade out of season. (For my part, I have never discovered Chaminade’s season; but then I am only a fiddler.)

My avocation consists in whistling to myself the most beautiful melodies in existence, and I go about in a state of perpetual surprise that no one else does likewise. Never yet have I heard a passing stranger whistling anything worth while; but I have my plans all laid for the event. The realization of that whistle will come with a shock like the one Childe Roland felt when something clicked in his brain, and he had actually found the dark tower. I hope I shall not be

a-doing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the

sound, and so lose my man among the passers-by. When I hear him I shall chime in with the second violin or ‘cello part perhaps, or, if he has stopped, I shall pipe up the answering melody. Of course he will be just as much on the alert as I have been, and will search

eagerly for me in the crowd, and then we shall go away together, and be crony-hearts forever after. I am constantly constructing romances, each with this identical beginning, for what could be more romantic than to find by chance the only other one in all the world who shared your pet hobby? But I am growing old in the quest, and sometimes fear that I may never find my stranger, though I attain the years and the technique of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The human whistle is the most delightfully informal of instruments. It needs no inglorious lubrication of joints and greasing of keys like its dearest relative the flute. It is not subject to the vocalist's eternal cold. It knows no *inferno* of tuning and snapping strings, nor does it need resin for its stomach's sake and its often infirmities. Its only approach to the baseness of mechanism is in a drainage system akin to that of the French horn, but far less brazen in its publicity.

I love my whistle quite as much as I love my violin, but in a different way. They stand, the one to the other, very much in the relation of my little, profanely-extra-illustrated school Horace to that magnificent codex of the fifth century, the gem of my library. The former goes with a black pipe and a holiday, with luncheon under a bush by a little trout stream; the latter implies scholarship, or else visitors and Havana cigars.

One of the best qualities of the whistle is that it is so portable. The whistler may not even have rings on his fingers, but he shall have music wherever he goes; and to carry about the wealth of Schubert and Beethoven and Chopin is more to me than much fine gold. Brahms is one of the most whistle-able of composers, and my two specifics for a blue Monday are to read Stevenson's Letters and to whistle all the Brahms

themes I can remember. I will begin perhaps with concertos, then run through the chamber music and songs (which I prefer without words), reserving the overtures, suites, choral works, and symphonies for a climax. The most ultramarine devils could hardly resist the contagious optimism of a Brahms whistling-bout, and I believe that if Schopenhauer, 'that prince of miserabilists,' had practiced the art, it would have made him over into a Stanley Hall.

Whistling to keep up the courage has passed into an adage, but the Solomons have said nothing about whistling to keep up the memory. Yet nothing is better for the musical memory than the game of 'Whistle.' A whistles a melody. If B can locate it, he wins the serve. If he cannot, A scores one. If the players have large *répertoires*, the field should be narrowed down to trios, or songs, or perhaps first movements of symphonies. I still feel the beneficent effects of the time when I used to sit with my chum in a Berlin café into the small hours, racking my brain and my lips to find a theme too recondite for him. For such purposes the whistle is exquisitely adapted. One often hears it remarked that the violin is almost human; but the whistle is absolutely human and, unlike the violin, is not too formal to take along on a lark. Though it cannot sing to others

Of infinite instincts, — souls intense that yearn,
it will stick loyally and cheerily by you
through thick and thin, like

the comrade heart
For a moment's play,
And the comrade heart
For a heavier day,
And the comrade heart
Forever and aye.

The whistle is one of the best tests of musical genius. Not that the divine spark lurks behind truly puckered lips,

but you may be sure that something is amiss with that composer whose themes cannot be whistled; although, of course, the converse will not hold. He lacks that highest and rarest of the gifts of God, — melody. Certain composers nowadays, with loud declarations that this is the Age of Harmony, are trying to slur over their fatal lack by calling melody antiquated, a thing akin to perukes and bustles — and sour grapes. By changing the key twice in the measure, they involve us so deep in harmonic quicksands as to drown, momentarily, even the memory of Schubert. If this school prevails it will, of course, annihilate my avocation, for I have known but one man who could whistle harmony, and even he could not soar above thirds and sixths. I shudder when I imagine him attacking a D'Indy symphony!

The whistle has even wider possibilities than the voice. It is quite as perfect and natural an instrument, and exceeds the ordinary compass of the voice by almost an octave. It can perform harder music with more ease and less practice. It has another advantage: in whistling orchestral music, the drum-taps, the double-bass, the bassoon may be 'cued in' very realistically and with little interruption by means of snores, grunts, wheezes, clucks, *et cetera*.

The whistle's chief glory is that it is human, yet single. Sometimes, especially during certain operas, I am inclined to think that when Music was 'married to Immortal Verse' she made a *mésalliance*. The couple seldom appear to advantage together; their 'winding

bouts' are sad public exhibitions of conjugal infelicity. Instead of coöperating, each misrepresents and stunts the other's nature. Both insist on talking at the same time, so that you can understand neither one plainly, and, as is generally the case, the lady gets in the first and last word, and shouts poor I. V. down between whiles. You would hardly take her, as she strides about red-faced and vociferous, for the goddess to whom you gave your heart when she was a maiden. But there, you must remember that I am only a fiddler who prefers 'absolute music,' and believes in the degeneracy of opera as a form of art.

The whistle has almost as many different qualities of tone as the voice, although it is so young as still to be in the boy-chorister stage. Who can predict the developments of the art after its change of whistle? I, for one, fear that it will be introduced into the symphony orchestra before long, and this, I am sure, will make it vain, and destroy its young *naïveté*, and its delicious informality. It would be like punching holes into my dear old black pipe, fitting it with a double reed, and using it in the future works of Max Reger as a kind of piccolo-oboe. I go about furtively looking at conductors' scores for fear I may see something like this: —

Whistle I

Whist. II

Whist. Profondo.

But with all my heart I hope that my avocation may not be formalized until after I have hung up the fiddle and the bow on the staff of my life as a sort of double-bar.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALANNA

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

A CAPPED and aproned maid, with a martyred expression, had twice sounded the dinner-bell in the stately halls of Costello, before any member of the family saw fit to respond to it.

Then they all came at once, with a sudden pounding of young feet on the stairs, an uproar of young voices, and much banging of doors. Jim and Danny, twins of fourteen, to whom their mother was wont proudly to allude as 'the top o' the line,' violently left their own sanctum on the fourth floor, and coasted down such banisters as lay between that and the dining-room. Teresa, an angel-faced twelve-year-old in a blue frock, shut *The Wide, Wide World* with a sigh, and climbed down from the window-seat in the hall.

Teresa's pious mother, in moments of exultation, loved to compare and commend her offspring to such of the saints and martyrs as their youthful virtues suggested. And Teresa at twelve had, as it were, graduated from the little saints, Agnes and Rose and Cecilia, and was now compared, in her mother's secret heart, to the gracious Queen of all the Saints. 'As she was when a little girl,' Mrs. Costello would add, to herself, to excuse any undue boldness in the thought.

And indeed, Teresa, as she was tonight, her blue eyes still clouded with Ellen Montgomery's sorrows, her curls tumbled about her hot cheeks, would have made a pretty foil in a picture of old Saint Anne.

But this story is about Alanna of the black eyes, the eight years, the large

irregular mouth, the large irregular features.

Alanna was outrunning lazy little Leo — her senior, but not her match at anything — on their way to the dining-room. She was rendering desperate the two smaller boys, Frank X., Jr., and John Henry Newman Costello, who staggered hopelessly in her wake. They were all hungry, clean, and good-natured, and Alanna's voice led the other voices, even as her feet, in twinkling patent leather, led their feet.

Following the children came their mother, fastening the rich silk and lace at her wrists as she came. Her handsome kindly face and her big shapely hands were still moist and glowing from soap and warm water, and the shining rings of black hair at her temples were moist, too.

'This is all my doin', Dad,' said she comfortably, as she and her flock entered the dining-room. 'Put the soup on, Alma. I'm the one that was goin' to be prompt at dinner, too!' she added, with a superintending glance for all the children, as she tied on little John's napkin.

F. X. Costello, Senior, undertaker by profession, and mayor by an immense majority, was already at the head of the table.

'Late, eh, Mommie?' said he, good-naturedly. He threw his newspaper on the floor, cast a householder's critical glance at the lights and the fire, and pushed his neatly-placed knives and forks to right and left carelessly with both his fat hands.

The room was brilliantly lighted and warm. A great fire roared in the old-fashioned black-marble grate, and electric lights blazed everywhere. Everything in the room, and in the house, was costly, comfortable, incongruous, and hideous. The Costellos were very rich, and had been very poor; and certain people were fond of telling of the queer, ridiculous things they did, in trying to spend their money. But they were very happy, and thought their immense, ugly house was the finest in the city, or in the world.

'Well, an' what's the news on the Rialter?' said the head of the house now, busy with his soup.

'You'll have the laugh on me, Dad,' his wife assured him placidly. 'After all my sayin' that nothing'd take me to Father Crowley's meetin'!'

'Oh, that was it?' said the mayor. 'What's he goin' to have, — a concert?'

'— And a fair, too!' supplemented Mrs. Costello. There was an interval devoted on her part to various bibs and trays, and a low aside to the waitress. Then she went on: 'As you know, I went, meanin' to beg off. On account of baby bein' so little, and Leo's cough, and the paperers bein' upstairs, — and all! I thought I'd just make a donation, and let it go at that. But the ladies all kind of hung back — there was very few there — and I got talkin' —'

'Well, 't is but our dooty, after all,' said the mayor, nodding approval.

'That's all, Frank. Well! So finally Mrs. Kiljohn took the coffee, and the Lemmon girls took the grab-bag. The Guild will look out for the concert, and I took one fancy-work booth, and of course, the Children of Mary'll have the other, just like they always do.'

'Oh, was Grace there?' Teresa was eager to know.

'Grace was, darlin'.'

'And we're to have the fancy-work!

You'll help us, won't you, mother? Goody — I'm in that!' exulted Teresa.

'I'm in that, too!' echoed Alanna quickly.

'A lot you are, you baby!' said Leo unkindly.

'You're not a Child of Mary, Alanna,' Teresa said promptly and uneasily.

'Well — *well* — I can help!' protested Alanna, putting up her lip. 'Can't I, mother? Can't I, mother?'

'You can help *me*, dovey,' said her mother absently. 'I'm not goin' to work as I did for Saint Patrick's Bazaar, Dad, and I said so! Mrs. O'Connell and Mrs. King said they'd do all the work, if I'd just be the nominal head. Mary Murray will do us some pillars — leather — with Gibsons and Indians on them. And I'll have Lizzie Bayne up here for a month, makin' me aprons and little Jappy wrappers, and so on.'

She paused over the cutlets and the chicken-pie, which she had been helping with an amazing attention to personal preference. The young Costellos chafed at the delay, but their mother's fine eyes saw them not.

'Kelley & Moffatt ought to let me have materials at half price,' she reflected aloud. 'My bill's six or seven hundred a month!'

'You always say you're not going to do a thing, and then get in and make more than any other booth!' said Dan proudly.

'Oh, not this year, I won't,' his mother assured him. But in her heart she knew she would.

'Are n't you glad it's fancy-work?' said Teresa. 'It does n't get all sloppy and mussy like ice-cream, does it, mother?'

'Gee, don't you love fairs!' burst out Leo rapturously.

'Sliding up and down the floor before the dance begins, Dan, to work in the wax?' suggested Jimmy, in pleasant

anticipation. 'We go every day and every night, don't we, mother?'

'Ask your father,' said Mrs. Costello discreetly.

But the mayor's attention just then was taken by Alanna, who had left her chair to go and whisper in his ear.

'Why, here's Alanna's heart broken!' said he cheerfully, encircling her little figure with a big arm.

Alanna shrank back suddenly against him, and put her wet cheek on his shoulder.

'Now, whatever is it, darlin'?' wondered her mother, sympathetically but without concern. 'You've not got a pain, have you, dear?'

'She wants to help the Children of Mary!' said her father tenderly. 'She wants to do as much as Tessie does!'

'Oh, but, Dad, she *can't*!' fretted Teresa. 'She's not a Child of Mary! She ought n't to want to tag that way. Now all the other girls' sisters will tag!'

'They have n't got sisters!' said Alanna, red-cheeked of a sudden.

'Why, Mary Alanna Costello, they have too! Jean has, and Stella has, and Grace has her little cousins!' protested Teresa triumphantly.

'Never mind, baby,' said Mrs. Costello hurriedly. 'Mother'll find you something to do. There now! How'd you like to have a raffle-book on something, — a chair or a pillar? And you could get all the names yourself, and keep the money in a little bag —'

'Oh my! I wish I could!' said Jim artfully. 'Think of the last night, when the drawing comes! You'll have the fun of looking up the winning number in your book, and calling it out, in the hall.'

'Would I, Dad?' said Alanna softly, but with dawning interest.

'And then, from the pulpit, when the returns are all in,' contributed Dan warmly, 'Father Crowley will read out your name, — With Mrs. Frank Costel-

lo's booth — raffle of sofa cushion, by Miss Alanna Costello, twenty-six dollars and thirty-five cents!'

'Oo — would he, Dad?' said Alanna, won to smiles and dimples by this charming prospect.

'Of course he would!' said her father. 'Now go back to your seat, Marchree, and eat your dinner. When Mommer takes you and Tess to the *matinée* to-morrow, ask her to bring you in to me first, and you and I'll step over to Paul's, and pick out a table or a couch, or something. Eh, Mommie?'

'And what do you say?' said that lady to Alanna, as the radiant little girl went back to her chair.

Whereupon Alanna breathed a bashful 'Thank you, Dad,' into the ruffled yoke of her frock, and the matter was settled.

The next day she trotted beside her father to Paul's big furniture store, and after long hesitation selected a little desk of shining brass and dull oak.

'Now,' said her father, when they were back in his office, and Teresa and Mrs. Costello were eager for the *matinée*, 'here's your book of numbers, Alanna. And here I'll tie a pencil and a string to it. Don't lose it. I've given you two hundred numbers, at two bits each, and mind, the minute any one pays for one, you put their name down on the same line!'

'Oo, — oo!' said Alanna, in pride. 'Two hundred! That's lots of money, is n't it, Dad? That's eleven or fourteen dollars, is n't it, Dad?'

'That's fifty dollars, goose!' said her father, making a dot with the pencil on the tip of her upturned little nose.

'Oo!' said Teresa, awed. Hatted, furred, and muffed, she leaned on her father's shoulder.

'Oo — Dad!' whispered Alanna, with scarlet cheeks.

'So now!' said her mother, with a little nod of encouragement and warning.

'Put it right in your muff, lovey. Don't lose it. Dan or Jim will help you count your money, and keep things straight.'

'And to begin with, we'll all take a chance!' said the mayor, bringing his fat palm, full of silver, up from his pocket. 'How old are you, Mommie?'

'I'm thirty-seven, — all but, as well you know, Frank!' said his wife promptly.

'Thirty-six and thirty-seven for you, then!' He wrote her name opposite both numbers. 'And here's the mayor on the same page, — forty-four! And twelve for Tessie, and eight for this highbinder on my knee, here! And now we'll have one for little Gerlie!'

Gertrude Costello was not yet three months old, her mother said.

'Well, she can have number one, any way!' said the mayor. 'You make a rejooiced rate for one family, I understand, Miss Costello?'

'I *don't*!' chuckled Alanna, locking her thin little arms about his neck, and digging her chin into his eye. So he gave her full price, and she went off with her mother in a state of great content, between rows and rows of coffins, and cases of plumes, and handles and rosettes, and designs for monuments.

'Mrs. Church will want some chances, won't she, mother?' she said suddenly.

'Let Mrs. Church alone, darlin',' advised Mrs. Costello. 'She's not a Catholic, and there's plenty to take chances without her!'

Alanna reluctantly assented; but she need not have worried. Mrs. Church voluntarily took many chances, and became very enthusiastic about the desk.

She was a pretty, clever young woman, of whom all the Costellos were very fond. She lived with a very young husband, and a very new baby, in a tiny cottage near the big Irish family, and pleased Mrs. Costello by asking her advice on all domestic matters, and taking it. She made the Costello child-

ren welcome at all hours in her tiny, shining kitchen, or sunny little dining-room. She made them candy and told them stories. She was a minister's daughter, and wise in many delightful, girlish, friendly ways.

And in return Mrs. Costello did her many a kindly act, and sent her almost daily presents in the most natural manner imaginable.

But Mrs. Church made Alanna very unhappy about the raffled desk. It so chanced that it matched exactly the other furniture in Mrs. Church's rather bare little drawing-room, and this made her eager to win it. Alanna, at eight, long familiar with raffles and their ways, realized what a very small chance Mrs. Church stood of getting the desk. It distressed her very much to notice that lady's growing certainty of success.

She took chance after chance. And with every chance she warned Alanna of the dreadful results of her not winning, and Alanna, with a worried line between her eyes, protested her helplessness afresh.

'She *will* do it, Dad!' the little girl confided to him one evening, when she and her book and her pencil were on his knee. 'And it *worries* me so.'

'Oh, I hope she wins it,' said Teresa ardently. 'She's not a Catholic, but we're praying for her. And you know people who are n't Catholics, Dad, are apt to think that our fairs are pretty — pretty *money-making*, you know!'

'And if only she could point to that desk,' said Alanna, 'and say that she won it at a Catholic fair.'

'But she won't,' said Teresa, suddenly cold.

'I'm *praying* she will,' said Alanna suddenly.

'Oh, I don't think you ought, do you, Dad?' said Teresa gravely. 'Do you think she ought, Mommie? That's just like her pouring her holy water

over the kitten. You ought n't to do those things.'

'I ought to,' said Alanna, in a whisper that reached only her father's ear.

'You suit me, whatever you do,' said Mayor Costello, 'and Mrs. Church can take her chances with the rest of us.'

Mrs. Church seemed to be quite willing to do so. When at last the great day of the fair came she was one of the first to reach the hall, in the morning, to ask Mrs. Costello how she might be of use.

'Now wait a minute, then!' said Mrs. Costello cordially. She straightened up as she spoke, from an inspection of a box of fancy-work. 'We could only get into the hall this hour gone, my dear, and 't was a sight, after the Native Sons' Banquet last night. It'll be a miracle if we get things in order for to-night. Father Crowley said he'd have three carpenters here this morning at nine, without fail; but not one's come yet. That's the way!'

'Oh, we'll fix things,' said Mrs. Church, shaking out a dainty little apron.

Alanna came briskly up, and beamed at her. The little girl was driving about on all sorts of errands for her mother, and had come in to report.

'Mother, I went home,' she said, in a breathless rush, 'and told Alma four extra were coming to lunch, and here are your big scissors, and I told the boys you wanted them to go out to Uncle Dan's for greens, they took the buckboard, and I went to Keyser's for the cheesecloth, and he had only eighteen yards of pink, but he thinks Kelley's have more, and there are the tacks, and they don't keep spool-wire, and the electrician will be here in ten minutes.'

'Alanna, you're the pride of me life,' said her mother, kissing her. 'That's all now, dearie. Sit down and rest.'

'Oh, but I'd rather go round and see things,' said Alanna, and off she went.

The immense hall was filled with the noise of voices, hammers, and laughter. Groups of distracted women were forming and dissolving everywhere around chaotic masses of boards and bunting. Whenever a carpenter started for the door, or entered it, he was waylaid, bribed, and bullied by the frantic superintendents of the various booths. Messengers came and went, staggering under masses of evergreen, carrying screens, rope, suit-cases, baskets, boxes, Japanese lanterns, freezers, rugs, ladders, and tables.

Alanna found the stage fascinating. Lunch and dinner were to be served there, for the five days of the fair, and it had been set with many chairs and tables, fenced with ferns and bamboo. Alanna was charmed to arrange knives and forks, to unpack oily hams and sticky cakes, and great bowls of salad, and to store them neatly away in a green room.

The grand piano had been moved down to the floor. Now and then an audacious boy or two banged on it for the few moments that it took his mother's voice or hands to reach him. Little girls gently played *The Carnival of Venice* or *Echoes of the Ball*, with their scared eyes alert for reproof. And once two of the 'big' Sodality girls came up, assured and laughing and dusty, and boldly performed one of their convent duets. Some of the tired women in the booths straightened up and clapped, and called '*encore!*'

Teresa was not one of these girls. Her instrument was the violin; moreover, she was busy and absorbed at the Children of Mary's booth, which by four o'clock began to blossom all over its white-draped pillars and tables with ribbons and embroidery and tissue paper, and cushions and aprons and collars, and all sorts of perfumed prettiness.

The two priests were constantly in

evidence, their cassocks and hands showing unaccustomed dust.

And over all the confusion, Mrs. Costello shone supreme. Her brisk, big figure, with skirts turned back, and a blue apron still further protecting them, was everywhere at once; laughter and encouragement marked her path. She wore a paper of pins on the breast of her silk dress, she had a tack hammer thrust in her belt. In her apron-pockets were string, and wire, and tacks. A big pair of scissors hung at her side, and a pencil was thrust through her smooth black hair. She advised and consulted and directed; even with the priests it was to be observed that her mild, 'Well, Father, it seems to me,' always won the day. She led the electricians a life if it; she became the terror of the carpenters' lives.

Where was the young lady that played the violin going to stay? Send her up to Mrs. Costello's. — Heavens! We were short a tablecloth! Oh, but Mrs. Costello had just sent Dan home for one. — How on earth could the Male Quartette from Tower Town find its way to the hall? Mrs. Costello had promised to tell Mr. C. to send a carriage for them.

She came up to the Children of Mary's booth about five o'clock.

'Well, if you girls ain't the wonders!' she said to the tired little Sodalists, in a tone of unbounded admiration and surprise. 'You make me ashamed of me own booth. This is beautiful.'

'Oh, do you think so, mother?' said Teresa wistfully, clinging to her mother's arm.

'I think it's grand!' said Mrs. Costello, with conviction. There was a delighted laugh. 'I'm going to bring all the ladies up to see it.'

'Oh, I'm so glad!' said all the girls together, reviving visibly.

'An' the pretty things you got!' went on the cheering matron. 'You'll clear

eight hundred if you'll clear a cent. And now put me down for a chance or two; don't be scared, Mary Riordan; four or five! I'm goin' to bring Mr. Costeller over here to-night, and don't you let him off too easy.'

Every one laughed joyously.

'Did you hear of Alanna's luck?' said Mrs. Costello. 'When the Bishop got here he took her all around the hall with him, and between this one and that, every last one of her chances is gone. She could n't keep her feet on the floor for joy. The lucky girl! They're waitin' for you, Tess, darlin', with the buckboard. Go home and lay down a while before dinner.'

'Are n't you lucky!' said Teresa, as she climbed a few minutes later into the back seat with Jim, and Dan pulled out the whip.

Alanna, swinging her legs, gave a joyful assent. She was too happy to talk, but the other three had much to say.

'Mother thinks we'll make eight hundred dollars,' said Teresa.

'Gee!' said the twins together, and Dan added, 'If only Mrs. Church wins that desk, now.'

'Who's going to do the drawing of numbers?' Jimmy wondered.

'Bishop,' said Dan, 'and he'll call down from the platform, "Number twenty-six wins the desk." And then Alanna'll look in her book, and pipe up and say, "Daniel Ignatius Costello, the handsomest fellow in the parish, wins the desk."'

'Twenty-six is Harry Plummer,' said Alanna seriously, looking up from her chance-book, at which they all laughed.

'But take care of that book,' warned Teresa, as she climbed down.

'Oh, I will!' responded Alanna fervently.

And through the next four happy days she did, and took the precaution of tying it by a stout cord to her arm.

Then on Saturday, the last afternoon, quite late, when her mother had suggested that she go home with Leo and Jack and Frank and Gertrude and the nurses, Alanna felt the cord hanging loose against her hand, and looking down, saw that the book was gone.

She was holding out her arms for her coat when this took place, and she went cold all over. But she did not move, and Minnie buttoned her in snugly, and tied the ribbons of her hat with cold, hard knuckles, without suspecting anything.

Then Alanna disappeared, and Mrs. Costello sent the maids and babies on without her. It was getting dark and cold for the small Costellos.

But the hour was darker and colder for Alanna. She searched and she hoped and she prayed in vain. She stood up, after a long hands-and-knees expedition under the tables where she had been earlier, and pressed her right hand over her eyes, and said aloud in her misery, 'Oh, I *can't* have lost it! I *can't* have. Oh, don't let me have lost it!'

She went here and there as if propelled by some mechanical force, a wretched, restless little figure. And when the dreadful moment came when she must give up searching, she crept in beside her mother in the carriage, and longed only for some honorable death.

When they all went back at eight o'clock, she recommenced her search feverishly, with that cruel alternation of hope and despair and weariness that every one knows. The crowds, the lights, the music, the laughter, and the noise, and the pervading odor of popcorn were not real, when a shabby brown little book was her whole world, and she could not find it.

'The drawing will begin,' said Alanna, 'and the Bishop will call out the number! And what'll I say? Every

one will look at me; and *how* can I say I've lost it! Oh, what a baby they'll call me!'

'Father'll pay the money back,' she said, in sudden relief. But the impossibility of that swiftly occurred to her, and she began hunting again with fresh terror.

'But, he can't! How can he? A hundred names; and I don't know them, or half of them.'

Then she felt the tears coming, and she crept in under some benches, and cried.

She lay there a long time, listening to the curious hum and buzz above her. And at last it occurred to her to go to the Bishop, and tell this old, kind friend the truth.

But she was too late. As she got to her feet, she heard her own name called from the platform, in the Bishop's voice.

'Where's Alanna Costello? Ask her who has number eighty-three on the desk. Eighty-three wins the desk! Find little Alanna Costello!'

Alanna had no time for thought. Only one course of action occurred to her. She cleared her throat.

'Mrs. Will Church has that number, Bishop,' she said.

The crowd about her gave way, and the Bishop saw her, rosy, embarrassed, and breathless.

'Ah, there you are!' said the Bishop. 'Who has it?'

'Mrs. Church, your Grace,' said Alanna, calmly this time.

'Well, did you *ever*,' said Mrs. Costello to the Bishop. She had gone up to claim a mirror she had won, a mirror with a gold frame, and lilacs and roses painted lavishly on its surface.

'Gee, I bet Alanna was pleased about the desk!' said Dan in the carriage.

'Mrs. Church nearly cried,' Teresa said. 'But where'd Alanna go to? I

could n't find her until just a few minutes ago, and then she was so queer!

'It's my opinion she was dead tired,' said her mother. 'Look how sound she's asleep! Carry her up, Frank. I'll keep her in bed in the morning.'

They kept Alanna in bed for many mornings, for her secret weighed on her soul, and she failed suddenly in color, strength, and appetite. She grew weak and nervous, and one afternoon, when the Bishop came to see her, worked herself into such a frenzy that Mrs. Costello wonderingly consented to her entreaty that he should not come up.

She would not see Mrs. Church, nor go to see the desk in its new house, nor speak of the fair in any way. But she did ask her mother who swept out the hall after the fair.

'I did a good deal meself,' said Mrs. Costello, dashing one hope to the ground. Alanna leaned back in her chair, sick with disappointment.

One afternoon, about a week after the fair, she was brooding over the fire. The other children were at the *matinée*, Mrs. Costello was out, and a violent storm was whirling about the nursery windows.

Presently, Annie, the laundress, put her frowsy head in at the door. She was a queer, warm-hearted Irish girl; her big arms were still steaming from the tub, and her apron was wet.

'Ahl alone?' said Annie with a broad smile.

'Yes; come in, won't you, Annie?' said little Alanna.

'I cahn't. I'm at the toobs,' said Annie, coming in nevertheless. 'I was doin' all the tableclot's and napkins, an' out drops your little buke!'

'My — what did you say?' said Alanna, very white.

'Your little buke,' said Annie. She laid the chance-book on the table, and proceeded to mend the fire.

Alanna sank back in her chair. She twisted her fingers together, and tried to think of an appropriate prayer.

'Thank you, Annie,' she said weakly, when the laundress went out. Then she sprang for the book. It slipped twice from her cold little fingers before she could open it.

'Eighty-three!' she said hoarsely. 'Sixty — seventy — eighty-three!'

She looked and looked and looked. She shut the book and opened it again, and looked. She laid it on the table, and walked away from it, and then came back suddenly, and looked. She laughed over it, and cried over it, and thought how natural it was, and how wonderful it was, all in the space of ten blissful minutes.

And then, with returning appetite and color and peace of mind, her eyes filled with pity for the wretched little girl who had watched this same sparkling, delightful fire so drearily a few minutes ago.

Her small soul was steeped in gratitude. She crooked her arm and put her face down on it, and sank to her knees.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE CRIME OF TALKING SHOP

No greater intellectual service has been rendered in this generation than the development of the interview and special article to their present unique position. A successful manufacturer, in a few unstudied sentences, gives us the explanation of Christian Science; an eminent politician allows a glimpse of unsuspected literary lore; a prosperous novelist solves social and economic problems off-hand; while the hero of a great criminal trial adds to the sum of human knowledge by his utterances on the future of the airship.

Our stupid fathers talked learnedly about 'the argument from authority'; they were blankly ignorant of the omniscience of fame. Just how the attainment of notoriety enriches the mind with stores of facts, is among the mysteries of psychology; but that, in some occult way, the arrival at prominence is synchronous with the possession of expert knowledge, is the experience of every well-read person. Being an editor is thus less occupation than recreation; and serious reading, losing its forbidding aspect, becomes at once education and entertainment. By this advanced method, the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds—which is literature—are conveyed without delay to the mass of their contemporaries.

The old, slow process of permeation and percolation had been superseded by the more rapidly fruitful one of inundation. There is a royal road to knowledge,—fame. And while the famous one may shed his light upon the path of his own ascent, it is far more interesting and more striking to hear

him discourse upon topics foreign to his native attention or actual research. Prodigies arouse more curiosity than professors, and the gift of tongues is more convincing manifestation than linguistic training. We have a wholesome fear of the man who talks shop.

The justification of this fear ought to be, and perhaps is, unnecessary. It rests, of course, upon the great democratic principle of equality. There is a dangerous tendency nowadays to apply the higher criticism to the statements of the Declaration of Independence. It is passing strange that the peril in such a procedure should escape the notice of even the most closely immured closet philosophizer. Once let the idea arise that the historic document is not infallible,—is, on the contrary, open to discussion and criticism, not simply of what it means, but of whether what it says is true or not, and where will uncertainty end? In what quarter shall American political wisdom be found? We say nothing regarding the patriotism of such a course. Taking, therefore, the words of the Declaration at their obvious and unstrained signification, we know that any man is the born equal of every other man, if not, as has been wisely observed, his superior. The man who talks shop, consequently, undemocratically, if quietly, assumes and asserts a pretended and unfounded superiority which is as irritating as it is un-American. From what did our forefathers flee to the untamed wilderness if not from a baseless assumption of political wisdom? Parliament had to be taught by drastic measures that the science of government is not esoteric,

The person who talks shop, however, does something worse than outrage our democracy: he commits a serious social crime. The one thing that saves conversation from being utterly a lost art is the highly-developed 'small-talk' of modern society. Did not no less a personage than the great Duke of Wellington speak of it as a grave defect that 'I have no small-talk'? Now what would become of this same small-talk if it became the impossible fashion to talk shop? And what would be the inevitable state of affairs intellectual and social if the present custom of saying pretty nothings were superseded by the barbarism of saying profitable some-things? We should shudder if we were not reassured by the prompt reflection that the fearful catastrophe is n't likely to occur in our discreet day.

But the greatest is behind. Think how completely uninteresting it would be to have to listen to Demosthenes tell how he won the crown, or Socrates how he felt as the hemlock went down, or Leonidas the story of the defeat that made him famous (he was so laconic a talker anyway), or Joan of Arc of those days before Orleans and in Rheims, or — No, no. That is n't what we want. Leave these matters to the professionals in history. Let us hear from Cæsar on woman suffrage, Chaucer on the future of radium, and Horatius on bridge. If possible, let us round up Xenophon, the Bacons, Dante, and Buddha, and, between sips of our best tea, engage them in harmless chat anent Lucy Lissome's scandalous elopement with her fiancé, Dr. Gerlock's (reported) attentions to the widow Stimley, the probable outcome of the wonderful serial running in *The Upper Ten Thousand*, and the marvels of the newest moving-picture show. By tactful management we ought to be able to endow these antique thinkers with some smack of contemporary culture.

WOOD-SMOKE

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that of all the senses smell is the quickest to kindle memory. This corroboration of the scientists almost takes away the intimate joy of our discovery that a whiff of mint sauce, even when as yet no nearer than the pantry-door, instantly spreads between us and the damask a green pasture and a sparkling brook. Neither do we like to share with psychologists, or others, the peculiar responsiveness that makes us feel quick tears at the smell of fresh-baked bread — tears born of fair dreams and brave resolves in long-ago convent corridors, fragrant of much baking for many hungry girls. It is pleasanter and more delicate to feel that this olfactory sensibility is not every one's, and that in our own case it is due to the fact that what we have to remember is so peculiarly vivid and sweet — so peculiarly sweeter than the green pastures and fragrant corridors of other people's memories.

And yet, monopolists though we would be of these quick-flashing responses, other people, even Philistines, probably enjoy them in a higher or a lower degree. Indeed, it would be interesting if, after the fashion of autograph albums, we might ask each promising new friend, 'What fragrance is to you most reminiscent, most suggestive?' If the answer were truthful, we might be friends — or not friends — a little sooner, perhaps. At any rate, I am sure I should want to be friends with any one who would confess to being under the spell of wood-smoke!

Ah, wood-smoke! Thing compounded of the swift run of the sap, of the pricking of the first buds, of the pale shimmer of young leaves, of the swift pallor of storm-tossed summer boughs, of the drop of nut, and the rustle of brown and gold and crimson in the

white rime! No wonder thou art a magician, to bring to life again old springs and summers, old lights and shadows, old sounds and old silences, made as thou art of the very secretest powers of life!

And so, small wonder is it that in a high-built street of a factory town, with trampled gray snow under foot and stark black chimneys against a leaden sky, the wood-smoke from a wayside pile of shavings, tended by shivering children, should sweep the canvas clean, and flash on it a sloping green pasture, a tumbling brook, and, in the deepest dimple of the hillside, a gray-shingled spring-house under a lace-leaved thorn tree. In front of the spring-house crackles a big fire; the smoke curls and blows and fades; little darkies throw yellow chips into the blaze, and Aunt Caroline's red bandana glows out of the gray as she turns the linen in the great kettle. On the mullein and the iron-weed round about, on the little thorn-bushes, on the milkweed and the briers, bloom the pink and blue checked pinafores of the children at the 'Big House,' their white ruffled sun-bonnets and snowy frocks; on the grass, sniffed at sometimes by strolling sheep, shine the great white tablecloths and the sheets. By the spring-house door hangs a long gourd dipper. Yellow butterflies flicker in and out of the mint and the pickerel-weed and the rushes. Then a child's voice: 'Law, mammy, look yonder! Ef dar ain't Miss Hallie and Mars Abe comin' down de hill! An' ain't dey comin' slow! De hosses is jes' creepin' along like dey was asleep. I'll run an' open de big gate.'

Flash again! The picture's gone. The steam pours out of the escape valves into the mill-canals! The voice of the machinery drowns the little voice of your dream. And for a moment the wheels of your own life seem to stop and waver backwards, forwards,

before they drop into the tick of forgetfulness.

Another time! Monday morning in the library! You gather up Cæsar's cigar ashes, and put his pipes into the rack; pipes among which he chooses to suit each varying mood. You beat up the pillows in the window-seat, thinking how badly that brown rep has worn. You take down your turkey-wing and sweep your hearth, eyeing casually the dullness of the andirons, inwardly questioning when it would be least dangerous to request the stolid and free-spoken Swede also to eye their dullness and to apply her polish. Presto! The dead embers in the fireplace, cold smoke, the little flurry of ashes!

That's the Loire out there between the poplars, under the pearly, sun-rifted sky; and that's Blois, red-roofed, smoke-wreathed, climbing hesitatingly up the narrow crooked streets below you. On the leaded panes of the open casement where you stand, over the great chimney-piece behind you, on a blue background, bristle the gold porcupines of Louis XII. Below the porcupines in the vast fireplace, there is still the black impress of long-ago fires, the faint, close smell of long-vanished smoke in tight-closed rooms.

Ah, ghost of gray smoke-wreaths, spirit of blinking embers, what a magician thou art! The long white hands of Catherine de' Medici herself, in her poison cabinet close at hand, could brew no subtler infusion to stir the blood and fire the brain! In thy train come other ghosts — ghosts of those who lived and loved and hated, and flashed and went out in the light of thy long cold fires. In the deep window-seat, looking down over the red roofs to the dove-gray river, sits la Belle Fosseuse, lifting arch eyebrows from her *Amadis de Gaul* to smile deeply at Amyot. Mary Stuart sweeps a lute with fine white hand, the firelight warm-

ing the cold of the bridal pearls in her ruddy hair. De Guise's narrow black eyes ponder the coals, the ivory pallor of his lean cheeks faintly rose-touched. And as the fire dies down, the great Catherine's beruffed head looks palely in at the door.

'Is it chop or steak you will hef for de childer?' says my Swede at my door. And you go from smoke-wreaths and wraiths to the sunny kitchen and the sweet hunger of children.

But another time! In the Palm Garden at the Plaza. There is a mist of warm fragrances: Java, Orange Pekoe, Orriza violet, fresh violets, sandalwood, roses, Havanas! There is a mist of music surging in and out, shot through with women's laughter. There is the sparkling *staccato* of twinkling gems — the *adagio* of soft color — the *cantante* of silk on silks.

The man next you strikes a match. A keen wind splashes your cheek, a wind compounded of salt seas, of hemlocks filtered through frost. A flame-light fills your fancy, out of which spring pine trees and night-depths of forest. Your camp-fire crackles. Your dog's cold nose is next your cheek. A great brown antlered thing stretches quiet in the shadows. Above, the sharp black tops of the pines point to white stars.

'You ordered a *café parfait*, Madame!'

SHUANGH CHI'U-ER

HAVE you ever had a rich uncle in China? He is a *sine qua non* of romance. How the old writers of sea-tales for boys loved him, to use him as a starting-point! 'Our young hero,' they would say, 'was mystified one morning by receiving a letter addressed in an unfamiliar chirography, the India-paper envelope bearing strange Oriental stamps,' etc., etc. Oh, unforgettable

vistas that he opened! The austere old New England families were rich in uncles, queer branches of the Massachusetts family tree, sprigs flourishing without roots, in the airs of distant, antipodal cities. The uncles in China threw a richer, more golden, mellow, yellower light into the coldly furnished rooms of the Yankee stay-at-home. He did for Boston and the Atlantic port towns what the India House did for London. Aldrich's Bad Boy loved him as I do.

I never had a rich uncle in China, but I am blessed in having other relatives there. What strange and costly broideries, what fantastic carvings, what ugly and venerable idols, encrusted with age, they send me! What endless soberly-fashioned oddities which speak of a civilization so different from ours! Odd and odder still, they make my rooms their home. And oddest of them all, the *shuangh chi'u-er*.

The *shuangh chi'u-er* (an unsuccessful attempt to render the Chinese sounds into English) lie silently upon my desk, but reproach me as audibly as any bland Orientals would ever permit themselves to reproach their host. My sister, who sent them to me, is ridden by the belief that I am a literary man. Every literary man (in China) has *shuangh chi'u-er*. Hence, the bestowal of *shuangh chi'u-er* upon me.

Shuangh chi'u-er, although the name may sound like a disease, is not a form of writer's cramp. On the contrary, 'their' purpose is to prevent it. The words mean 'the double balls,' and *shuangh chi'u-er* are two iron balls, an inch or so in diameter, which nestle in the right hand of every Chinese man of letters for hours each day, one being revolved about the other until they are worn bright. They are just large enough to make a handful, and the action of shifting one about the other brings the fingers into play and lends

them that suppleness and digital dexterity which is necessary in the manipulation of the Chinese lettering-pen or fine-pointed brush. Of what a simplicity!

They fascinate me. Since I became their owner I can scarcely desist from handling them hours upon end. By some miracle of welding, the *shuangh chi'u-er* are fashioned hollow, each with a small ball within, which gives forth a gentle, not unmusical clanking, as they are moved. How would *our* civilization ever have conceived such an appliance? Yet they are precisely the thing which the Chinese littérateur, whose proud profession forbids him any manual labor whatsoever, needs to insure skill in the manual practice of his art. I meditate upon them, and the whole curious ethnology of that great and venerable nation seems to be hidden, and yet clamant, within the *shuangh chi'u-er*, as the little globes themselves conceal their faintly-sounding iron hearts.

The wife of my friend the novelist says that it is fortunate her husband does not need to juggle two typewriters in his hands.

Her interjection is frivolous, but suggests some analogies. Do you remember Lafcadio Hearn's speaking of the surprise which is occasioned in the Occidental reader by the widespread facility of beautiful metaphor and simile among Japanese school-children? Hearn goes on to say that while this delightful imagery of speech does exist, it is nevertheless merely the repetition of standard catchwords of the tongue, procrustean figures of speech which have been handed down from age to age, and which in reality bespeak no originality of diction in the child who uses them. Name an object of nature, and the Japanese child hands you from its appropriate closet its appropriate poetic clothes. They are hand-me-

downs, says Hearn, and not new-tailored suits.

Is Chinese literature open to this same cavil? I am not a student of it, and cannot say; but the little *shuangh chi'u-er* have suggested that a nation which has been content with old things, old ideas, worn smooth by much handling, may reasonably be supposed to have advanced no further in its literature than it has in its science. I can believe that the long and idle contemplation of the twin spheres might induce a hypnotic stupor, incapacitating the luckless literary grub for any steps along unblazed trails.

And yet who are we Saxons, to sneer at the slaves of the mental *shuangh chi'u-er*? How many of our men of letters have not been ridden by twin incubi of lifeless ideas? I shall expect a later Taine to show that the whole age of Pope was subtly connected, atavistically perhaps, with the dusty classicism of some ancient Chinese Chester-ton, or man playing with blocks. And of individual instances: Look at Swinburne, ceaselessly rotating in his mind the two ideas, White Surf and White Limbs; Kipling, dandling Imperialism and Pixies; G. B. Shaw, bondman to the *shuangh chi'u-er* Socialism and Shocking! How musically they clink as they are shifted about in our writer's hand — and how far is our world advanced by their clinking?

Nevertheless, I love my sister's gift. There is as much to be said *for* the constant dwelling upon two ideas, as *against* it. We are told to beware the strength of the man of one idea, the student of one book. The East has watched one nation after another sink into decay; 'the legions thunder by,' while she remains, strong in the fruitful contemplation of the twin ideas, love of ancestry and love of country. My *shuangh chi'u-er* are homely little things, heavy, squat; but they reflect from

their dully polished surfaces a civilization whose patience, fidelity, and strength has lessons for every man vowed to the life of letters.

THE DEMON CANDY

NOT long ago a New York paper published a long and illuminating article in which it estimated that the annual expenditure for confectionery in this country would pretty nearly build two Panama Canals — an interesting figure when compared with the statement of certain physicians that the same phenomenon is in a way to impair several million alimentary canals. Doctors, as the typical citizen with a growing family has had occasion to discover, are not altogether in agreement about the results of candy-eating. There are those who maintain that candy is a most desirable addition to diet, and others who claim with equal vehemence that it should be immediately subtracted. Children, in rare but discoverable cases, are being brought up in ignorance of the dangerous fact — or the dangerous theory, according to the way you look at it — that candy is edible. They are taught to regard confectionery as a thing of merely æsthetic beauty — obviously on the theory that when they grow older they will no more think of eating a chocolate-drop than they would of eating the Shaw Memorial.

This theory not only exhibits the sublime self-confidence of parents, but illustrates a notion still widely current despite the multiplicity of confectionery shops, and the estimated yearly expenditure of more money for candy than would build the Panama Canal. Even in America, children cannot consume nearly a million dollars' worth of candy a day; nor is it believable that the throngs in the confectionery shops are purchasing entirely for their little

nephews and nieces; nor that the growth of the confectionery department in luncheon-places devoted exclusively to men means that not even the speedy refreshment of the American business lunch-room can keep the generous-hearted patron from remembering to take home a box of sweets for his family. It might be argued that Bernard Shaw, when he made his practical soldier in *Arms and the Man* provide himself with chocolates, set an example that the practical soldiers of business have immediately followed. Or, again, there is the theory held in some medical quarters that candy has been discovered as a convenient, but still debatable, substitute for the Demon Rum. Some, indeed, go so far as to deduce the existence of a Demon Candy, and predict that eventually it will be necessary to make the mystic letters W. C. T. U. stand for Women's Confectionery Temperance Union. And that is undoubtedly what will happen if the increase in the consumption of candy continues to outstrip the increase in the production of population.

For every crusade must of necessity rest upon some kind of intemperance that has reached the point of being debatably visible to a very large number of persons. It is not the existence of graft in public office, but the visible existence of it that leads to civic reform movements. Grafting is like love-making; the average citizen admits its place in the scheme of creation, but is immensely indignant if it is carried on in public. Alcoholic intemperance, serious as it still is, received a death-blow when typical 'gentlemen' of a hundred years ago insisted upon appearing intoxicated in public. And confectionery is itself distantly threatened when a total national expenditure of millions of dollars is made carelessly public at a time when a considerable part of the population has just been conducting

a meat strike to bring down the price of necessities.

But perhaps to some of us candy has already become a necessity—and herein lies the beginning of all organized opposition. If to a large number of users alcohol had not become a necessity, one may fairly question whether there would ever have been a well-organized temperance movement. The vegetarians organize to offset the fact that meat is considered a necessity, and are not organized against for the simple reason that it is so far impossible to conceive of such a thing as an intemperate fondness for vegetables. Until it became evident that a good many women regarded the ballot as a necessity, other women never dreamed of organizing themselves into anti-suffrage societies. So, in the present instance, the existence of individual anti-confectionism indicates a belief that confectionery is becoming dangerously, even diabolically, insistent in its appeal to the human palate. We may begin to look forward to a division of our country into the Candiantis and the Candiettes. America, supreme among nations both in the manufacture and in the consumption of candy, must naturally bear the brunt of this battle; and one imagines a time to come when the candy-cane will be made in stricter imitation of the real article, and the sucking thereof must needs be conducted with such skill as will hide any appreciable diminution from the eye of an unfriendly observer.

Statistics show that this consumption of candy is an amazing recent development of the human appetite. In 1850 the manufacturers produced yearly no more than three million dollars'

worth of confectionery. It was probably true that children and females consumed the bulk of it, although secret candy-eating may even at that time have been in its incipency among the fathers of a generation that still consumes its confectionery with a certain unpleasant reticence. The very secretiveness of a man with a chocolate may be taken as an instinctive admission of the viciousness of his apparently innocent employment. But this secretiveness cannot be successfully maintained when establishments exclusively for men open departments exclusively for confectionery. It is only a step further for confectionery to enter politics,—as it is already reported to have entered Arctic exploration,—and for the political chocolate-drop to have its place with the political cigar as a means of undermining the political body.

Already 'candy fiend' is a recognizable term of reproach in ordinary conversation, and young women, the mothers of our future America, have been frequently heard to admit the impossibility of living without confectionery. That men are more and more openly becoming slaves to candy is visible even to the undiscerning. Candy-eating, in short, has become a visible form of intemperance, with a complete assortment of statistics proving it either good or evil, and a complete disagreement among experts as to what will be the eventual outcome. All that is now needed is a national organization for its immediate suppression. Titles for campaign literature immediately suggest themselves: 'The Curse of Candy'; 'Confessions of a Moderate Candy Consumer'; 'Shall I Send Her Five Pounds of Poison?'